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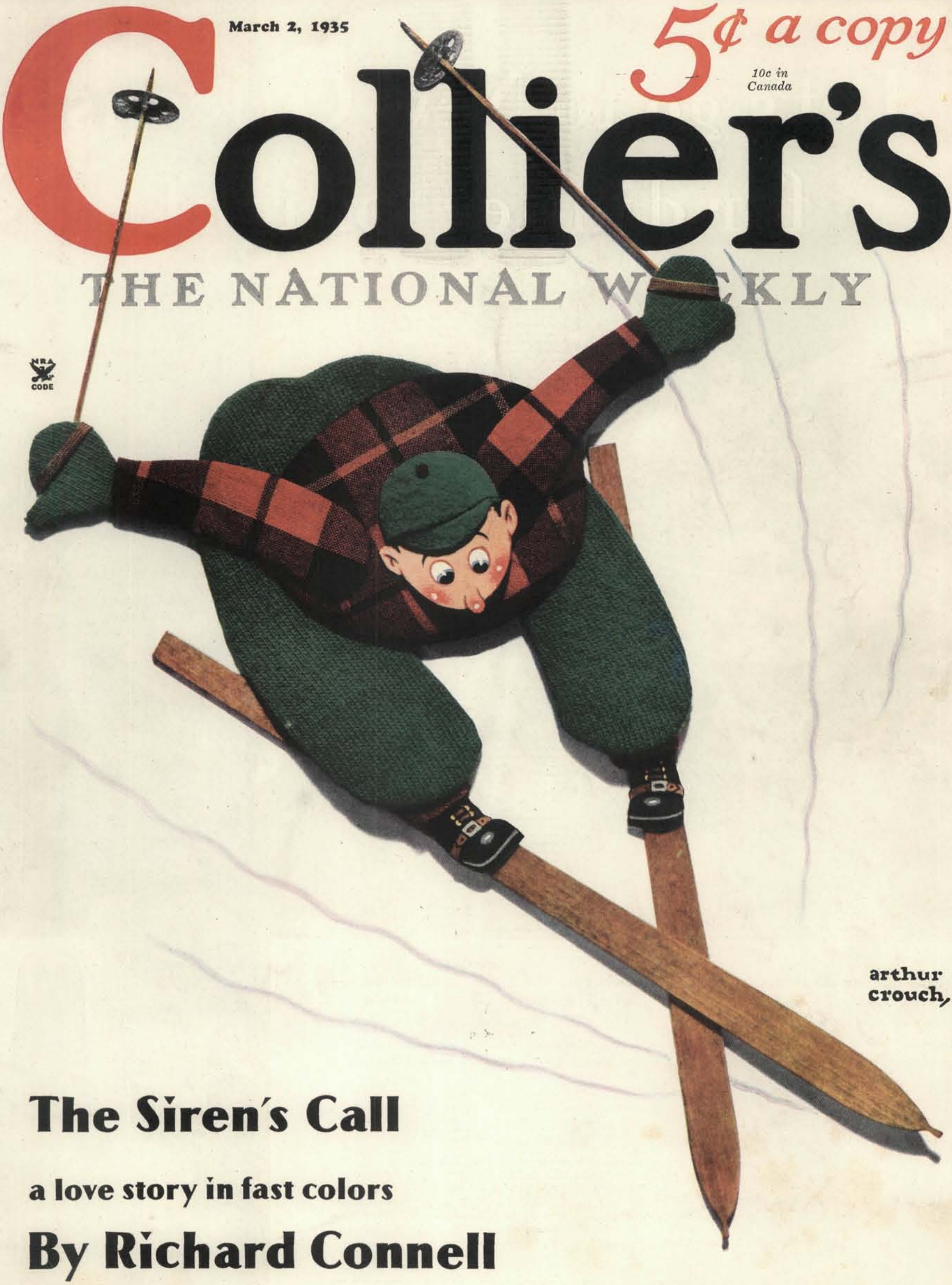

The Siren's Call

a love story in fast colors

By Richard Connell

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MARCH 2, 1935

Let's go to New Orleans for dinner tonight

TONIGHT, in your own home, enjoy one of the biggest features of a New Orleans dinner—the famous Mardi Gras cocktail.

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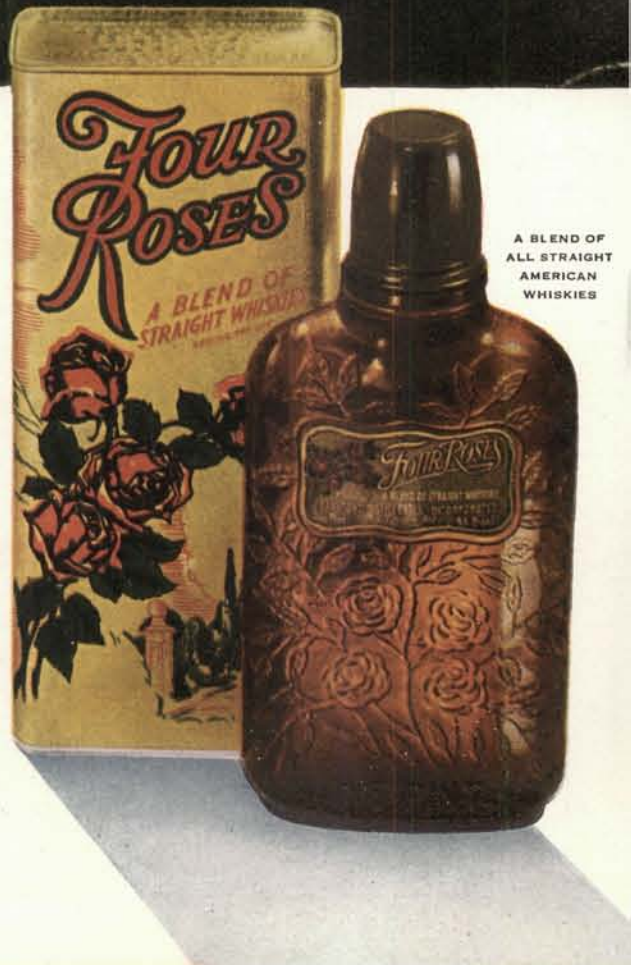
To make a Mardi Gras Cocktail

Into a heavy mixing glass, put 1 lump of Sugar, 2 dashes Angostura Bitters and 2 dashes Peychaud's Bitters. Crush Sugar. Add 1 jigger Four Roses Whiskey and cracked ice, and stir. Now into chilled cocktail glass put 1 dash Absinthe (or Pernod). Roll Absinthe about glass and throw away. Into this glass strain mixture from mixing glass, squeeze twist of Lemon Peel on top, and serve.



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Here is what $200 a month Retirement Income, payable at age 55, will do for you:

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This important benefit is available alone; but if you are insurable, additions can be made to your plan by which—

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The Plan is not limited to men of 40. You may be older or younger. The income is not limited to $200 a month. It can be more or less. And you can retire at any of the following ages: 55, 60, or 65.

How much do you have to put in? We'll be glad to tell you the exact amount as soon as we know your present age, how much income you want, and how soon you want to retire.

Send for Free Plan Book

Write your date of birth in the coupon at the right, and mail today. You will receive without cost or obligation a copy of an illustrated booklet that tells all about the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.

"You don't have to be rich to RETIRE AT 55 ON $200 A MONTH"

"I'LL DRAW an income of $200 a month *for the rest of my life,* as soon as I'm 55," said a certain man talking of his plans for the future.

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"That sounds good," said the other, "but what if you're totally disabled, and can't make your payments?"

"I don't have to worry about that either. If, before I reach 55, serious illness or accident stops my earning power for six months, then—so long thereafter as I remain disabled—I don't have to pay any premiums that fall due, and I'll get a Disability income besides."

"Fine. Can you tell me how much this new Retirement Income Plan would cost *me?*"

What Does it Cost?

"How much you need to save each month depends on how old you are, when you want to retire, and the size of the income you will want.

"Why don't you write for the book called 'The Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan'? They'll mail you a copy free. It tells all about how the plan works and what you get."

Here's *your* chance to find out how little it costs to retire at 55, 60, or 65 with a monthly income of $100, $200, $300 or more guaranteed to you for life.

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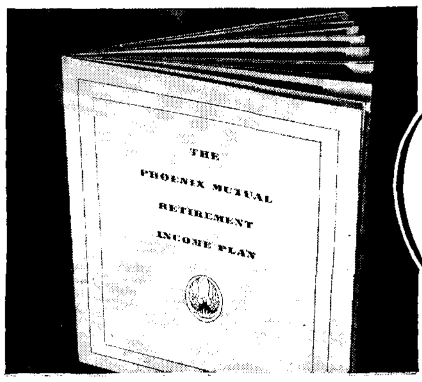

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

FRANCIS COLKHAM hit town. And who was Mr. Colkham? He was flaming youth, escaped from Yale. Hitherto he had had neither money nor opportunity to do any extensive flaming—his maiden aunt had seen to that. But recently Aunt Hattie had slipped on a moth ball in the attic, leaving Mr. Colkham three million dollars and his own ticket to write.

There was just one hitch. He didn't know any girls—none under eighty, that is. But it didn't stop him for long. He met Audrey Knapp, who liked 'em young, who never wanted to see anyone over twenty-five again. What came of her "Flight into Youth" is told by Teresa Hyde Phillips.

AND while Mrs. Phillips is dealing with extreme youth, John T. Flynn takes a look at old age. That's for variety. In "A Dollar to Windward" he shows you just how old-age pensions and unemployment insurance are related to our national health and income.

TO BE told that you look like John Barrymore is enough to set any young man up. Gladys told Bill Satterfield that he was two John Barrymores. Somehow one more John Barrymore got added to the story plus Gladys' identical twin, thus making a very unusual Hollywood plot. The story is told by Jerome Beatty.

THE end of the trail was in Vancouver. Messrs. Corey Ford and Alastair McBain stood with uncovered heads before a salmon that tipped the scales at fifty-five pounds. In the fish's mouth rested the two sportsmen's fish liars' licenses. No man can exaggerate a monster like that; it had made honest men of them both. In "Hook, Line and Sinker" they tell all.

HALF the criminals that are run to earth by Scotland Yard are caught because they have taken some risk about a woman. So it was bad luck for Meredith, of the Number One gang, when he fell and fell hard for Miss Mott (Lucie to us, now that we know her better). Nevertheless, for some time it looked like bad luck for Lucie. E. Phillips Oppenheim recounts her shocking adventure in "The House by the River."

H. I. PHILLIPS reports the candidacy of "Addlekonk for President." Frederick Hazlitt Brennan writes a dramatic Short Story of the sea. Bernard DeVoto, Kyle Crichton, Freling Foster and others add to the fun. May Edginton concludes her serial, and Alan LeMay, in a cloud of gun smoke, continues his. Who's aces now?

This Week

●

March 2, 1935

Cover by Arthur Crouch

RICHARD CONNELL
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HELEN SPRACKLING
Now Picture That. Bringing your walls to life. Page 9

LUCIAN CARY
Weds Statesman's Daughter. Responsibility and romance closely linked. Page 10

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
Behind Barred Doors. A narrow escape for Miss Mott. Page 12

EDWARD SHENTON
Above the Fog. Love gets into the clear. Page 14

FRANK D. MORRIS
Rhode Island Picks the Wrong Horse. Racing handicap. Page 16

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Information—have a snack. Page 18

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
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MAY EDGINTON
Woman of the Family, Part X. The villain speaks—or is he the hero? Page 20

ALAN LeMAY
The Smoky Years, Part VIII. Bill Roper beards the old man. Page 22

T. R. YBARRA
Paris Isn't France. Take a look at the provinces. Page 24

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
St. Louis Blues, by Richard Sherman. Page 26

EDITORIAL
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●

Any Week

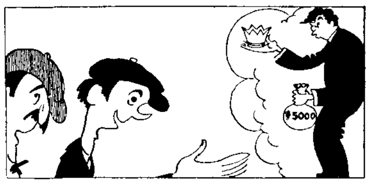
SOME time ago Mrs. Harry B. Hamer of Portland, Oregon, set aside a few moments of each of her well-occupied days wherein to ponder the durable question of what is wrong with our system of government. Mrs. Hamer assures us she has not come to a convincing decision. Nevertheless, she has reached certain conclusions. "For one thing," says she, "men are disorderly by nature. I have brothers and a husband, and know whereof I speak. They leave their desks and bureau drawers in terrible condition and are forever calling upon the womenfolk to tell them where this and that is. But if we attempt to straighten out their papers and clothes so that they will not waste time hunting for things they immediately raise sand and lose no time in restoring disorder. This being the nature of man, it is no wonder that we have inefficiency and chaos in Washington and other capitals."

PERHAPS this thought meandered through the heads of our present federal Administration. It has placed more women in important posts than any predecessor. Of this we are assured by Mr. H. L. Ordony of Washington, D. C., who, however, sees no help coming from that quarter. "Some of them are darn' fine women," says Mr. Ordony, "and some are just female impersonators."

BUT the real trouble, writes Mr. Bolton P. McCreary of Waco, Texas, is that "we pay them so much money that they can afford to waste time." Says Mr. McCreary, with a regrettable touch of bitterness: "It is ironical that we should pay bureaucrats thousands of dollars a year to solve the problems of equally good and even better men who are reduced to nothing a year. If we paid them on the basis of make-good-or-no-salary we'd get action."

IT'S our private opinion that Mr. McCreary is a bit impatient. Like a young woman who has been asking us for some time to publish stories she has written. But she's hard to suppress. "You say I have stuff," she writes. "You say you'll consider my stories when that stuff develops. But why not take some of the stories I've already written? Maybe they aren't as good as what I'll do later but the psychological effect of seeing my name in print will hurry my literary maturity."

TROUBLE is, things won't work out that way. Long, long ago when we were very young we knew an old man named Lamb. And we always remember his favorite confession: "I'm an old man," he used to say, "and I've seen many, many strange things—most of which didn't happen." Which oddly enough reminds us that we got a letter yesterday from Mr. L. Cardthroop of Madison, Wisconsin. He is nice enough to say that we're pretty logical in our editorial treatment of current events. "But," says he, "if you think logic gets anywhere with the voting masses, you're crazy. Facts won't budge a Townsendite, and you can't tell a bread-liner that Huey Long couldn't legislate a crown upon his head and five thousand bucks into his pocket overnight. You can't tell them things won't work out that way. But I admire you for being realists."



EVEN so noted a philosopher as Mr. O. W. Nielson of Ephraim, Utah, comes to us with his problems. "Would you please inform me," asks Mr. Nielson, "if the U. S. A. has recognized the Empire of Louisiana? Me and some of our citizens over on Heber Creek are aiming to try and sell some shotes down that way, and being all good Democrats now we want to be regular. And listen: The real reason we had that drought last summer was that they used up all the water making beer."

TO THE amazement of Mrs. G. G. Pilgrim of Washington, D. C., nobody has arisen in Congress to blame January's cold weather and blizzards on the New Deal, Wall Street, Herbert Hoover or the munitions manufacturers. "Apparently," thinks she, "the lads are not on their toes. What are we paying those blame-placers for, anyway?"

BUT we're responsible for lots of trouble, too. For example, Miss Kay Thurber of Cleveland, Ohio, complains that she reads us when she ought to be doing her own job. Trouble with Miss Thurber is, she confesses, that she lets us pile up and then attempts to read several issues at a time. It's a system, she says. And a good one too, although she confesses it doesn't work. But then, what system would? Even we have a hard time—

KEEPING up with ourselves.

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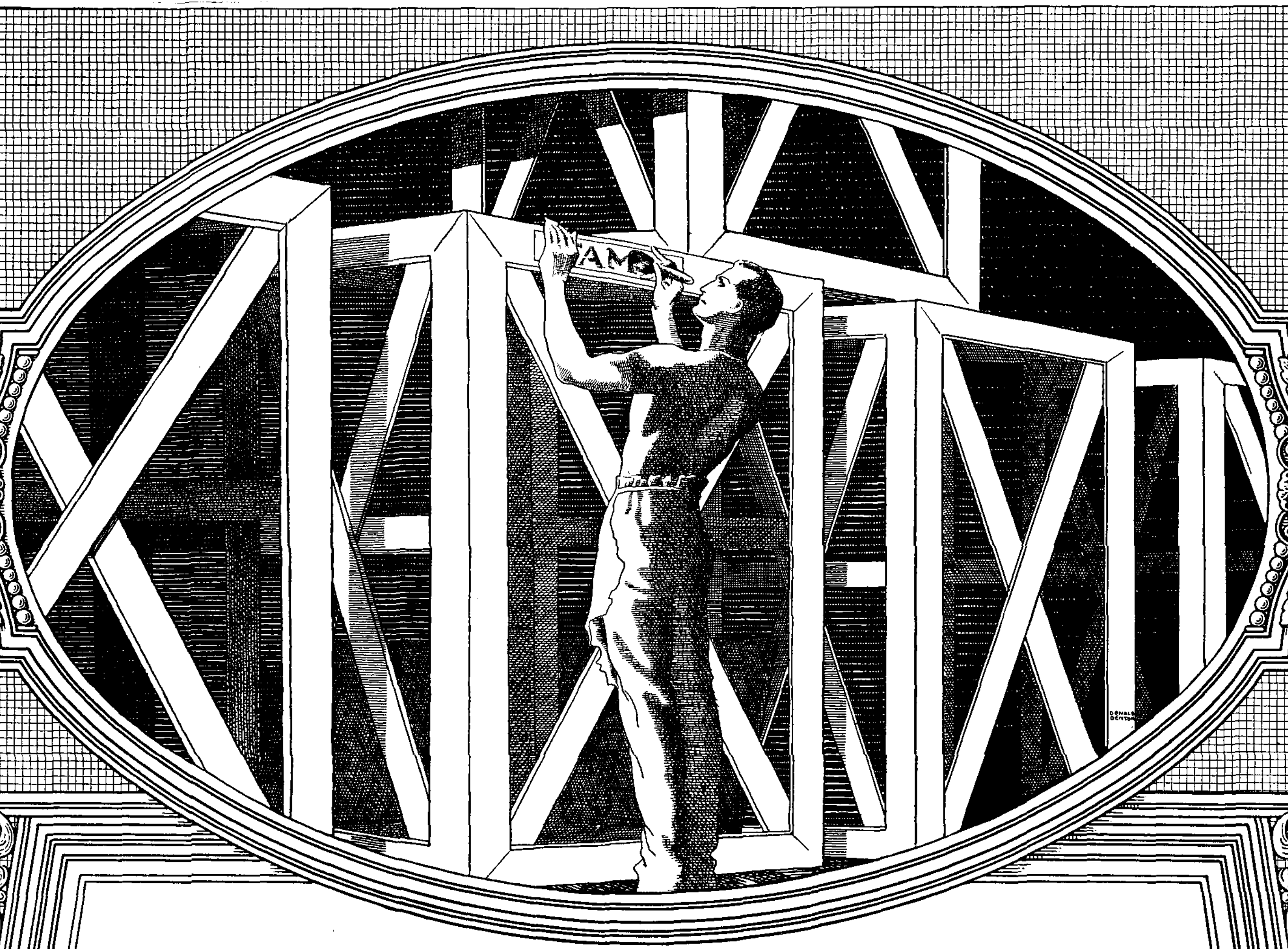

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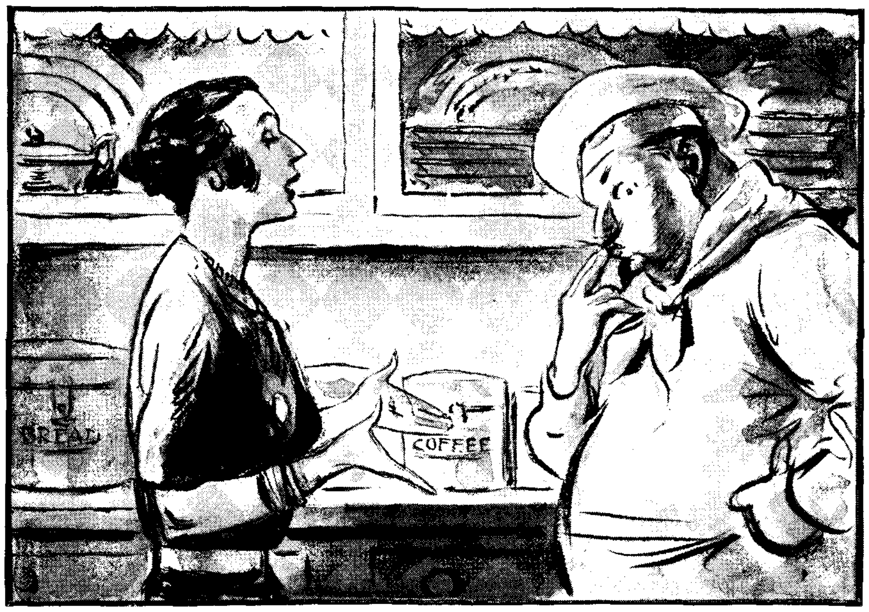
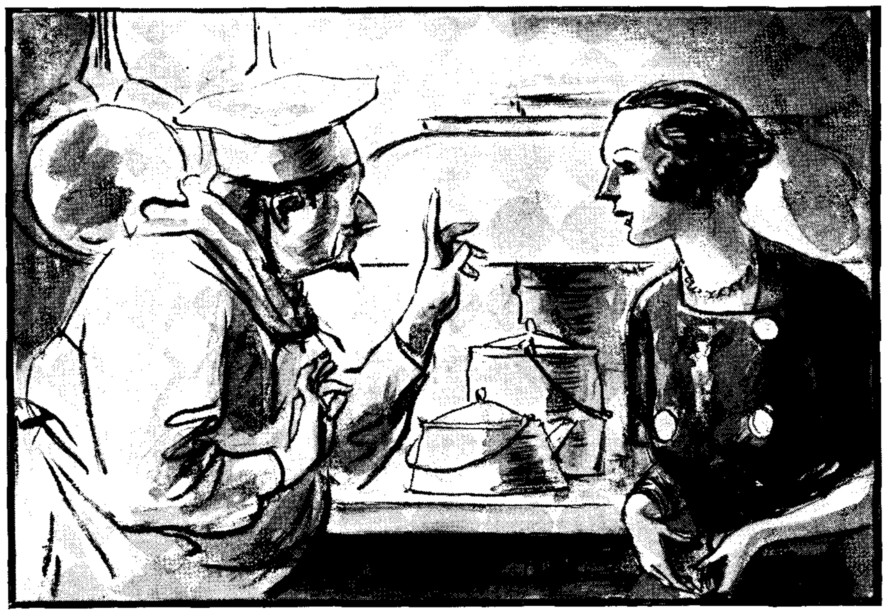
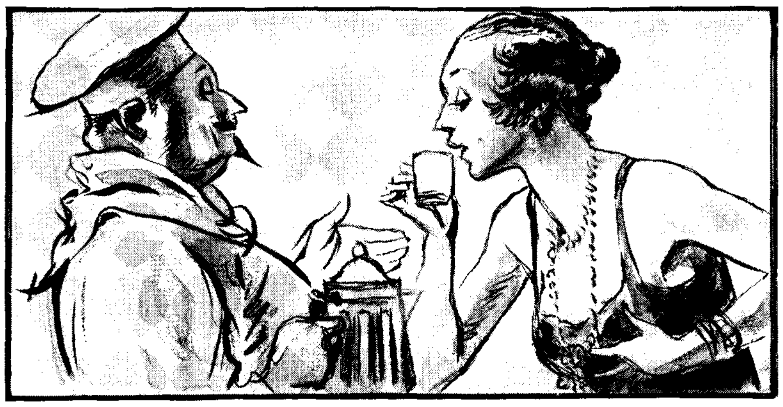
"Madame, she was in a puzzlement"



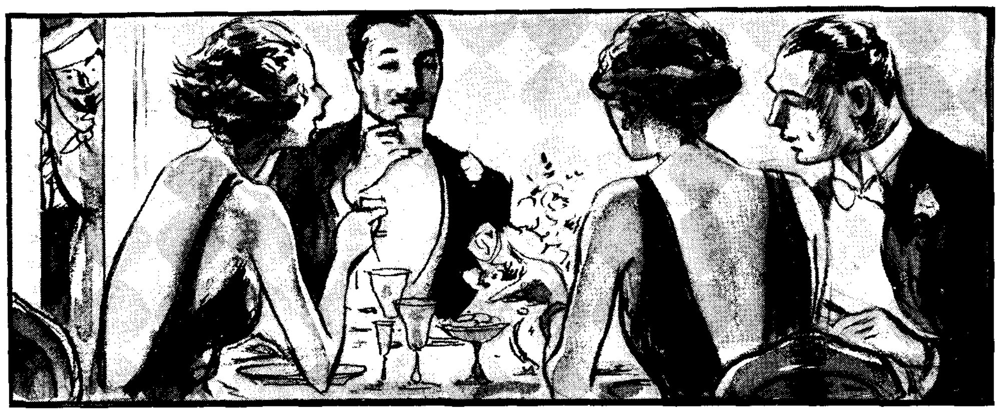
1 "Louis," Madame say to me, "I find myself in a puzzlement. If Monsieur partake of the coffee at night, there is for him no sleep. Yet he possess such a fondness for coffee that without it he become cross like a bear."



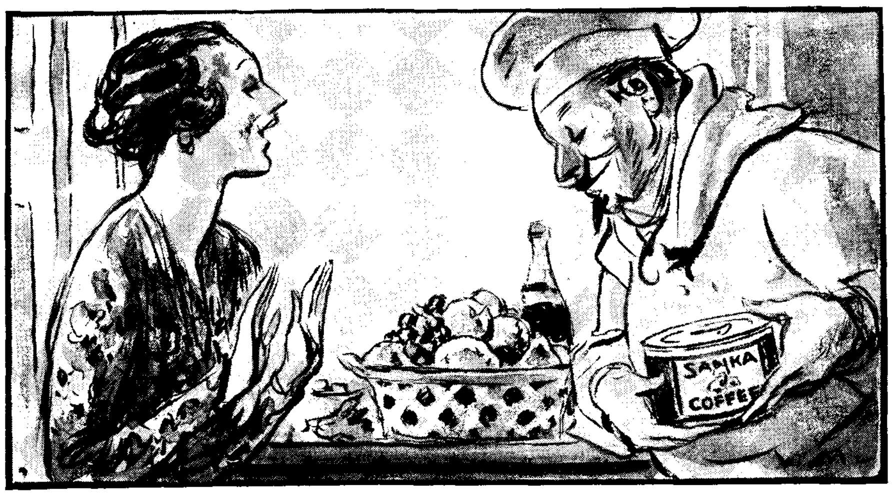
2 Full of resource, I remind myself of the Sanka Coffee—the coffee from which with great dexterity has been removed the caffein.



3 I present to Madame a cup of Sanka Coffee. "Voilà," I aver proudly, "it is the solution. Coffee of a flavor altogether delicious—and still there is there not one trace of wakefulness."



4 When the coffee is served that night, Monsieur partake with abandon. One . . . two . . . and again a coffee. And Madame, she remain all serene.

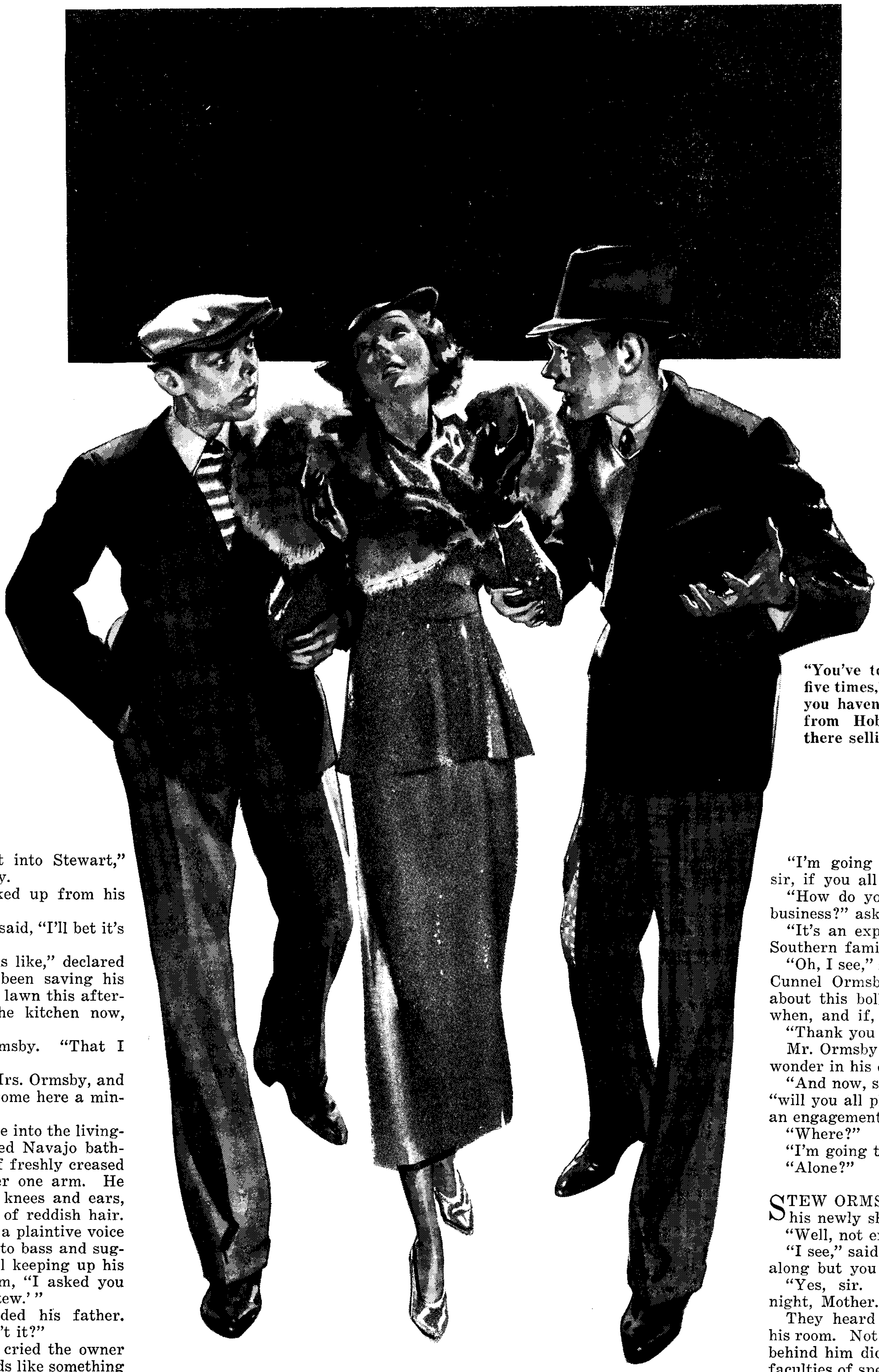


5 The morning arrive and Madame descend into the kitchen. "Louis," she confide, "you and Sanka have perform the miracle. Here is finally the coffee that my husband can rejoice himself in at night—and then sleep like an angel!"

PUT on your most critical coffee mood—and try Sanka. Make it by your favorite method—drip, boil or percolate—and make it good and strong. Sip it slowly, as befits any truly great coffee. And as you are reveling in its incomparable flavor, remember, even if you are one of those affected by caffein, there isn't a wink of lost sleep nor a jittered nerve in the whole fragrant brew. Sanka Coffee is sold with a money-back guarantee . . . A product of General Foods.

SANKA COFFEE

Real Coffee—97% caffein-free. Drink it and sleep!



"You've told her that at least five times," observed Stew, "but you haven't told her he comes from Hoboken and is down there selling sewing machines"

ILLUSTRATED BY
ELMORE BROWN

"SOMETHING'S got into Stewart," said Mrs. Ormsby.

Mr. Ormsby looked up from his evening paper.

"Whatever it is," he said, "I'll bet it's not ambition."

"That's what it looks like," declared Mrs. Ormsby. "He's been saving his money. He mowed the lawn this afternoon. And he's in the kitchen now, pressing his trousers."

"No," said Mr. Ormsby. "That I won't believe."

"I'll prove it," said Mrs. Ormsby, and called, "Stew! Stew, come here a minute."

Stewart Ormsby came into the living-room. He wore a faded Navajo bathrobe, and had a pair of freshly creased gun-check trousers over one arm. He seemed mostly elbows, knees and ears, surmounted by a crest of reddish hair.

"Mother," he said in a plaintive voice that broke from treble to bass and suggested that he was still keeping up his studies in ventriloquism, "I asked you please not to call me 'Stew.' "

"Why not?" demanded his father. "That's your name, isn't it?"

"Stew, Stew, Stew," cried the owner of that name. "It sounds like something to eat. It's got no what you might call dignity. Dad, does it cost much to have your name changed—by law, I mean?"

"Do you mean to tell me you want to change your name?" asked his father.

"I'd like to, sir."

The "sir" made Mr. Ormsby stare.

"And just what new name have you chosen?" queried Mr. Ormsby.

"Gaylord, sir."

"Gaylord? Why Gaylord?"

"It's a fine old Southern name, sir."

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Ormsby, "that I fail to see why the scion of the house of Ormsby should bear a Southern name, fine old or otherwise. My people all came from right around here in New Jersey, and your mother's family were Connecticut Yankees. You haven't a drop of Southern blood in you."

"That," said Stew, "is my misfortune, not my fault."

His father wagged a baffled bald head.

"Call yourself Gaylord or Stonewall Jackson or anything you like," he said, "if it will help you finish high school and pass your college entrance exams."

"If you don't mind, sir," said Stew, "I'd rather not go to college."

"What? Why not?"

"There's something I'd rather do."

"And what might that be?"

"I intend," said Stew, "to become a cotton planter."

"Here in Jersey City?"

"No, sir. Alabama."

"Better stick to ventriloquism," advised Mr. Ormsby. "There's more money in it these days."

"I'm going to be a cotton planter, sir, if you all don't mind," said Stew.

"How do you come by this 'you all' business?" asked his father.

"It's an expression used by the best Southern families," his son said.

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Ormsby. "Well, Cunnel Ormsby, suh, we all will talk about this boll weevil notion of yours when, and if, you finish high school."

"Thank you so much, sir," said Stew.

Mr. Ormsby glanced at his wife with wonder in his eyes.

"And now, sir," he heard his son say, "will you all please excuse me? I have an engagement."

"Where?"

"I'm going to the movies."

"Alone?"

STEW ORMSBY regarded the toes of his newly shined shoes.

"Well, not exactly alone," he said.

"I see," said Mr. Ormsby. "Well, run along but you all be home by eleven."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Good night, Mother. Good night, Dad."

They heard him gangle upstairs to his room. Not till the front door clicked behind him did Mr. Ormsby regain his faculties of speech. Then he said:

"I get it!"

"What's the matter with him?" asked Mrs. Ormsby.

"He's got a girl."

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Ormsby. "Do you really think so?"

"The signs," said Mr. Ormsby, "are unmistakable. I know them well. When I was Stew's age I fell in love with a lady dentist. My mother could never understand why I was always having a toothache—"

"I've heard that story," interrupted

his wife. "Oh, I do hope she's a nice girl. She might hurt him."

"She'll help him grow up," said Mr. Ormsby. "Boys would never become men if it weren't for women."

AS Stewart Ormsby stalked along through the brisk fall evening his face was set and stern. As he crossed a street a passing car brushed his coattails and the driver cursed him roundly; but he hardly heard, for he was not, just then, walking on any ordinary street where the usual people lived in the customary houses; he was zooming through the clouds in his plane at a rate of speed hitherto unattained by man; and by his side was the girl he had rescued from the heart of the jungle, from the clutches of cannibals, from perils unprecedented, and she was saying, in her soft, slow voice:

"Gaylord, Ah think you're wonderful. Ah sho' do admire a man who does things."

Before he could frame an appropriate and ardent reply, he reached his objective, a yellow house on a corner, a commonplace house of modest proportions, but he approached it as if it were a palace. As he rang the bell his heart hesitated, then chilled a little, for he heard within not only a gay ripple of soprano laughter but a deeper laugh that was indubitably masculine.

He essayed a bow and said, "Good evening, Miss Sallie Beth," and then, with very much less enthusiasm, "Oh, hello, Art. You here?"

Art Deacon was his bosom friend and boon companion but at that moment Stew felt for him an acute distaste.

"Art was just passing, so I helloed him," said Sallie Beth.

"Oh, did you?" said Stew. "Well, Miss Sallie Beth, we'd better be on our way. The picture starts at eight, you know."

"Ah don't want to miss a second of it," said Sallie Beth. "Ah dote on Fredric March."

"He's married," said Stew, quickly.

"Sho' 'nough?" said Sallie Beth.

"Oh, yes," said Stew. "Very much a family man, I've read. Shall we go?"

"Okeydoke," said Art Deacon, picking up his hat.

Stewart Ormsby suddenly wondered what he had seen in this vulgar, insensitive lout.

"Are you going to the movies, too, Art?" he asked frostily.

"Sure. But don't worry, old freckleneck, I'll pay my own way," said Art.

Stew felt he would be doing the human race a service if he then and there squashed the life out of this gross lubberhead.

SALLIE BETH, who had been manipulating a deft lipstick, rushed to the door and began to call "yoo-hoo" at a passing figure.

"Yoo-hoo, Jack, yoo-hoo," she cried.

"Now, Sallie Beth," said Stew, almost fiercely, "we've got a big enough crowd as it is. We don't want that roughneck Jack Ward butting in on our party."

"Ah was just being polite," pouted Sallie Beth. "Yoo-hoo, Jack."

The figure paused. Jack Ward was a year or two older than Stew and Art, and, at the moment, considerably dirtier. He was informally clad in a grimy sweater with the high school's football letter on it, and a pair of grease-bespotted gray trousers, and from the state of his hands and face it was evident that he had been tinkering with the interior of an automobile.

"What do you want?" Jack said. His face was unsmiling, his tone cross.

"We're going to the movies," called Sallie Beth. "Want to come?"

"No."

"It's a perfectly swell picture," said Sallie Beth.

"Lot of mushy tripe," snapped Jack Ward, and continued on his way.

"Well, Ah never!" exclaimed Sallie Beth.

"An utter roughneck," said Stew.

"Ah loathe a man with bad manners," said Sallie Beth. "Seems like he loathes me, too."

"Jack despises girls," said Stew. "All girls. Yes, Jack just utterly despises 'em. And—"

"For the love of mud, let's get going," broke in Art Deacon.

The three of them strolled down the street toward the movie house.

"Sallie Beth," said Art, "did I ever tell you I've got kinsfolk in the South? Yes, indeed, an uncle living in Mobile."

"You've told her that at least five times," observed Stew, "but you haven't told her he comes from Hoboken and is down there selling sewing machines."

They saw the picture, which had to do with life and love among the artists in studios only slightly smaller than the Mammoth Cave, a story in which the hero made sacrifices right and left and underwent appalling tribulations before he won the platinum-haired object of his affections.

As they paced slowly back toward Sallie Beth's home, she said:

"If Ah ever marry, and Ah don't guess anybody would ever want to marry little old me, Ah'd like to marry an artist."

"I thought you said cotton planter," said Stew.

"Well, Ah reckon he could plant and paint, too," said Sallie Beth. "But he'd have to be the sort of man who'd do just anything for the woman he loved—no matter how much it hurt him."

"Did I ever tell you I've got an uncle who's an artist?" said Art. "I had decided to be a criminologist, but I guess I'll study art under Uncle Hal."

"Uncle Hal," said Stew, "draws Mr. Powie and Mr. Zowie in the funny papers."

"Ah dote on art," said Sallie Beth. "If Ah ever do manage to catch me a husband, Ah hope he's rich enough to give me beautiful pictures."

"Money isn't everything," said Stew.

"No, indeedy," agreed Sallie Beth. "But what's the use of me wishing for a rich husband, or any kind of a husband? Ah'll probably die an old maid."

"Oh, no," protested Stew. "You're utterly wrong. Why, lots of people will want to marry you, artists, and planters and millionaires—and just about anybody."

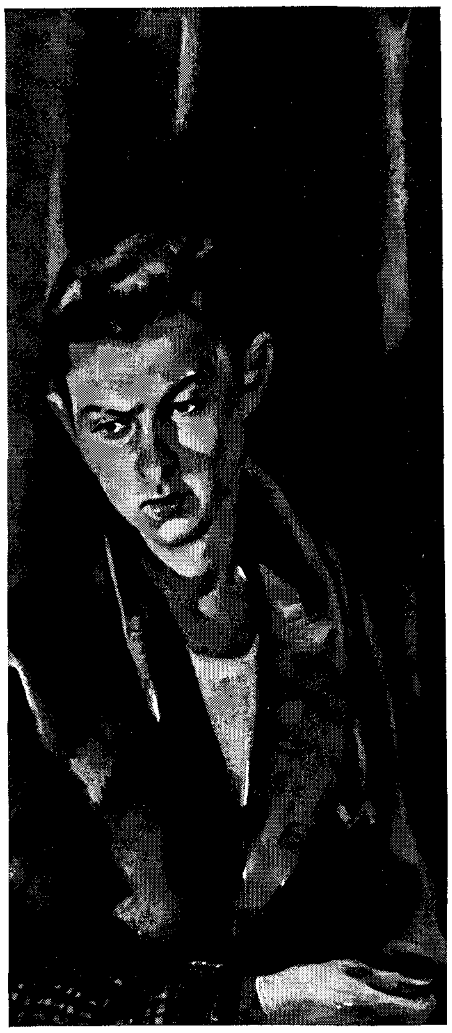
"NOW you're sweet-talking me," smiled Sallie Beth.

"I'm sincere," said Stew, earnestly. "Utterly sincere."

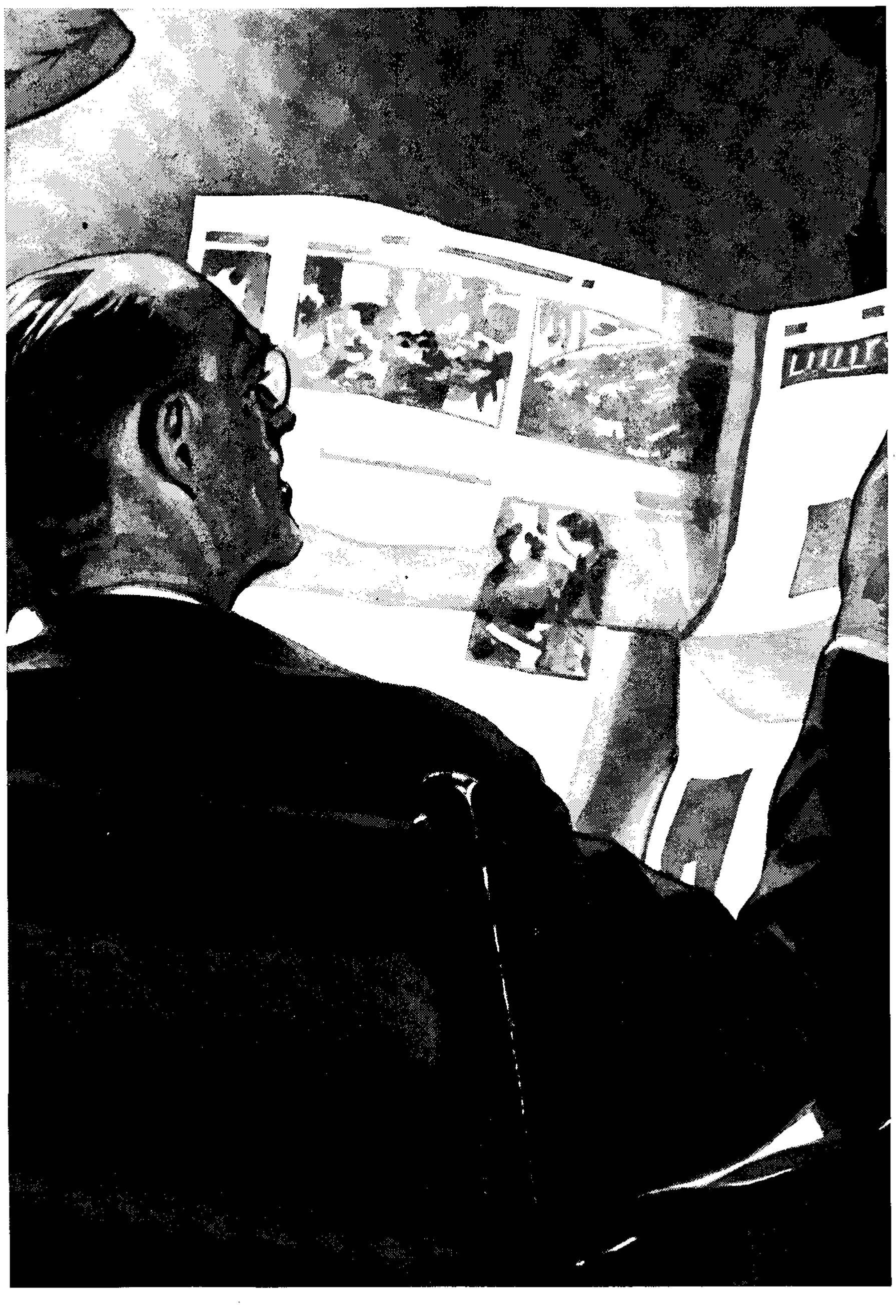
"Well," said Sallie Beth, "Ah'll be sixteen on the twelfth of December, and Ah've had only three proposals—and my sister Patty Lee had nine by that time, and she was married befo' she was seventeen—but, of co'se, she was pretty—"

"She couldn't have been any prettier than you," said Stew, "no matter how pretty she was."

"You go 'long," said Sallie Beth.



"If you don't mind, sir," said Stew, "I'd rather not go to college"



"Call yourself anything you like," Mr. Ormsby said, "if it will help you pass your college entrance exams"

She sighed in a melancholy manner.

"Anything the matter?" asked Stew.

"Ah was kind of wishing I'd be down home for my birthday," she said. "Ah always had a big party down there. Ah knew a few boys down home and they used to give me a party and some of the cutest presents—but since we moved up No'th Ah'm just a stranger—"

SHE said good night to them on the front porch, giving each a lingering pressure with her small hand.

"You all must come and see me again right soon," she said. "Ah get so lonesome."

"We'll see you in school tomorrow," said Art.

"Oh, school!" Sallie Beth made a face. "Ah mean a social call."

"Tomorrow evening?" said Stew.

"Well, now, Gaylord, Ah don't guess it can be tomorrow," said Sallie Beth. "You see, Freddy Gurney is coming to take me for a little ride in his new car."

"New car!" snorted Stew. "It's a moving junk pile."

"Well, it is a car," said Sallie Beth.

"I'm going to get my Uncle Luke to loan me his sixteen-cylinder job some evening," said Art.

"Better pick a day when he's not using it for a funeral," said Stew. "Miss Sallie Beth, could I call Wednesday?"

"Ah'm afraid not, Gaylord," she replied. "I did promise a boy I'd go dancing with him; but you could come Thursday. Morrie Kline is coming over with his uke. We could have some music."

"I don't sing," said Stew, with growing gloom. "I suppose you're dated up for Friday."

"Well, yes, Ah am," said Sallie Beth, "and Saturday Ah'm going to the football game with Ken Parsons—but maybe next week—any day but Monday, Wednesday or Friday—"

(Continued on page 34)

Now Picture That

By Helen Sprackling

Wake up in the Maine woods and dine in a California garden on one and the same day? Perfectly possible and without benefit of plane. Just provide your own scenery. And here's how

PHOTO-MURAL BY VON MIKLOS

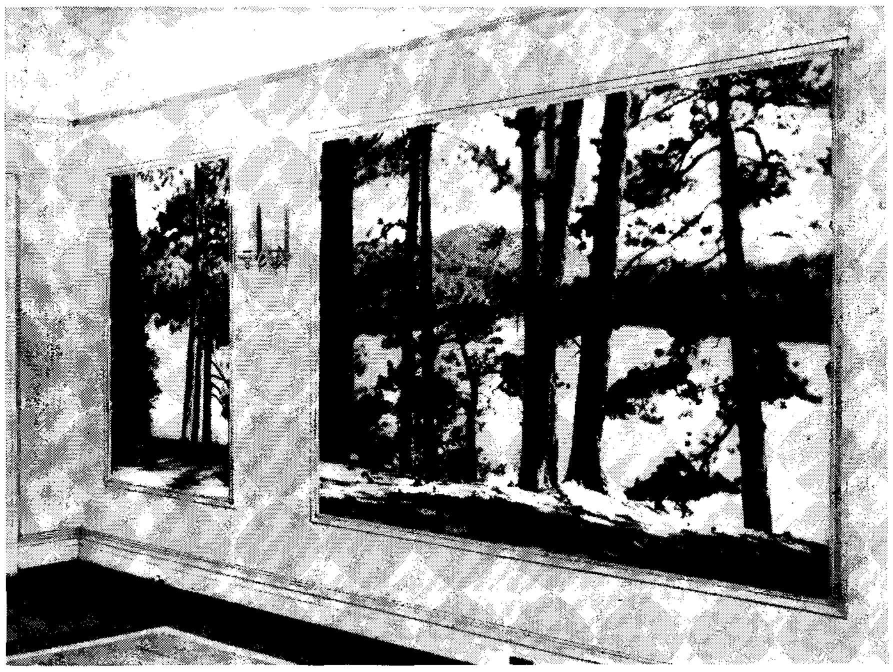
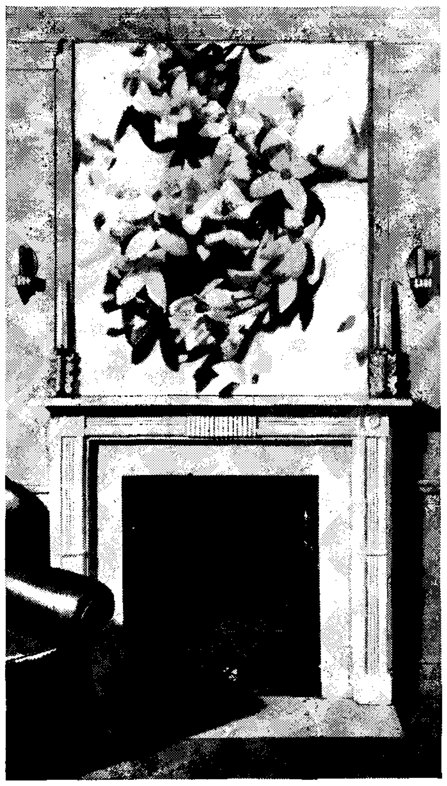


PHOTO MURAL BY APEDA

Country scenery brought to the city in murals enlarged from snapshots



A flower study, enlarged to make a charming mural over the mantel

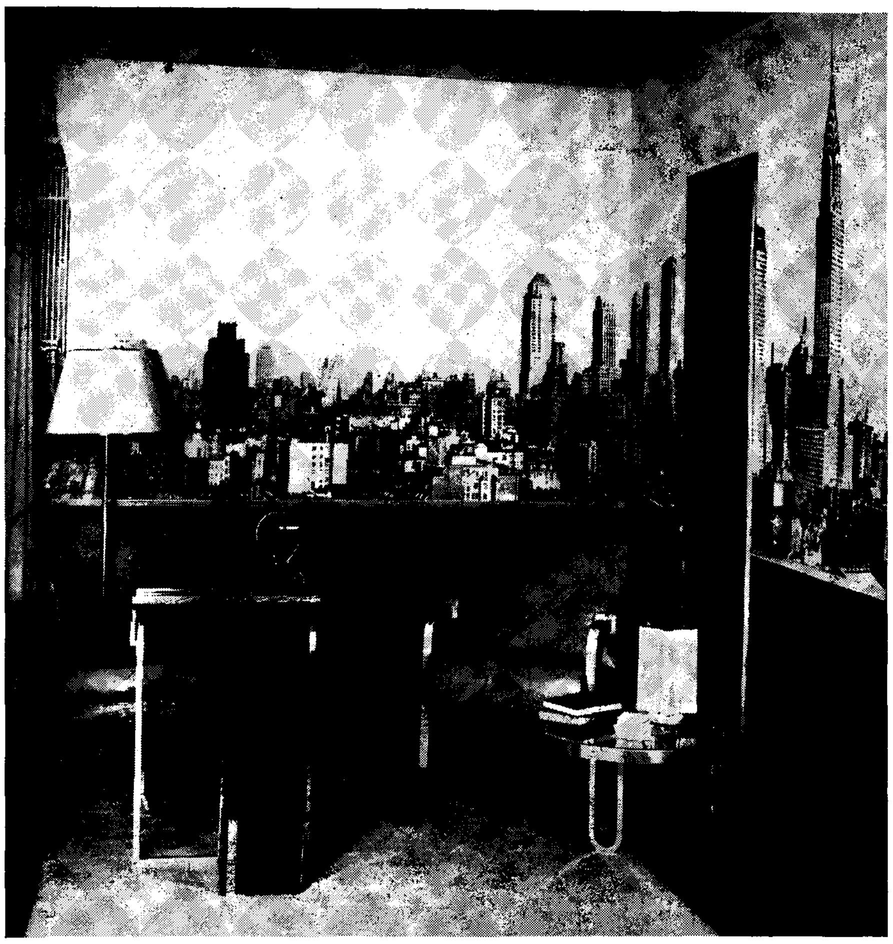


PHOTO-MURAL BY LEIZE ROSE STUDIOS

A small room made to appear spacious by the use of a skyline mural

HERE'S a new one: How can a room that has no windows in its walls look out over all Manhattan—or all Duluth—or all San Antonio? Substitute any other place you choose; it doesn't matter. To make it a little harder, how can it look out over all New York City, if it happens to be in, say, Los Angeles? As with all conundrums, the answer is simple when you know it: Photographic murals.

I have just seen the most extraordinary cubicle of a library. It is made from an inner room a little larger than a good-sized closet. Not so much as a slit of a window breaks its walls, yet it has a bird's-eye panorama of all New York City that would do justice to the Empire State tower. I walked into another room, a dining-room this time. One entire side looked out over a beautiful garden. Masses of blooming laurel lined the flagstone walk. Tall trees and little evergreens were in the background. I blinked. The illusion was perfect.

How is it all done? By a photographic enlarging process that will take your smallest snapshot and convert it into anything from a single small panel to set in over the mantel to rolls of wall paper to paste on the wall. The next time that you want something that nobody else has in this whole wide world, get out the snapshot album or your box of films and plan for a photographic mural.

This is not just my word for it. I have been talking with Leize Rose, who does nothing else but turn people's walls into flower gardens or cover them with interesting vistas. According to Mrs. Rose the possibilities that photographic murals offer for the home are simply limitless.

"It becomes such a personal matter," she says. "It is a grand way to immortalize a hobby. Imagine enlarged snapshots of the biggest catch or the Mary Belle riding to victory over the waves, in the game room or a man's library. Horse racing makes a smart background for a private bar. Lots of action. Lots of dash."

Quite apart from their personal and unique decorative quality, photographic murals in the home may have a real practical value. If you have a room that is too small they can push back the walls and make it seem larger. They will create scenery where no scenery exists—exactly as in the little library. Or fill an unused doorway. Or paper the hall, or the bathroom or any other room, for that matter. These are to mention only a few of the ways that Mrs. Rose uses them.

Do It in Color

If you like, your walls may bloom in one of several colors as well as in the conventional photographic tones of black and white. There is a soft rose beige, a sepia brown, a deep dark purple blue—like the deep blue in pansies—an atmospheric blue that is a little lighter and a little grayer than the customary blue-print, and a gorgeous red. You select the color which best harmonizes with your room or in which the subject matter appears to best advantage—sea scenes in blue, tall California redwoods in sepia brown.

When I asked Mrs. Rose if this were all very difficult to achieve, she replied that it was, on the contrary, quite simple.

"I will say, however, that a photographic mural is a little something more than just a picture blown up and printed on colored paper. When anyone brings me a snapshot and asks me to make a mural of it, I have to know just how he plans to use it. Is it to be a single panel? Or a series of panels? Is it to be wall paper or a movable mural—in other words, a screen? The very first problem is one of scale. You don't enlarge a picture and then just paste it on the wall. It has to be made to fit a given space and scaled to the size of the room. Sometimes it takes two and three snapshots to make a single panel. For instance, in the average snapshot the composition is seldom the best that it might be. The sky has to be cut away or it may take the blending of two photographs to make the trees come in the right position. If I am making wall paper, there is the little problem of matching the design. *That* requires the greatest care. But come, let me show you just what I mean."

In a few moments we were in the apartment of the Marine Club at the Gotham Hotel. There's a man's room for you. We might have been on the deck of a smart cruiser. In cool blues, spanking yachts, sloops and little dinghies ran before the wind on all four walls—from the handrail up to the ceiling. From the handrail down, sections of canvas were laced together in nautical fashion exactly as they would be below the railing of a smart yacht. At the window were draperies made of sail canvas edged with heavy cord. Ship lanterns stood on the mantel; a compass motif in white was centered in the black linoleum floor.

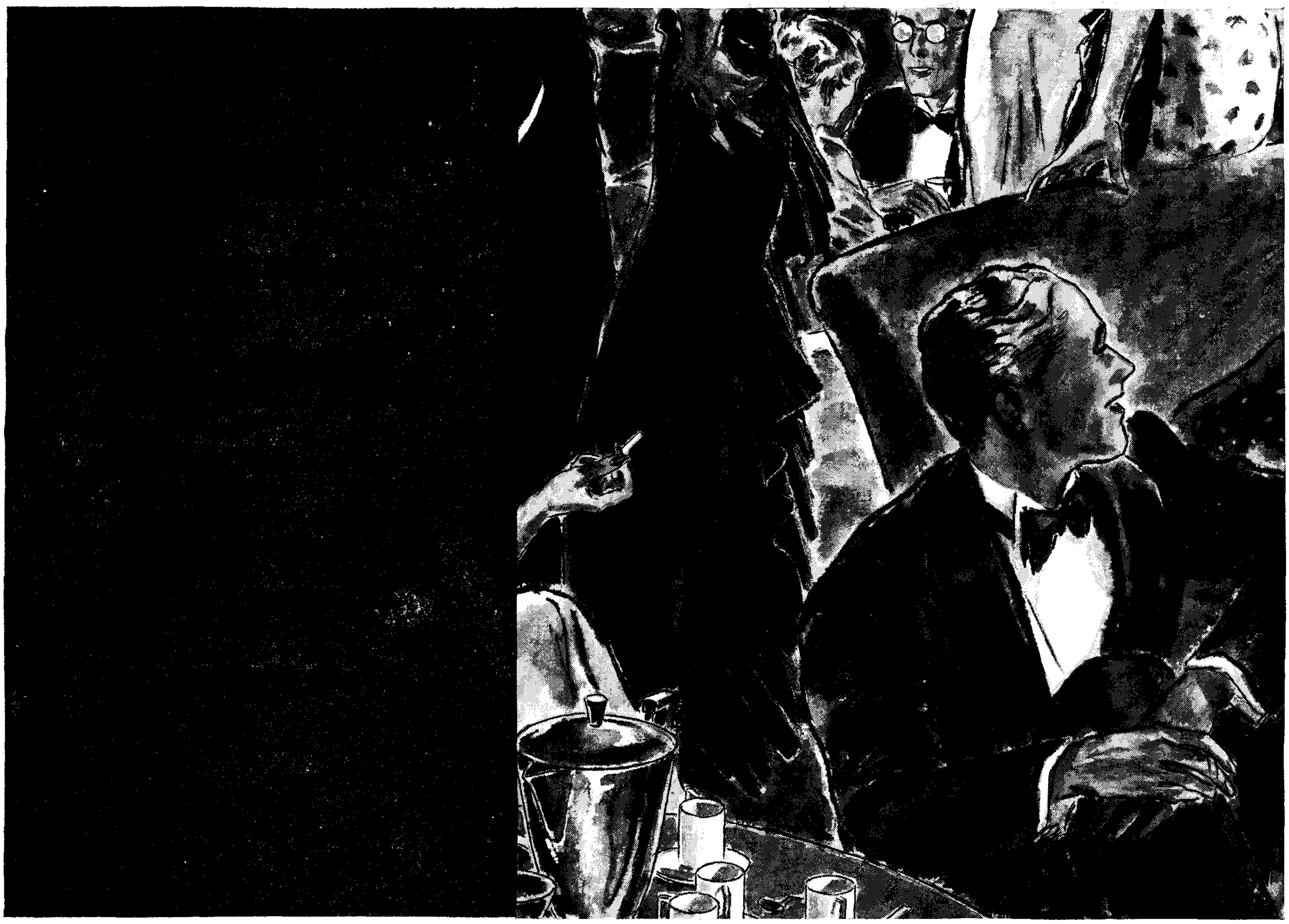
Fitting Together is What Counts

"This wall paper," said Mrs. Rose as she responded to my enthusiasm, "was made from several pictures of famous yacht races."

It looked to me exactly like one continuous whole. When I said that for the life of me I couldn't see where one photograph left off and another began, she replied, "But that is where the art lies. It is easy enough to enlarge a picture. It is the fitting together that really counts."

But photomurals are by no means limited to the realistic idea. Knowing that there may be some who wouldn't care to eat breakfast in the Maine woods every morning or who might find a constant urban skyline a bit boring, I went to see Nell Koons. I had already seen one of her murals, a photographic study of the hibiscus flower enlarged to Georgia O'Keefe-like proportions in black, much soft gray and a great deal of white background. This was used as a small mural over a mantel in a living-room decorated in the French Manoir style of the 18th century. I have scarcely seen any mural lovelier. Once seeing Mrs. Koons, it would not take you long to know that at heart she is a poet and that photography is merely the medium

(Continued on page 38)



CARLOTTA was the most responsible of the young Browns. Nobody expected a girl as pretty as that to be responsible. But she was. That is why she had such a hectic week after she met Dick Williams.

The Browns were always going somewhere in a hurry, usually in cars. They dashed the forty miles to Grandison, where they had all gone or were going to the state university, before breakfast; they drove to Chicago before lunch; or across two states to a house party before dinner. Even Carlotta Brown habitually drove from the Brown home in Northfield to the sorority house in Grandison in forty minutes—and you have to open a car up pretty wide to do that.

It was characteristic of Carlotta Brown that she was on hand to drive her father to the railway station on his way back to Washington that winter afternoon. Her father was T. T. Brown, the senior senator from the state, and one of the few men the country listens to.

"Your mother is quite concerned about our leaving all the young Browns without any older person in the house," her father said, as Carlotta stopped the car at the Northfield station. The express for Chicago was standing there panting. The conductor filled his lungs to yell "All aboard" and saw the senator and waved wildly at him to hurry up.

"It's really only me you're leaving at home," Carlotta said. "Ted and Trix are safe at the university and Elsie's in Milwaukee."

"Yes," her father said. "But who knows where they'll be tomorrow?"

"Aunt Kate will be back next week."

"Until then," her father said and started for the train. He turned and called back over his shoulder, "Keep us out of the papers."

Carlotta knew what was on his mind. The young Browns had never done anything disreputable. But they had often been disconcerting. Elsie had changed her mind about marrying Jack Edgerton the night before the wedding. She had married Bill Castle. Carlotta thought that Bill was a much better bet. But of course it had startled her father to read it in his morning paper on his way home to the wedding. Her brother Ted had skidded in the main street of Northfield coming home late one rainy night and his car had run right through the plate glass window of Perkins' grocery store. He hadn't been hurt. Nobody had been hurt. But some newspaper in Chicago had thought it was funny and printed a story that was funny enough to be reprinted all over the country. Ted was always running into people who had saved the clipping and so was his father.

CARLOTTA went home and changed to a dinner dress and drove to Grandison to a dinner party and met Dick Williams. He was tall, blond, good-looking, but not too good-looking, and a year or two out of Yale. She learned, before the evening was over, that he had come over from Northfield in a bus and that he expected to go back that way. Carlotta told him that she'd drive him over.

She was interested in what he had to say, so much interested that she took an hour to drive the forty miles. He had been working in gas stations, staying a few weeks in one place and moving on, for nearly a year. His father was Renwick Williams, the motor car manufacturer.

"And he wanted you to learn the business from the ground up," Carlotta said.

"Yes," he said. "Although this way of doing it was my own idea. I thought I might find out something about the country and what people like in cars and what they would like better."

"And have you?"

"I've learned a lot I didn't know before," he said.

He lived at the Y. M. C. A. and he didn't want anybody to know that he was Renwick Williams' son because that would spoil the whole thing.

"There's one catch in it," he said, as Carlotta stopped the car in front of the Y. M. C. A. "It's lonesome. I don't stay long enough in one place to make any friends."

"Come to our house tomorrow," Carlotta said. "My brother, Ted, and my sister, Trix, always bring rafts of their friends over from the university for Sunday afternoon. There'll be a buffet supper. It's usually quite jolly."

He said he'd be delighted. He said he'd like it even better if there weren't too many young people and he had some chance to talk to her.

Carlotta told him that the co-eds were expected to report back to sorority houses by eleven o'clock Sunday night. She felt responsible for getting the crowd started back by ten. But it was almost impossible to do it. Mr. Williams promised to be helpful in getting the crowd started home.

He was, indeed, so helpful when the time came that the last car left before eleven o'clock, which was a record. He and Carlotta sat on a sofa in front of a wood fire for hours afterward and discovered that their tastes were startlingly similar except that it didn't seem startling but only inevitable. And after that Carlotta had to drive him home, since he had no car.

He said that he was on duty at Durkin's garage, selling gas and oil, until midnight the following evening. But on Tuesday night he got off at six o'clock. He didn't know what there was to do in Northfield of an evening but at least they could go to a movie. Carlotta said a movie would be fine.

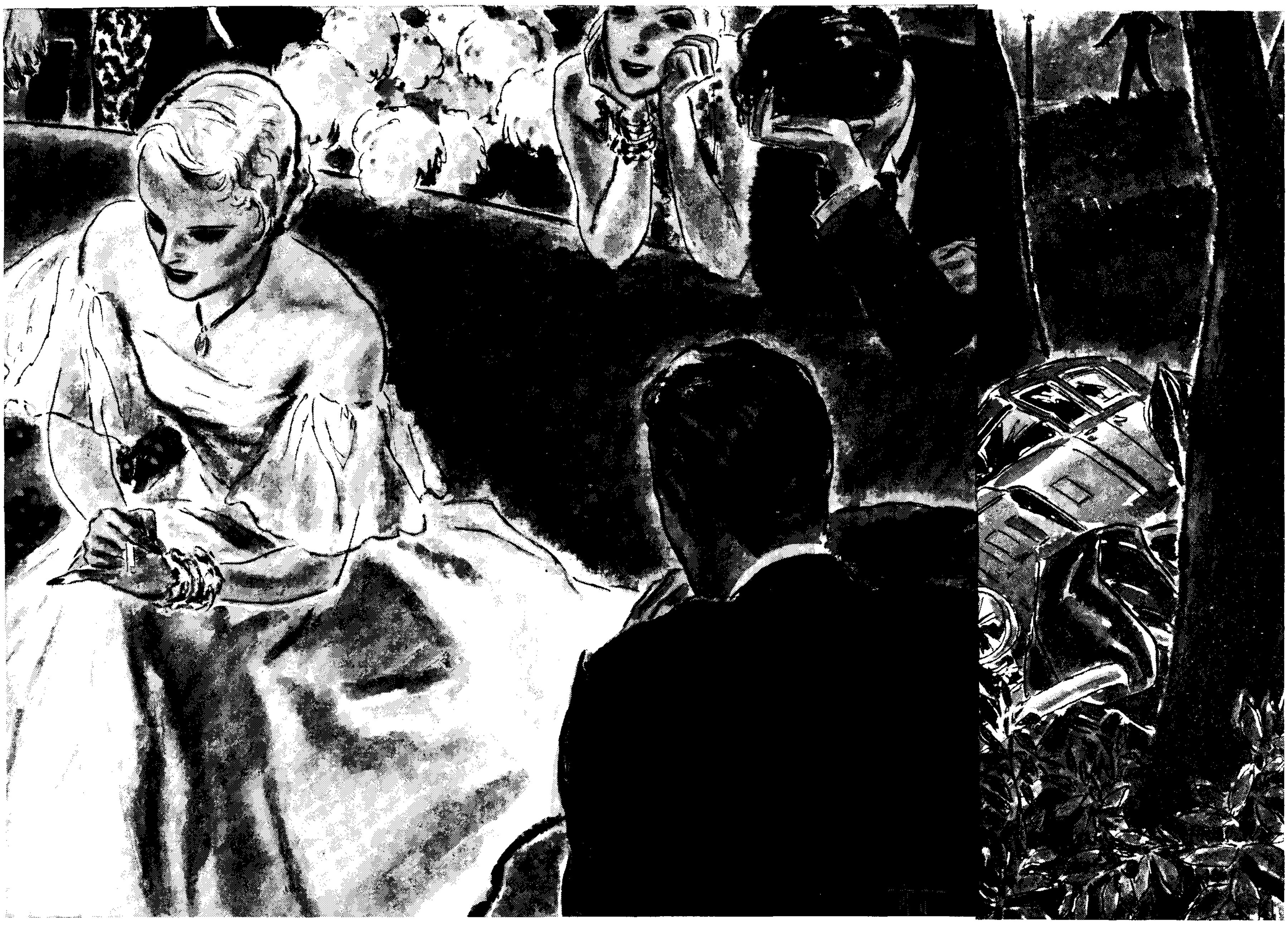
SHE spent the next day in a state of mind she had known before but never in the same degree. She was astonished to catch herself thinking of so many excuses for passing Durkin's garage; or, more honestly, of excuses for going that way and stopping to buy five gallons of gas. But Carlotta had not spent four years in a co-educational college for nothing. She knew better than to do anything of the sort.

She spent the evening at home alone, reading, or pretending to read, and dreaming. She went to bed early. But she didn't go to sleep. She picked up the telephone beside her bed at the very first jingle of the bell. But it wasn't Dick Williams. It was Ted.

"Listen, Sis," Ted said, "I wouldn't bother you but they won't give me but one telephone call. I'm in jail."

"In jail!" Carlotta cried.

"In a place called Collins—just outside Chicago—on the way to Western



She learned, before the evening was over, that he had come over on a bus from Northfield

Springs. Will you get busy on the phone and see if you can wake up somebody in Chicago and get them here—"

"But what have you done?"

"Never sass a cop," Ted said. "Especially a hick cop. All they've got on me is that I passed a red light. But they're sore and I haven't got my driving license or my certificate of registration with me. They say they don't believe I'm T. T. Brown, Jr. They're holding me until I prove I didn't steal the car. See if you can't get Birkett or somebody else we know in Chicago on the phone. If I don't get out of here before court opens in the morning the newspapers will have it and you know what they'll do with it. They'll write another one of those funny stories that will make everybody think I was drunk. Besides, I've used up all my cuts—"

"I'LL start for Chicago as soon as I can get dressed," Carlotta said.

"What for?" Ted asked. "You can do it by telephone."

"I can't take the chance," Carlotta said. "I'll have to see them myself."

"All right," Ted said, "if you want to drive a hundred and fifty miles, get going. But you haven't any time to—"

Carlotta hung up on Ted, and called Durkin's garage, and told Dick Williams what had happened.

"Of course I'll go with you," Dick said. "But why not let me do it alone? Just give me the names and addresses of the people you think would help."

"But I know the people," Carlotta said. "I'll have to see them myself."

"Of course," he said. "I'd rather you went."

"I'll call for you in ten minutes," Carlotta said.

Carlotta jumped for her clothes. It didn't take much more than ten minutes. Mr. Williams was waiting for her. Carlotta took the greatest pride in driving her coupé herself. She almost never let anybody else drive it. But now she said:

"Would you mind driving? I'm sure you could make better time."

Mr. Williams said he'd be delighted to drive. Carlotta moved over and he got in behind the wheel and they were off. It was a frosty winter night. Carlotta thought it was very snug in the coupé. Carlotta sat back in her corner of the coupé and was happy. They didn't say much. They didn't need to say much.

He asked her if she'd mind lighting a cigarette for him. Carlotta got a cigarette going and put it in his mouth so he didn't have to move either hand from the steering wheel. The gesture gave her a delicious feeling of intimacy. She lit a second cigarette for him as soon as he had finished the first one.

There wasn't any traffic. The wide cement road was almost straight. Mr. Williams knew how to drive. They stopped at the apartment house on the lake shore where Alexander Birkett lived, at five minutes after three.

The man on duty in the lobby said Mr. Birkett couldn't be disturbed. Mr. Birkett wouldn't like it. But Carlotta and Dick Williams overbore him. They persuaded him that it was practically a life and death matter. The night man gave in. He rang the telephone. He rang and rang and rang. Dick Williams made him ring some more, until at last a sleepy servant answered. The night man took them up in the elevator and the servant let them in. They had the argument all over again with the servant. He said he didn't dare wake Mr. Birkett. Dick Williams said he dared. The servant eventually gave in.

Carlotta and Dick Williams could hear Mr. Birkett's protests in a far room. He gave his servant hell but he got up. He knew he had to come across. He had to do what the Browns asked of him. He got dressed and climbed, still grumbling, into the coupé and they drove westward to Collins.

MR. BIRKETT gave the sergeant at the desk his card. The sergeant read the name and was impressed. Mr. Birkett identified Ted and offered to be answerable for him. The policeman Ted had talked back to had long since gone home to bed. The sergeant said he guessed there must be some mistake. He said of course they knew Mr. Brown hadn't stolen the car. But what were they to do when he couldn't produce a driving license or a certificate of registration? They had to protect themselves.

It was half past four. Ted said he'd have to breeze along to make his eight-o'clock class in Grandison. Dick Williams and Carlotta took Mr. Birkett home, and started back to Northfield.

Carlotta rode beside Dick Williams in a delicious daze. She knew how aware he was of her. She knew he wanted to kiss her. And she knew why he didn't. He was serious. He was so serious that he didn't dare try until she let him know he might. So serious that he hadn't once called her by her first name.

He stopped at a crossroads where there was a particularly new and handsome dog wagon. Carlotta knew as he handed her out of the car that he was watching. If she had paused beside him for a fraction of a second he would have kissed her. She did not pause. She wanted to put off the perfect moment.

They went into the dog wagon and ate ham and eggs and drank cups of hot coffee and smoked cigarettes.

Dick Williams said, when they were back in the car again, that she could go to sleep. She could put her head on his shoulder. Carlotta knew what would happen if she did. But she said she wasn't sleepy. She said she wanted to talk.

They talked and fell silent and talked again. It was nearly ten o'clock in the morning when they stopped at the Y. M. C. A. Dick Williams got out and Carlotta took the wheel.

"When do I see you again?" he asked. "Tonight?"

"Tomorrow," Carlotta said.

"When?"

"Call me up," Carlotta said.

SHE drove home and went to bed and slept until dinner time. After dinner she sat on the sofa in front of the living-room fire and regretted that she hadn't told Dick Williams he could come this evening and decided that it was better to make him wait a little and anticipate the moment when she would yield completely to being kissed.

(Continued on page 57)

Detective Wragge and his niece make two charming friends at the theater, and play leading rôles in a tense, wild drama—

Behind Barred Doors

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD M. DAVIS

SUPERINTENDENT DETECTIVE WRAGGE bowed formally to Miss Mott upon his entrance into her private office, laid his hat upon the floor and seated himself in the clients' chair.

"Don't be silly, Uncle," the young lady laughed, holding out both her hands. "Come and give me your avuncular salute at once."

He shook his head deliberately.

"This," he warned her, "is a professional visit. I have not come here to consult Miss Mott about any courtship troubles, nor have I an interesting case to lay before her, but it is nevertheless a strictly professional visit."

Miss Mott raised her eyebrows.

"Have I done anything wrong?" she asked anxiously.

Her uncle smiled in his own somewhat peculiar fashion. The smile broke away over the lines of his creased face and seemed to leave him afterwards looking sterner than ever.

"Not consciously, my dear," he assured her, "not consciously, of course. I can't think why the devil these people won't leave you alone."

A light flashed into her very beautiful eyes. Miss Mott was quite interested in these people.

"Do explain," she begged.

Superintendent Wragge lit a cigarette. He drew his chair a little nearer to the table.

"I think I remember telling you the last time we dined together," he began, "of a very interesting secret pamphlet circulating in the Yard, dealing with the manner in which watched and suspected criminals, when they are hard pressed, communicate with one another. The Agony Column of the Times for many years was freely used."

"I have often wondered," Miss Mott murmured, "whether those amazing messages one reads ever mean anything."

"They probably mean something," her uncle observed dryly, "but the sense lies underneath the words. Our code experts have often intercepted messages of great importance concealed in the most harmless sentences. No one suspects the owners of the newspapers of complicity. You understand that, of course? It would be absolutely impossible for any editor to discriminate between the real thing and the faked."

"Naturally," she agreed.

SUPERINTENDENT WRAGGE dived into his pocket, produced two copies of "Home Talks" and spread one of them out in front of him. A little cry of delight escaped his niece's lips.

"Don't tell me that they've been making use of my paper!" she exclaimed.

"That's just what they have been doing. Here is apparently a perfectly harmless nom de plume and your reply to the question, whatever it was. Let me read it to you:

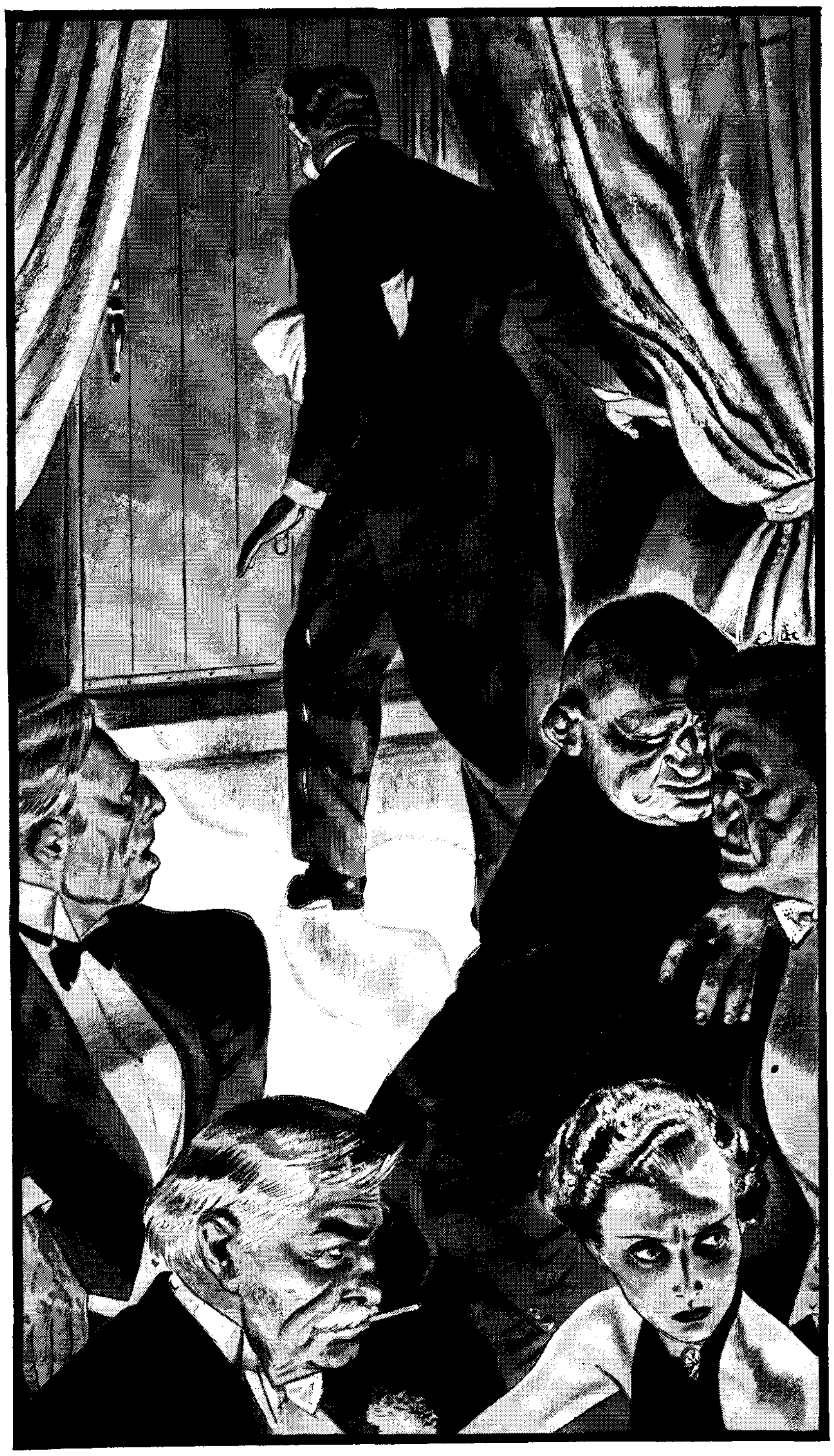
"'JENKS IN LONDON. I think the young lady of whom you write must be very unreasonable. I should tell her plainly that you do not think it fair of her to keep you in such suspense and would insist upon a definite decision.'"

"Whatever can there be in that?" Miss Mott asked curiously. "They can't build up a code on my reply because they don't see it until it appears."

"The whole of the message," her uncle confided, "is contained in the pseudonym—'Jenks in London.' It means—never mind what it means. That is a different story. We shall come to the reply presently. Now, tell me, do you keep the letters of your correspondents?"

"For one month," she told him.

"Then you have Jenks in London's letter?"



There was a storm of blows upon the door, and a waiter crossed the floor on tiptoes

"Of course. It's in the files."

"Can I see it?"

Miss Mott became very professional.

"These letters are all supposed to be entirely confidential," she warned her uncle.

For the first time in his life Superintendent Wragge was almost angry with his niece. There were no visible signs of it, but she knew.

"Must I remind you," he asked dryly, "that it is not your uncle, but Superintendent Detective Wragge of Scotland Yard who asks this favor?"

Miss Mott rang the bell under her foot without further protest. At her request, the lanky, bespectacled young secretary brought in a file from which her employer drew out a letter. She handed it across to her uncle. He studied it with some care and laid it down by his side.

"The usual sort of piffle," he remarked. "But the handwriting must go to our expert. Now if you will turn to this second number of your magazine, which I have here, you will notice in the first column of Answers to Correspondents a pseudonym—'Buttercups and Daisies.'"

Miss Mott did not trouble to look at the magazine.

"I remember it perfectly," she declared. "I remember thinking what an odd choice."

"You may be interested to know," her uncle confided, "that 'Buttercups and Daisies' is the reply to 'Jenks in London,' and a very interesting reply, too. I see you advised the young lady to forgive her erring lover. Very nice and human of you, my dear. Now I shall have to trouble you for the letter from 'Buttercups and Daisies.'"

THE file was reopened. Miss Mott found the letter and passed it silently across. After a brief examination her uncle placed it with the other in his pocket.

"A very clever stunt this," he meditated. "Much better than any Agony Column. The young man in our Code Department who tumbled to it deserves a medal."

"May I know what 'Jenks in London' said and 'Buttercups and Daisies' replied?" she begged.

Superintendent Wragge stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"I can't say that the message is as clear as daylight to us even now," he admitted, "but it contains an address we were very interested to get hold of. And furthermore," he added, with a covert glance across the table, "we are practically certain that the communication is between one branch of a certain company of gangsters and another."

Miss Mott's was almost a painful silence. A flood of reminiscences brought the color streaming into her cheeks. Superintendent Wragge looked tactfully away. He tapped another cigarette on the arm of his chair and lit it.

"You've heard nothing more, I suppose, of our friends who were flooded out?" he inquired.

"Nothing."

"No more mysterious visits from Violet Joe?"

She shook her head.

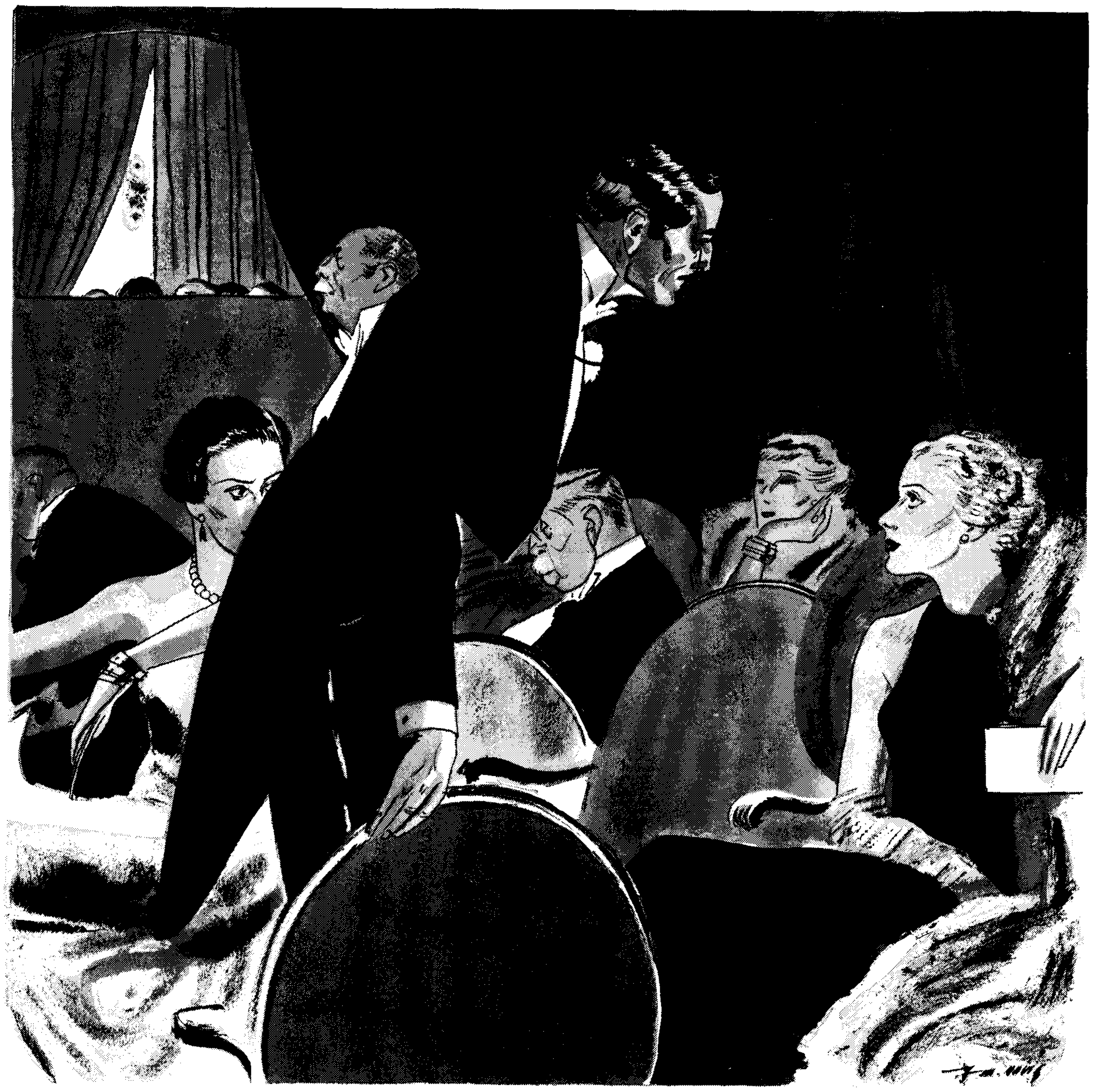
"That long devil with the scar hasn't tried to get at you again?"

"I haven't seen or heard a word from any of them," she declared.

"Meredith—that's the arch blackguard's name, I'm sure of that," Superintendent Wragge continued thoughtfully. "Two of the gang got away by the river, but I have an idea that Meredith's still in London."

"You haven't anything against Violet Joe, have you?" she asked timidly.

"If I had I should forget it," her uncle assured her. "Meredith's the man I want. He's dangerous. So long as he's



"We should be so glad if you would come on to a new supper club with us after the show"

at large you should be extra careful, Lucie. Watch your step all the time. Don't accept any invitations unless you know the people well."

She shook her head.

"I never go out anywhere," she confided. "I keep William here till I leave myself at night and he sees me into a taxi."

Her uncle nodded approvingly.

"Good girl. What about a little dinner with me tonight, then? I'll fetch you and take you home. Are you doing anything?"

"Nothing at all. Except—" she went on, holding up an envelope—"these came along this morning. I haven't made up my mind what to do about it."

Superintendent Wragge drew out the cardboard slips and studied them. He turned over the envelope and noticed the address in clerkly handwriting.

"Two seats for The Humming Bird," he remarked. "Someone's being kind to you. I saw in the paper yesterday that every seat was sold for months."

MISS MOTT nodded. "I believe it's awfully good," she confided. "How would you like to go there first with me and have a little supper afterwards instead of dining?"

"By all means," Superintendent Wragge accepted enthusiastically. "An excellent idea. I haven't been to a theater for months."

He glanced at the tickets again before he passed them back.

"You say you don't know who sent them to you?"

She shook her head.

"I haven't an idea," she admitted. "The box office, I suppose."

Superintendent Wragge picked up his hat and smoothed it. Those keen, narrow eyes of his had almost disappeared under their heavy lids and among the puckered-up creases of his fleshy face—a sign that he was thinking deeply.

"What's troubling you, Uncle?" Miss Mott inquired.

"It seems to me a little queer," he meditated, "for the theater to be sending away complimentary seats when it's so heavily booked up, and especially for Friday night. They aren't marked 'Complimentary,' either. You're quite sure you can't think of anyone who might have sent them?"

"I can't think of a soul," she admitted.

Superintendent Wragge selected one of the tickets and returned the other to his niece.

"Well, we might as well use them," he said. "If you don't mind," he added, "I think it would be better if you went on first and I'll join you later. We're sometimes rather busy at the Yard Friday night and I should hate to have you miss any of the show. I'll come as soon as I can get away."

"Just as you like," Miss Mott assented. "I shall be there when the curtain goes up on the first act. I can promise you that! Don't miss more of it than you can help."

Superintendent Detective Wragge, looking slightly distrait, took affectionate leave of his niece and departed for Scotland Yard. His conscience was troubling him badly as it had done once or twice before. Nothing in the world could have prevented his occupying one of those seats at the Universal Theater that night. He knew very well, however, that if he did his duty as a blood relation, he ought to take particular care to see that the adjoining one was vacant.

MISS MOTT found her seats excellently placed and thoroughly enjoyed the first act of The Humming Bird. She was just looking round the crowded house at the fall of the curtain when a girl, seated immediately in front, turned round and smiled at her.

"Do you mind if I speak to you for a moment, Miss Mott?" she asked.

"Why, of course not," was the courteous reply. "Do I—ought I to know you?"

"We are complete strangers," the young woman admitted. "But I feel that I know you very well because I read all your articles in 'Home Talks.' I hope you won't think it a great liberty, but I sent you the tickets for tonight. It was the only way I could imagine of getting to know you."

Miss Mott laughed pleasantly.

"A very delightful way for me. I've been longing to see this show. You're not, by any chance, one of my correspondents, are you?"

In the subdued light the girl seemed to flush.

"I'm afraid I have been guilty of bothering you with my poor little affairs," she confessed. "You answered me in this week's number. I called myself 'Buttercups and Daisies.'"

Miss Mott was well trained for her profession and she heard the announcement with only the faintest flicker of polite interest in her face. For once, then, her uncle must have made a mistake.

"I remember thinking your pseudonym a trifle unusual," she remarked. "I hope what I said was of service to you."

"I should think so," was the enthusiastic reply. "You have so much common sense and yet you look scarcely any older than I," the girl added with a sigh.

Miss Mott smiled tolerantly.

"Everybody looks the same age in this light. Some of you girls—"

"May I introduce my fiancé?" the girl begged. "Major Lingard—Miss Mott."

A dark, clean-shaven young man, turned out with punctilious care and wearing a rimless eyeglass, rose in his place and bowed.

"Glad to meet so distinguished a young lady," he said pleasantly. "I know what Miss Carruthers wants me to ask you before the curtain goes up. We should be so glad if you would come on to a new supper club with us after the show—you and your escort, if you have one coming," he added, looking at the vacant place. "Otherwise, we will look after you."

"Do please come," the girl urged. "My real name is Betty Carruthers. I should like to talk to you so much and I am sure you would meet some interesting people."

MISS MOTT hesitated. "You are very kind," she said doubtfully. "I am expecting my uncle every moment."

"But you must bring him along," the girl insisted. "It's the quaintest place, only been opened for a week or two. It's run by one of Dick's—that's Major Lingard's—ex-brother officers, and there are always lots of nice young men there."

"I'm sure it would be very delightful," Miss Mott conceded. "May I just see what my uncle says when he arrives?"

"Why, of course," the girl assented. "We shall be going anyway. We dance there every night. It would be so nice to have a good long talk with you. . . ."

The curtain rose and Miss Mott gave herself up to enjoyment of the show. As soon as the act was over, Superintendent Wragge made his appearance and edged his way to the vacant seat.

"Oh, I'm so sorry you've missed two acts of this," his niece lamented. "It's been perfectly wonderful. The best show I've seen for ages. I want to tell you something," she went on in a slightly lower tone.

The girl in front, with her escort, had strolled over to one of the boxes to talk with some friends. Miss Mott directed her uncle's attention to them.

"Are they friends of yours?" she asked.

"Never seen either of them before in my life, to my knowledge," he replied.

"Well," she confided, "the girl's name is Miss Betty Carruthers, and I'm afraid your code department was all wrong for once, for it was she who wrote to me under the pseudonym of 'Buttercups and Daisies.'"

There was a moment's silence. Superintendent Wragge had made no remark, but Miss Mott knew that he was interested from the swift intake of his breath, and from the way he leaned forward, with his hands upon his knees, looking at the girl and her escort.

"She has just introduced herself to me," Miss Mott continued. "It was she who sent us the tickets. She thought it would be a good way to get to know me. That is her fiancé she is with—a Major Lingard. They want us both to go on to a little dance club tonight, which has just been started by some friends of theirs. They asked me to bring my escort, whoever he was. Careful . . . they're coming back."

Superintendent Wragge picked up his program. It was hard to see that his lips were moving.

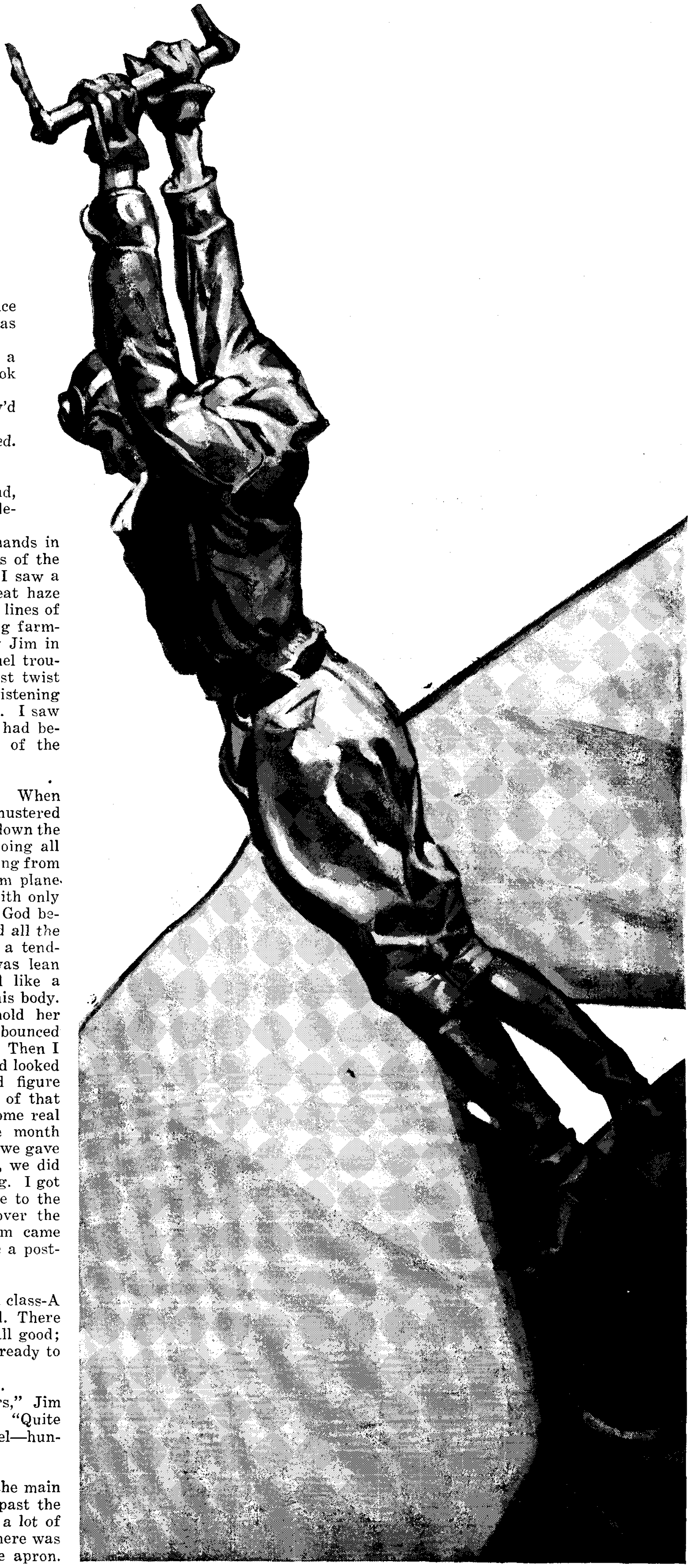
(Continued on page 52)

Above the Fog

By Edward Shenton

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Jim Rawlings was a fearless flyer. It remained for a girl, however, to give him the ultimate test



I HADN'T seen Jim Rawlings in eleven or twelve years. He looked exactly as I remembered him, tall and lean, his long, sunburned, friendly face topped with the same unruly blond hair. I stopped the car and sat looking at him. He recognized me suddenly and began to grin. I don't know when anything made me feel so good.

"Hello, Mort," he called. "Right on time for lunch," just as if all those years never had rolled by.

He was kidding, of course. It was two o'clock. But one of my well-known habits is always to be late. I got out and walked toward him. We didn't shake hands. I guess it never occurred to either of us. It sounds pretty silly, but I felt a little like a schoolgirl at her first dance. Jim's grin was sort of fixed and idiotic. But, you see, I was supposed to be some three thousand miles away.

"So this is home?" I said.

Jim waved his hand, including in its sweep the flying field with its single hangar and the manager's tiny, one-story brick office.

"The works," he said.

It didn't look very prosperous. The field was weed-grown and soft. Paint would have improved things; also a few panes of glass in the hangar windows. Only the sign over the big sliding doors was bright and clean. It read:

ARGONNE AIRWAYS
Instruction in Flying Planes to Charter
Ground School
Transport and Private Flying
JAMES E. RAWLINGS, *Manager*

It made me feel queer again. It was so like Jim to use that name. He saw me start, I guess, and the grin widened. He jerked his thumb toward the sign, but all he said was:

"Put on some weight, Mort?"

I patted my waistline.

"A couple pounds."

"Twenty-five."

"Two," I said indignantly.

"Want to look the joint over?" he asked.

I said, "Sure." We went across to the hangar. The doors were open and inside I could see three ships. The one nearest the entrance was a four-passenger cabin job. There wasn't so much as a spot of dust on it anywhere.

"Nice bus," I said.

Jim nodded. He ran his hand along the wing strut. I've seen men touch jewels that way—or women. Behind it was a training ship looking solid and dependable by comparison. A kid, nineteen or twenty maybe, was washing dirt and scum off with a gasoline spray.

"The ground crew," Jim said. "Answers to the name of Bud."

The kid smiled, showing a lot of white teeth behind the grease on his face. Jim was trying to carry it off lightly, but I knew he wasn't amused. I caught him glancing at me once or twice as if to see what I was thinking.

The third crate stood back in a corner. When I finally got a look at it I couldn't believe my eyes.

"Jim," I said, "I thought they'd all gone where good ships go."

"Not *that* one," he answered.

"It's not . . . ?"

"None other but."

"Well, well, well," I said and, since that seemed a little inadequate, added, "well, well."

I just stood there with my hands in my pockets, staring. The walls of the hangar sort of blew away and I saw a country fair ground with a heat haze over the trotting track, and the lines of tents and stands and the milling farmers with their families. I saw Jim in white shirt, flying helmet, flannel trousers and sneakers, taking a last twist on a turnbuckle, and myself listening to that old OX5 rapping 'em off. I saw . . . well, a lot of things that had become buried under the layers of the years.

THOSE swashbuckling days! When Jim and I, after we were mustered out, went barnstorming up and down the country in that same Jenny; doing all the stunts—wing-walking, hanging from the landing gear, changing from plane to the top of a reeling sedan with only a rope ladder and the grace of God between us and eternity. Jim did all the fancy stuff. Even then I had a tendency to put on weight. He was lean and muscular and coördinated like a cat. There wasn't a nerve in his body.

All I did was sit there, hold her steady—and sweat. When she bounced I knew Jim was off the ladder. Then I gunned her up quick, banked and looked down to see Jim's white-clad figure spread-eagled on the black top of that car. Now and then we made some real jack; usually the end of the month found us about even. Not that we gave a darn. Two—no, three years, we did that. Then my dad passed along. I got a sudden rush of common sense to the head and went back to take over the Oregon Trail Lumber Co. Jim came east. Once in a while he wrote a postcard; occasionally I did. . . .

"Come out of it," Jim said.

I went and gave the old bus a class-A inspection from prop to tail-skid. There was a lot of new stuff in her, all good; she looked tight and sweet and ready to fly.

"Take her up much?" I asked.

"Whenever I get the jitters," Jim said. He began to whistle. "Quite often, lately. How do you feel—hungry?"

"I could eat," I admitted.

We walked across to where the main highway skirted the field and past the foundations of a building with a lot of odds and ends piled around. There was a cracked and bulging concrete apron.

"This field used to be the eastern end of the transcontinental mail," Jim said.

"Oh," I said.

"IT WAS pretty swell, then. Plenty of passenger flying. Nice nights, with a moon, there'd be four, five hundred cars parked out here. Ukes and those portable vics, petting parties, Jersey applejack. I'd have three ships hopping short rides. Three bucks apiece; five-minute ride. From eight to about midnight. Figure it out."

"What happened?" I asked.

"The mails moved to Newark. After the stock market, flying seemed pretty tame, I guess. Oh, the same old story, Mort. Maybe you heard it in Oregon."

"Maybe," I said.

A dingy roadside stand was just across from the spot where the big hangar had been. In faded letters over the door you could just read "Pilots' Rest."

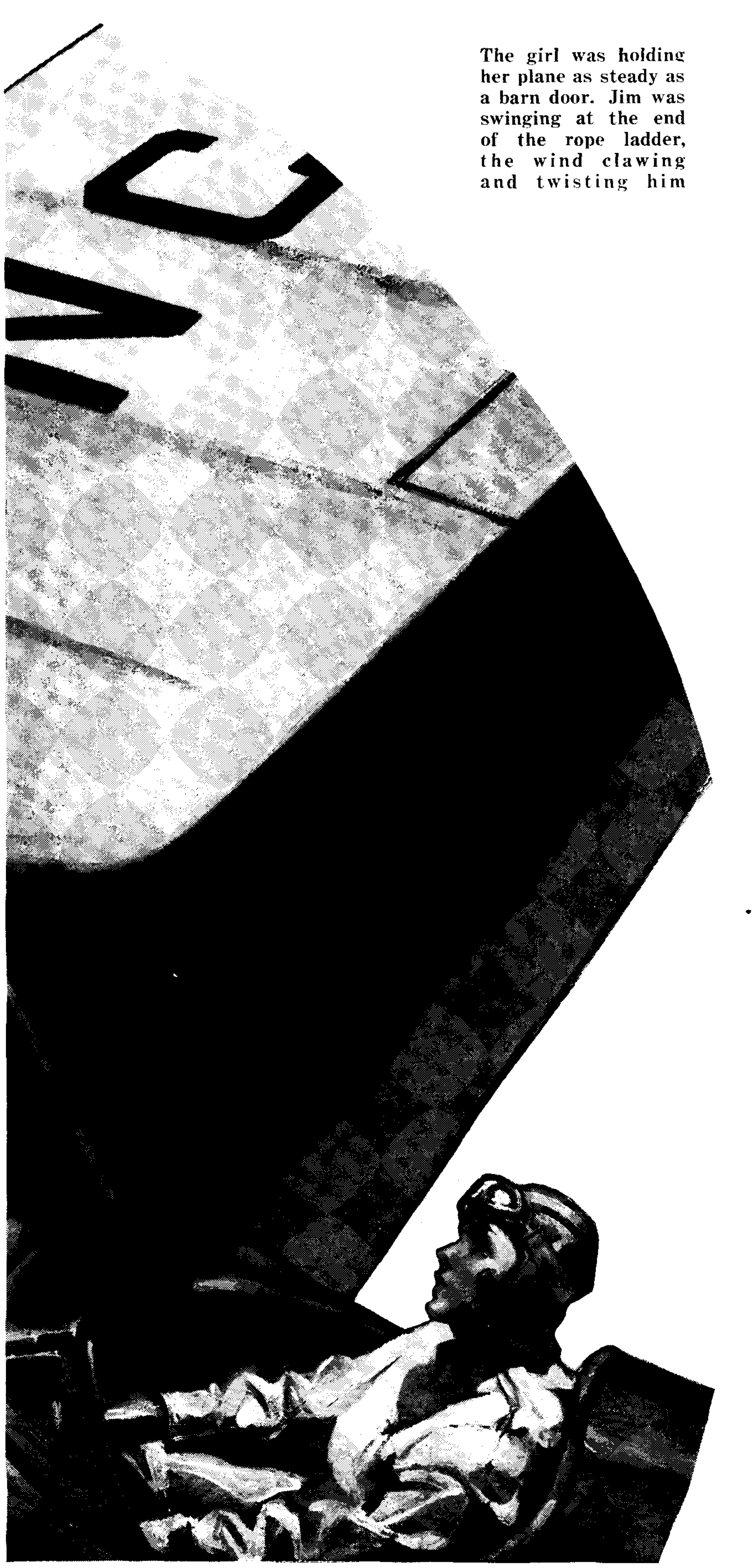
"The boys used to snatch a hot dog here," Jim said absently. "What'll you have?"

I was hungry. I'd skipped lunch in my eagerness to arrive.

"Two fried eggs and bacon," I told the waitress. "Coffee."

"Ham and cheese on rye," Jim said.

We were settling into our meal, when a motor roared so close above the stand that I ducked. Through the window, I saw first the shadow of a plane on the ground, and then the plane itself. It hit hard well out in the field, and went bouncing across the field like a crazy duck, and out of sight in a distant hollow. Jim was standing, cursing. I swallowed the lump of egg that had stuck halfway down my gullet and said:



The girl was holding her plane as steady as a barn door. Jim was swinging at the end of the rope ladder, the wind clawing and twisting him

"Who's that?"

"My star pupil," said Jim.

"My God," I said.

He was across the road before I had gotten through the doorway. I didn't try to catch him, but ambled along, merely trying to keep him in view.

The plane reappeared suddenly, rising out of the dip, and taxied toward us. Jim stopped abruptly. I came up to him. He was shaking and sweating and trying to light a cigarette. His face was paper-white. I felt a bit disturbed myself. The ship pulled up with a flourish. The pilot leaned over the cockpit cowling, waved a nonchalant hand, and called, "Hello, mug," in one of those husky-sweet voices the sound engineers try to concoct for the movie heroines. Only this voice was the real thing. It *was* husky, and it *was* sweet, and the combination did something to your eardrums that went in waves all through you. I had expected Jim to raise six kinds of a row. Instead, he swallowed hard and said mildly:

"Came in pretty fast, didn't you?"

The girl laughed. I won't try to tell you what that was like. You wouldn't believe me anyway.

"I like to come in fast," she said cheerfully.

She had pushed back her goggles and what I could see of her face was just right to go with her voice; nice gray eyes that looked directly at you, a small nose, straight and thin, and a fine mouth without the customary plastering of lipstick. I was speculating on the color of her hair, when I heard Jim say:

"This is Morton Stevens. Dropped in from Oregon. Mort, Miss Nan Harper."

SHE took off her glove and reached down her hand to me. I liked that, the glove business.

"I know all about you," she said. "You're Jim's better half."

Jim laughed. "Getting out?"

She shook her head.

"Just stopped by to say hello. I'm off to Boston. 'Dizzy' Lowell is getting her man tomorrow. I'm to fly over the church and scatter spare parts and blessings."

"No kidding?" Jim said.

Nan reached over and patted his head gently.

"Don't worry so, darling. I'll be on foot, all tangled up in organdie and sweetness."

"Well," Jim said, "you ought to have good weather."

I looked up at the autumn sky. It was a washed-out blue with haze far above, but the sun shone brilliantly and there was a soft, uncertain wind. Jim walked around the plane, talking casually while he ran a keen eye over landing gear, struts and wires. It was a swell bus, with all the latest gadgets, I noticed, such as radio, artificial horizon, sensitive altimeter, and so on.

The motor was still idling. Jim had her rev it up while he listened attentively. I thought it sounded fine. I knew Jim was worried and trying not to let the girl know, and I wondered why.

Nan pulled the goggles down over her eyes and opened the throttle a bit. The plane began to bump down the field for a take-off. Jim yelled suddenly, "Where's your 'chute?" She just waved her hand. There was no chance of catching her—she was off with a roar. We walked back to his office in silence.

There, Jim opened a metal locker and took out a bottle and two glasses. I filled mine with water from the cooler, but Jim drank his straight and put a second down on top of it. Afterward he relaxed a bit and leaned back in moody silence. There was a lot of questions I wanted to ask but I thought it better to let Jim speak first. I glanced around the office and was surprised to see a complete two-way radio equipment. I said:

"Right up to the minute, eh?"

"What?" Jim said.

"Radio and everything."

"Well," he said, "why not?"

HIS tone was defensive, with an undercurrent of rage. I'd never heard Jim speak that way in all the years I had known him. He was immediately contrite.

"Sorry, Mort. I'm edgy these days."

He sat staring at the glass in his hands. Presently he said in a gloomy voice: "She drove up here one morning about a year ago."

He stopped and I could sense the recollection returning to him, becoming vivid again, important. He started to talk without looking at me . . .

He had been sitting outside the hangar when she had arrived. Things were bad. No students; no one hiring planes; his bank balance in a nose-dive. "Hello," she had said. "I want to learn to fly."

"You know how I am about women flying," Jim said. "I gave her the whole act. Steady nerves, concentration, one slip, man's game."

She had laughed at him. Sitting there, leaning her elbows on the steering wheel of a big blue Gloria. "Nobody cares if I crash," she had said. "Least of all me."

Jim got up and walked restlessly about the office.

"Her father's dead," he said abruptly. "Her mother's crazy over dogs and contract. They live in one of those castles over at Rumson. Millionaires' Row. Nan has so much money of her own she can't count it. She and the old dame don't hit it for a damn. She wants to marry Nan off to a worn-out playboy."

I lit a cigar, poured a careful half-inch of rye and filled the glass with water.

"Isn't she of age?" I asked.

The question startled Jim. He sat down and put his chin in his hands. He continued to talk and the words were muffled by his interlaced fingers.

THE point was that Nan had become desperate. In her revolt against this one man she had turned thumbs down on all men. It wasn't natural. She was bored and unhappy and didn't care; reckless. So she was trying to give a meaning to life by seeing how close she could shave it. Jim wasn't quite so coherent; but this, I gathered, was what he meant. He said grimly, "That landing. And going up without a 'chute."

"Why didn't you bawl her out?" I said.

He shook his head, got up, went to the door and sniffed. I watched him gazing anxiously across the field. When the door opened I could feel a sudden cool dampness in the air.

"Fog," Jim said. "Comes up the valley. It gets bad here awful fast sometimes. Lies right on the ground."

I could see him calculating where the girl must be by now. He glanced at his watch. His lips moved as though counting the miles of space.

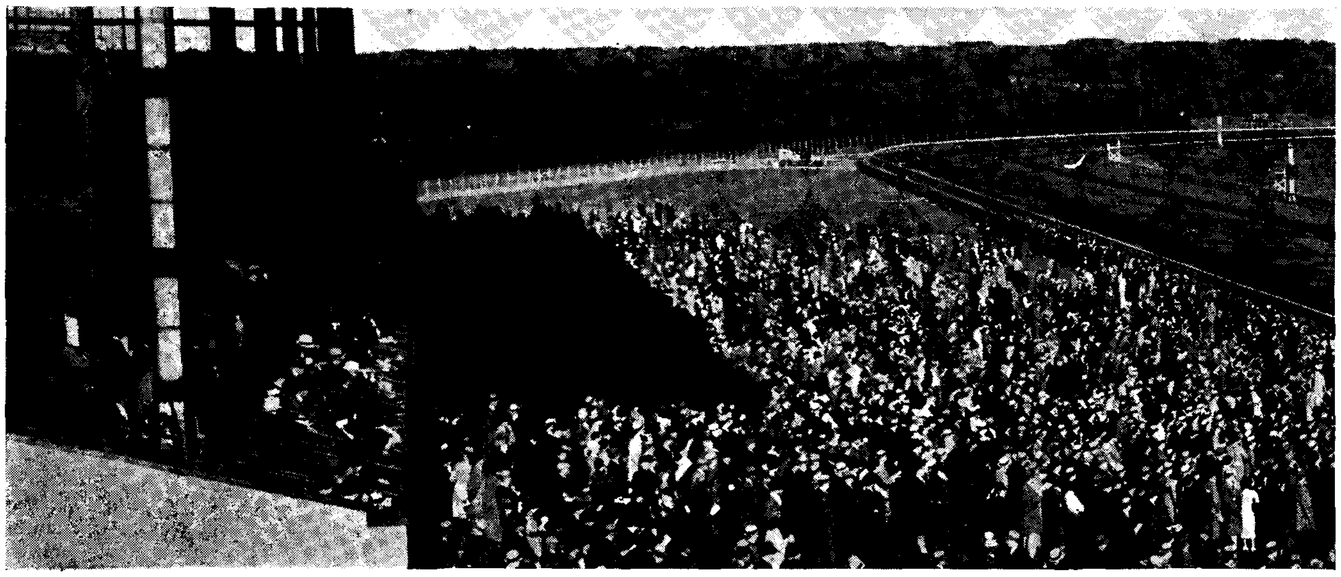
"I've got to keep her confident," he said, picking up my last remark. "If she thinks she can, she'll get away with it, until . . ." His glance went through and beyond me.

"She'll get it," he said, "sometime. Sure. . . . And she can fly, Mort, honest. She's got, you know, the feel for it. Only not enough experience to handle the unexpected."

I had been gazing out the window.

(Continued on page 30)

Rhode Island has an elegant race course where you can back your knowledge of horseflesh by making a small wager. A great many people went there last summer and fall for that very purpose. Millions of dollars changed hands within the state. And what did Rhode Island get out of it? A headache. This is how it worked



WIDE WORLD

Narragansett Park, Pawtucket, Rhode Island's million-and-a-half-dollar racing plant

Rhode Island Picks the Wrong Horse

By Frank D. Morris

MRS. McCRAVOR looked like the average housewife. Possibly she was a bit shabbier in dress, but the confidence in her eyes and in her smile made you forget her shabbiness. The brace of small children who followed her into the shoe shop were no better dressed. Fred's oxfords exposed his enthusiasm for sand-lot football and other toe-scuffing games; the little girl's slippers were seedy.

A clerk bustled up to meet them.

"Shoes for both," Mrs. McCravor announced briskly. "Something sensible; Mary's size four—Fred takes a seven."

Then she turned away and started to wander idly about the shop. At a desk in the rear she encountered the proprietor. The first part of their conversation was as desultory as the weather they discussed, but the woman's next remark was brightened by a sudden light in her eyes.

"Have you been out to the track?" she asked eagerly.

The shoe merchant's "No" didn't discourage her. Indeed, she seemed overjoyed at this opportunity to launch into a lengthy description of Narragansett Park and its prize exhibits—fast crowds and fast horses. Jockeys? She knew most of them by their first names, and her knowledge of their respective weights and piloting abilities would fill Volumes I and II. All this education, it seemed, had been acquired since the opening of the new local race course several weeks previously. Before that, she admitted, she had never seen a race horse, much less a horse race. Now she was a turf expert, ready to take her place with the tipsters, dopesters and feed-box prophets. This was a new, an exciting game; something she had been awaiting all her life.

"Now, most of the time I pick them right. I've been playing through a bookie every day for the last three weeks and you can't fool me; I know my horses. Now take this Dapper Don—I've been watching him. At Saratoga and Rockingham he's been coming along like a house afire. He's entered in the fifth race today at Narragansett. I've been watching him, I tell you, and if you want something hot, take this tip—bet your shirt on him—Dapper Don is about due. You can't go wrong."

Further praise of Dapper Don was interrupted by the clerk, who announced that the McCravor children had been sensibly shod. Mrs. McCravor opened a voluminous, bedraggled handbag and, to the amazement of the proprietor and clerk, she extracted, not currency, but a typed slip informing them that "the bearer is entitled to two pairs of children's shoes ($2.00 each pair). (Signed) Public Relief Headquarters."

Mrs. McCravor is but one heroine, her brief moment on the stage but one fragment of a fantastic and muddled play enacted last summer and fall in Rhode Island. Watch for the return engagement early this June. It is a show compounded of every familiar dodge of tragedy, drama and comedy—and many brand-new ones. A startled and terrified audience of business men of its own and adjacent states is waiting for it, hoping that the villain, Easy Money, will not return to the cast this year.

The playwrights—who never suspected the "hit" they were mixing—were the legislators of Rhode Island; their study, the building which looks like the Victorian uncle of all state capitols and sits on a Providence hillside, holding its head high as if to avoid seeing the grimy railroad freight yards at its feet. History has been made on that hill. Important history.

No Oppression for This State

When prohibition turned on its exhaust pumps some fifteen years ago, a hardy handful of lawmakers climbed that hill and shouted from its summit they'd be so-and-soed if they would ratify the Eighteenth Amendment. And they didn't. To them prohibition was just another form of oppression, a distant relative of the religious tyranny which had, centuries before, inspired Roger Williams to quit Massachusetts and establish his own colony in Rhode Island, where a man could call his personal habits his own.

From this hill aroused colonists had watched the midnight sky turn red as their neighbors applied torches to the British armed cutter Gaspee to show George III that taxation without representation was not their idea of justice.

And from this same hill, just a few months ago, the bantam state crowed that it was about time to muzzle all this blah about the sinfulness of horse racing and its cellmate, betting. Hereafter both were to be legal pastimes in Rhode Island.

Newspaper advertisements made large promises.

Voters! A New Industry for Rhode Island Awaits Your Okay.

(1) Hundreds of steelworkers, carpenters, painters, artisans and laborers to be employed immediately.

(2) A half-million dollars to be spent in construction.

(3) Hundreds of thousands of dollars in tax revenue.

(4) General business to be stimulated.

(5) Thousands of visitors to be attracted to our state.

A few weeks later hundreds of steelworkers, carpenters, artisans, etc., marched forth eagerly to their promised jobs. They assembled on a vast, open plain on the outskirts of Pawtucket; isolated acres of barren land without so much as a tree or shrub or rock to mar them. The land had been used as an airport until the opening of the larger state airport near Providence had seduced what little business it had. The owners were glad to sell the site for $100,000 to Walter E. O'Hara and his Narragansett Racing Association.

Promise Number Two was more than fulfilled—it was trebled. Approximately a million and a half dollars were spent on the construction of Narragansett Park and one of the most modern and most beautiful race courses in the country was waiting to provide sport for any kings who happened to be in the neighborhood.

Five miles from Providence, as the taxi flies, and here we are at the park. We're not alone, either. Thousands are milling through the gates. That huge greenhouse over there is the grandstand, glassed in for the fall meet. It seats fourteen thousand. Despite the chilly weather, the Spanish-type clubhouse (also glass enclosed) must remind touts of sunny days at Caliente. Horse talk. Racing forms. Scratches. Tip sheets. "Five dollars across the board."

There's the bugle. The horses are parading from the paddock. That voice from nowhere announcing the first race. Ah! A loud-speaker system. "Claiming, for maidens two years old. Purse, eight hundred dollars." Here are the pari-mutuel windows. Three hundred of them—half for betting—half for paying off. And that big billboard with the flashing lights down there in the oval is the tote board—totalizator. It flashes the changing odds as the betting progresses.

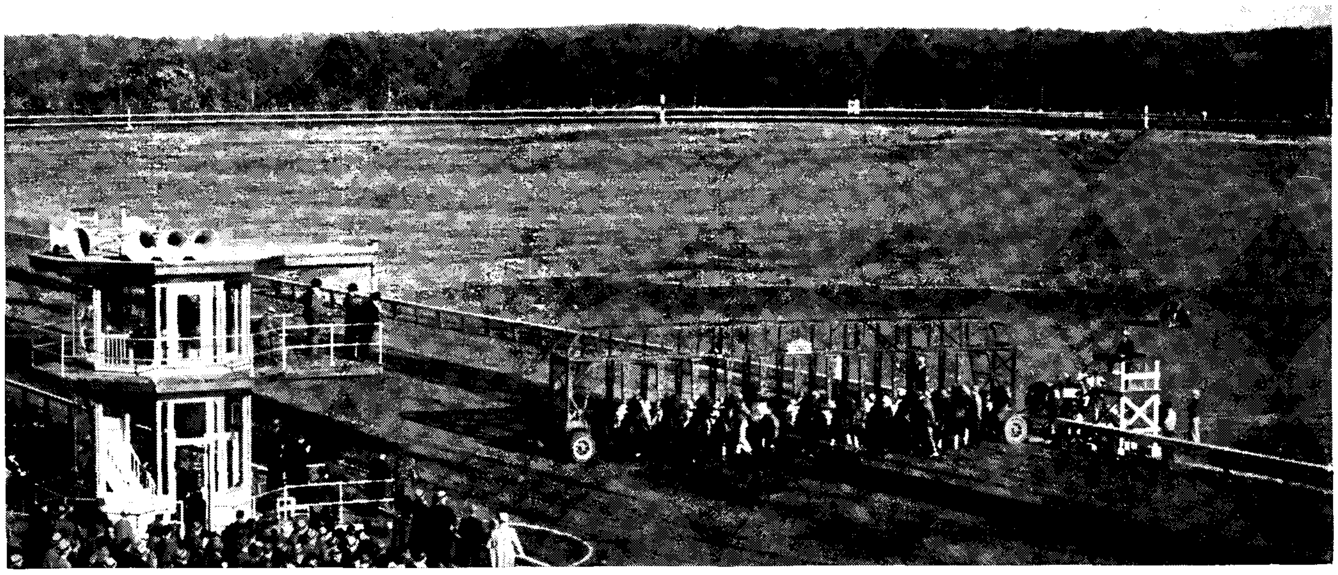
The gong! They're off! No more betting on this race. Look at the tenseness of that crowd. "Come on, Derelict!" "Attaboy, Pinfeather!" Hear that din! Pounding hoofs. They're coming down the stretch. Neck and neck. Wow! Radiator wins. Listen to those cheers!

How About the Other Promises?

And while a few more horses are waiting to kick dust up into the eyes of their more sluggish mates, we can find out how Promise Number Three—tax revenue—turned out. Again the sponsors' prediction was not too optimistic. At the end of the first fifty-nine-day season, $811,872.67 was turned over to the state treasurer in betting taxes. Largesse? No—the track owners were quite content with their "cut" of a million dollars plus ($1,507,763.53).

The predicted thousands of visitors arrived, too. During the first week in August, automobiles, busses, planes, trains—including three daily race-track specials from Boston, forty miles away, which pulled up on a back-yard siding of the park—poured them into Narragansett. The peak was reached on the closing day of the season, when 56,000 natives and visitors arrived to place some $748,502 on Discovery and sundry other fast horses. In one afternoon, this strike- and depression-ridden area dug into its pockets for nearly three quarters of a million dollars! Now that should establish some sort of record for a new-born track. It's now racing history—Narragansett's first season was the most successful of any track in the country last year.

"General business will be stimulated." The remaining promise. Hotel men, restaurateurs, rooming-house proprietors and transportation officials say yes, business has been stimulated very nicely. The race visitors, they said, were generous no end; they never—off the track—tried to make a dime or a quarter do the work of a dollar.



The ponies have pounded their way into the hearts of conservative New Englanders

But there is another school, and its protests are worth hearing. Listen to the manager of one of the largest department stores in Providence: "Certainly $12,000,000 changed hands in betting, but do you suppose we merchants got any of the winnings in increased business? I'm afraid not. In fact, the entire season was just one big slump for us and we can trace it directly to the opening of the new track. One big store in town showed a thirty-five per cent drop in sales that month and the smaller fellows were hit proportionately. Take Saturdays during the meet. Ordinarily that's our best selling day. But not last August—why, these stores were practically deserted. Everybody was out at the track betting and losing money that they might have spent here for clothing and supplies for themselves and their families. The whole state went horse-crazy, betting their heads off on a game most of them knew nothing about, and a good many of them couldn't afford it. They suffered, their families suffered and so did we merchants."

A used-car dealer in Pawtucket took up the cry: "What has the track done to business? It has crucified business. I've lost two thousand dollars a week in sales since the track opened. One week during the racing season was the first in my experience that I didn't sell a single car."

Bankers, grocers, haberdashers, landlords, theater owners and other business men echoed this wail. Some of them said they might just as well have closed up shop while the racing season was on—they would have saved that much in overhead. Their bills of complaint are long and varied, but they all agreed on one point—that many Rhode Islanders were being demoralized and impoverished by an imported disease called "playing the horses."

Posted notices and pay-envelope slips warned the employees of department stores, banks, insurance companies and chain stores that if any of them were seen at the new track, betting or not, they would be dismissed. Furthermore, there were to be no more discussions of racing during business hours.

It's not only that business men were losing money simply because everybody was not buying but betting. Some of their own ranks joined the bettors; one threw away his entire business. We'll call him Hank Smithers. Hank had heard the mouse-trap-in-the-wilderness story and had applied its principle to his small ice cream business simply by making a better product than his competitors. Hank made money, plenty of money. Looking for a suitable place to spend both his spare time and spare cash, Hank eventually arrived at one of the pari-mutuel booths at the new track. He knew a lot about ice cream, nothing of competing thoroughbreds. His track losses grew more rapidly than the new, and now neglected, business. Eventually, to cover his losses, he sold the business to a man who had as much capital as common sense.

Narragansett Horse Hysteria

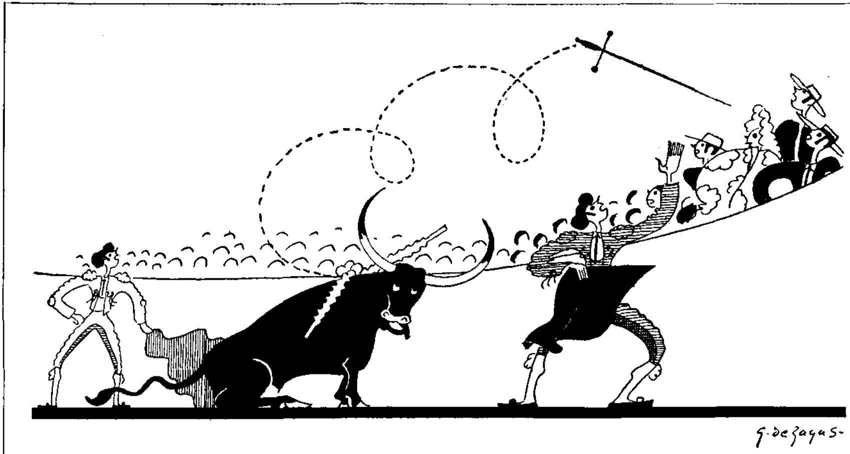
The horse hysteria was not confined to one class of workers—or employers. At the many textile plants which honeycomb the state, lunch-hour forums took on the semblance of an afternoon on the clubhouse lawn at Belmont Park. Tips so hot they must have scorched the feed-box whence they came were tossed about like so many shuttles.

The opening meet lasted a month, but the interest in horses lingered on. Once the pari-mutuel bug has tapped the veins, prepare for a long siege. The Rockingham track in Salem, New Hampshire, is only a few hours by train from any part of Rhode Island, so in September Rockingham gained a large parcel of new customers. And those Rhode Islanders who couldn't get there stayed at home and patronized the local bookies.

Nor was the betting virus killed off by the winter snows. Thousands of Rhode Islanders discovered that racing, like birds and circuses, travels south in the winter and that at Hialeah, Tropical Park and Santa Anita, potential miracles of finance were still available—again through the so-accommodating bookies.

Speaking of bookies, here was one industry which the Narragansett Racing Association had omitted in its list of businesses to be stimulated by the new track. Although the Narragansett track is operated on a pari-mutuel system which does not recognize bookmakers, these gentlemen swarmed in like flies to honey. Nothing less than a two-dollar ticket is sold at the track betting windows, but the bookies would take any amount from ten cents up. Boardrooms with their elaborate layouts and direct wires to a half-dozen tracks, cigar-store back rooms, barber shops, office-building elevators—all become betting headquarters. Shopgirls, newsboys, millworkers and school children were regular customers. Of course the local authorities coöperated with the track officials in trying to stamp out this traffic and punish its authors—this illegal betting cut in on the track's profits—but the few arrests made hardly dipped a spoonful from the reservoir of dimes, quarters and half-dollars the bookies were collecting.

Another branch of local business not forewarned by that advertisement had a decided spurt after the track opened. Small loan companies found themselves



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Bull-fighting is the only sport in the world in which spectators, sitting far away in the stands, are injured or killed each season. This freakish but frequent accident occurs when a bull jerks his head and hurls a sword into the crowded stands.

The publicity given to our fatal motorcar accidents has created the impression that this is the most careless age in American history. But it is not. The preceding generation was more reckless. In 1900 the accidental-death rate was 79 per 100,000 population. Today it is down to 72. Thus, if the 1900 rate prevailed now, we would have about 9,000 more fatal accidents each year.—*By W. D. Mayfield, Chicago, Illinois.*

The populations of the world's principal continents are shifting in all four directions. Today the "center" of population is moving westward in North America, eastward in Europe, northward in Africa and southward in Asia.

The "missing heir" racket is one of the most profitable activities of unethical lawyers of this country. Owing to the fact that many small unclaimed estates do exist, the shyster has little trouble in convincing many guileless persons that they may be missing heirs and in securing fees from $10 to $100 from them "to protect their interests." However, they almost invariably happen to be the wrong Smith, Jones or Brown.—*By C. C. Carley, Washington, D. C.*

America's gangland has a unique term with which it sarcastically stigmatizes the thousands of smaller cities that do not tolerate rackets or crime waves. The gangsters call them "N. J. towns"—"No justice towns"—because they are places where "justice" cannot be purchased, places where everyone—from the mayor to the newest cop—is honest.

For several years now Russia has been collecting samples of wheat from a number of countries in order to find the kind which will grow best in each of its great variety of climates. Today it has 30,000 samples labeled and stored in Leningrad, a supply large and varied enough to resow the entire wheat crop of the world.—*By D. V. O'Connell, Leningrad, U. S. S. R.*

In Japan kissing in public still is considered highly indecent and immoral and those caught in the act by the police are promptly arrested. On the other hand, cafés have for years not only allowed waitresses to sit with their men customers while they eat but also to sell them a kiss or two when they are through, the prices ranging from three to fifteen cents apiece.—*By Kimbei Sheba, Tokyo, Japan.*

The only kitchen in the world through which free food constantly flows is located in the basement of the great Cistercian monastery in Alcobaca, Portugal. Whenever fish is wanted for dinner, all the chef has to do to get a supply is to lower his net into the branch of the Alcoa River, which conveniently runs right through the middle of this gigantic room.

Despite the fact that more than half of the men sent to prison in this country are recidivists, or "repeaters" who have not learned their lesson after serving one or more sentences, only 36 out of every 100 who are released each year have been made to serve even their minimum terms. The other 64, many of whom are confirmed criminals, are either paroled or pardoned.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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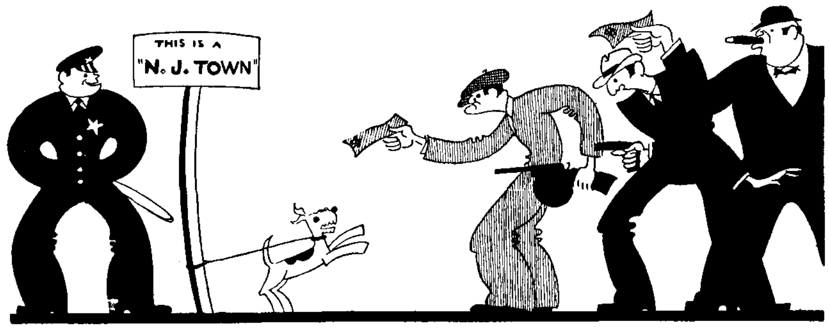


suddenly called upon to advance amounts ranging from fifty dollars upward to persons who were "facing an emergency." The specific nature of the emergency was not always accurately stated, but the loan investigators, if diligent enough, could have followed a number of trails which ended abruptly at the betting windows of the new track. One man who had a small insurance policy on which he had never drawn was not even "facing an emergency." When he learned, however, that he could borrow any amount up to fifty dollars on his insurance he drew out that much. One round trip to the track ended the chapter.

Although bank officials shy away from statistics on withdrawals from savings and other accounts, it is estimated, unofficially, that close to a million dollars were deducted from their depositors' passbooks during the first racing season. One bank, not the largest in the state, reputedly passed out eighty thousand dollars, and other banks were preparing to enforce the rule which requires ninety days' notice on withdrawals.

Little Rhody's New Toy

Fair-minded opponents of legalized racing and betting in Rhode Island admit—and you probably will, too—that physically Narragansett Park is a welcome addition to the landscape. These sturdy, tastefully designed buildings flank a mile track planned and laid out by Harry Kess, who comes from Kentucky, where they know a lot about horses and tracks. Landscaping has not been completed but another hundred thousand dollars will be spent in this work, incidentally raising the ante by that amount to local labor.

Again, critics of the racing bill see nothing wrong in this betting system. The pari-mutuel windows and totalizator you see over there are rated by racing experts as a distinct improvement over the loose, confusing bookie betting, and decidedly more fair to the customer.

The track's "cut" of six and one-half per cent on all bets is not considered exorbitant, and of course the state tax of three and a half per cent is never questioned. The daily "nut" or overhead of the track is estimated at twenty thousand dollars, of which a part is returned to the community in wages paid the several hundred employees. No startling criticism so far.

Then what *is* wrong? Why has all that money vanished from the banks of the state? Why are the merchants up in arms and expressing a fervent wish that the new track had been located in Panama instead of in their back yards? Why are public utility companies and installment houses finding it difficult to collect their monthly bills? Why are coal dealers complaining they got practically no business last year from customers who used to order, at summer rates, their winter supply? Why do employers forbid their help to attend the races or to discuss them during business hours?

In 1905 there was another Narragansett track. It was located at Cranston, just a few miles, as the old gray mare trotted, from the center of Providence. That year, however, saw the finale of trotting races in Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. In 1906 the Rockingham track opened in Salem, New Hampshire, the racing crowd moved in there and left old Narragansett Park to raise its own dust, cobwebs and weeds.

For approximately thirty years Rhode Island had no racing and apparently didn't miss it. There was agitation for it, of course. Every year for the past fifteen a bill has been introduced into the General Assembly, and every year—until 1933—it has died there. Two years ago the annual bill did pass the senate and house, but Governor Green vetoed it on the grounds that a track in Rhode Island would attract only poor horses and an undesirable crowd. Early last year another racing bill passed the General Assembly and Governor Green agreed to put it up to the voters. The referendum results—four to one in favor of the bill—show how eagerly they reached for the new toy.

Fond parents simply don't give Junior a stick of dynamite to play with to keep him quiet, but this new hobbyhorse may prove just as dangerous a toy to innocent Rhode Islanders if they don't handle it with proper caution. It might, for example, have blown up the happy family life of a housewife whom we shall call Mrs. Appleby. It seems the Applebys owned several houses and the rent from their tenants, plus Papa Appleby's salary, had enabled them to live modestly but comfortably while raising several little Applebys. Their financial system was quite simple. Mrs. Appleby collected the rents monthly and turned them over to Mr. Appleby, who paid the current bills, turned a portion back to his wife for household expenses and banked the remainder.

This system had worked smoothly for years until Mrs. Appleby started out to collect the rents early in August of last year. The tenants were prompt as usual in their payments and Mrs. A was on her way home when she encountered a neighbor. Breathlessly, Mrs. Battersby explained that she didn't have time to stop and chat—she was hurrying to reach the track before the first race—and wouldn't Mrs. Appleby hurry along with her?

Now all Mrs. A knew about racing and the new track was what she had read in the papers, and she didn't understand most of that. But Mrs. B's enthusiasm and her own curiosity were not easily stifled. Her first glimpse of a race course thrilled her no end and further thrills came when she saw her neighbor, a three-day veteran of the track, collect twenty-odd dollars at a pari-mutuel window opposite one where she had just a few minutes before deposited a mere two-dollar bill. With a how-long-has-this-been-going-on expression Mrs. A drew five dollars from her rent collections and, acting upon a tip from neighbor Battersby, bought a ticket on Lazy Lady to win. What a surprise this would be to Elbert!

A Tipster's Paradise

That evening Elbert was surprised—and indignant. After Lazy Lady had lived up to her name, and several other Battersby choices had done likewise, Mrs. Appleby went home minus the rent collections. Of course, as she explained to Elbert, it would be quite simple if she could only go back to the track the next day. She could win back her losses and more.

Elbert said little; his expression was grim. The following afternoon the track had another brand-new customer; Elbert had taken a half-holiday from business to do a little exploring of his own. And as he explained to Mrs. Appleby that evening, the money he lost was really what he had set aside for her household expenses, so she would have to struggle along somehow. Strangely enough, the Applebys don't include racing now in their dinner-table forums.

Like every other track, Narragansett has been afflicted with its share of rackets. Here was a full feed-box for tipsters, dopesters and general practitioners of all the old reliable con games. And into Rhode Island they flocked just

(Continued on page 56)

One Man's Mind

By Quentin Reynolds

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

Imagine playing 103 games of chess simultaneously, winning 102 and drawing the other one. And José Capablanca, the hero of this one-sided battle, doesn't like to talk about it—he would much rather discuss baseball

José Capablanca, who has held every important title in the world of chess, playing a twenty-board match in New York City recently. He won every game with ease

JOSE was a very inquisitive kid who was constantly asking questions with his eyes. He was more quiet than the youngsters with whom he played, but there was nothing else to distinguish him from his playmates. I mean until that day when his father sat in his office playing chess with a friend.

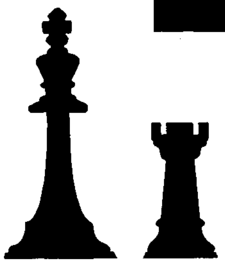
They were old friends, these two, and often when the sun was very hot—and the sun can get very hot in Havana—they would sit in the office with a chessboard between them and now and then they would send a clerk out to get them glasses of rum. Now, if the truth be known, José's father was not a very good chess player. He was in fact *un jugador muy malo*—but no matter. On this day he sat there studying the pieces intently. The game was going against him. Then he moved a knight from one white square to another white square. There was a childish squeal from five-year-old José and for the first time the two men were conscious of the fact that the boy had been there watching them play. In fact, they realized that quite often while they played José had been there watching, wide-eyed and quiet.

"Run along and play," the father grumbled to the boy.

"Please, Father—let me watch!" the youngster pleaded.

The father looked at his son in amazement. What manner of child was this that begged to be allowed to watch two grown men play chess?

"Stay, then, but be quiet," the father said, and the game went on.



The father won the game and he chuckled at the discomfiture of his old friend. Then he was astounded to hear his son say: "You won, Father, but not fairly. You moved a knight from one white square to another. That is not fair."

Both men looked at the child in amazement. José's father was not conscious of the fact that he had inadvertently cheated. His opponent, too, had missed the play. Oh, but truly they were poor chess players. However, they went back over the game and found the place where Capablanca senior had made that false move. His annoyance over his clumsy mistake was overshadowed by the discovery that his five-year-old *chico* could play chess.

"Who taught you to play?" the father demanded.

"Nobody," José Capablanca, Jr., said calmly. "I have watched you play many times, Father. And now I can play. It is easy to play chess, isn't it?"

"Sit down, my little cabbage," the puzzled father said, "and we'll see if you can play."

"Okay, Pop," the kid said, only he said it in Spanish, for it was not until many years afterwards that he learned English. And he defeated his father very easily and that father was the proudest man in all Havana.

He took the youngster around to the Havana Chess Club to meet the real players. They laughed when he sat down to the chess table, but soon their laughter changed—you know the rest of it. The best players could beat him but not one there could give him a queen and beat him. And so genius was discovered.

Now there are three great chess players in the world: the Russian lawyer, Alexander Alekhine; the German, Dr. Emanuel Lasker, and José Capablanca, who is no longer a five-year-old child prodigy. At present Alekhine holds the world title, but those who know a Hampe Allgaier Thorold gambit from a queen's pawn tell me that Capablanca is the greatest of them all and that over a period of years he has demonstrated his superiority again and again over the other masters.

I had always thought that a chess master was a cross between a logarithm table and an adding machine and that such a master would have a long white beard, large hypnotic eyes and would sing nothing but a strictly intellectual bass. Capa (sure, we chess experts all call him Capa) was a rude shock to me. He is just on the wrong side of forty but looks as though he were just on the right side of thirty and he is dapper and handsome and he is actually interested only in one thing—baseball.

But Chess Isn't Important

It was difficult to get Capablanca to talk about the great matches in which he has engaged, for, as he says, "When a match is over I forget it. You can only remember so many things, so it is better to forget useless things that you can't use and remember useful things that you can use. For instance, I remember and will always remember that in 1927 Babe Ruth hit sixty home runs."

Yes, it was difficult to get Capablanca to talk about chess and when I would ask him some penetrating question such as, "Do you owe your success to clean living, right thinking and giving up your lunch hour to study?" the master would meditate for a moment, a faraway look would come in his eyes and he would say, "Yes, I know Charlie Gehringer is a swell second baseman, but did you ever see that Eddie Collins when he was very, very hot?"

Finally, by offering such alluring bait as the hint that an introduction to Mickey Cochrane might be arranged I managed to get him talking about chess and eventually the entire story of his amazing career unfolded itself.

Capablanca is one of the very few child prodigies who manage to outstrip their early fame. He is actually better now than he was when he was five years old. It is a story, I think, of a genius, much as I dislike to kick that word around. It is the story of—but listen to it, my friends and neighbors; it isn't long, the hay is all in, the cows are bedded down for the night and there's tobacco at your elbow.

We left our little wonder boy sitting in the Havana Chess Club playing the best men there on even terms. Don Celso Golmayo, champion of the club, was the only man there who could give the boy a rook and beat him.

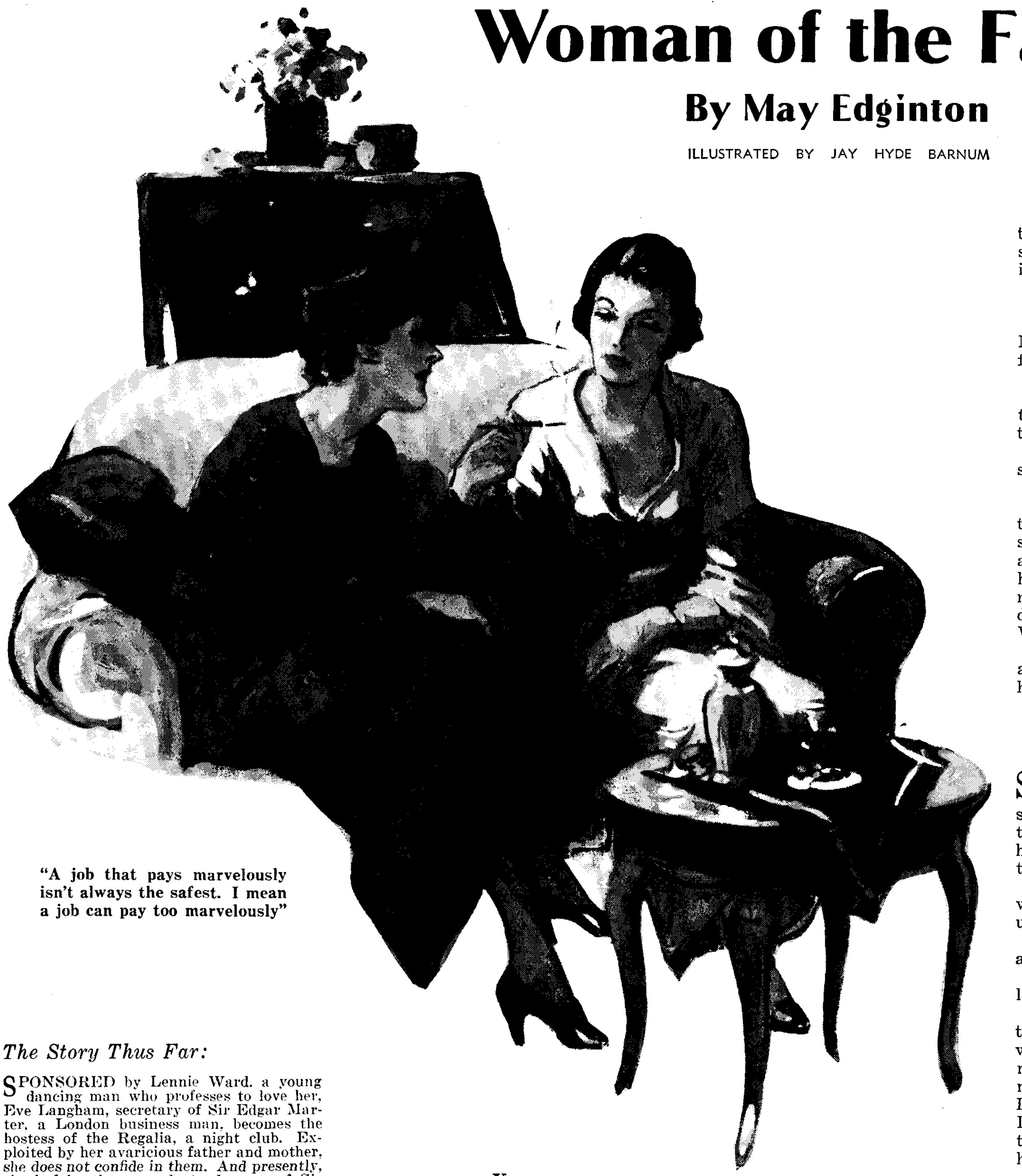
When Don Celso grew old he would sit at one of those tables at the open-air cafés on the Prado and perhaps someone would mention Capablanca, who by

(*Continued on page* 28)

Woman of the Family

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



"A job that pays marvelously isn't always the safest. I mean a job can pay too marvelously"

The Story Thus Far:

SPONSORED by Lennie Ward, a young dancing man who professes to love her, Eve Langham, secretary of Sir Edgar Marter, a London business man, becomes the hostess of the Regalia, a night club. Exploited by her avaricious father and mother, *she does not confide in them. And presently,* shocked by the too-ardent advances of Sir Edgar, she gives up her day work, and takes a small flat of her own.

Eve has a sister—Sophia. Beautiful, but unscrupulous, Sophia inveigles Lennie Ward into marrying her: after which she secures a job—*as Sir Edgar Marter's secretary!* . . . Under the watchful eyes of Fero, the Regalia's manager; Assistant Manager Hopton; and Tonetti, the orchestra leader, Eve becomes a popular hostess. And one wealthy patron—Captain Jonathan Horne, an explorer who, for reasons of his own, is in close touch with Scotland Yard—pays her marked attention.

Eve, however, soon learns that Horne, fascinated by her, regards her as a calculating gold-digger. Infuriated and bitter, she deliberately strengthens his suspicions that she is not the sort of girl he should marry by accepting a small jade elephant—a very costly gift—from him. . . .

Among the wealthy women who patronize the Regalia is an American—Mrs. Louise Poinsetter. It is thought that she and Horne are very close friends. They are not, although they are together frequently. Horne, it appears, is interested in the woman's past; he is especially interested in the source of her large income.

For a time, Eve goes her way serenely. Then comes an unexpected shock. Her mother calls on her and informs her that Ward, her son-in-law, of whom she has been so proud, and who has been living with the Langhams, will contribute nothing toward the family's support; and that Sophia has been discharged by Sir Edgar. Eve, none too prosperous herself, gives her mother more money.

Later, alone, Eve has another visitor. Louise Poinsetter!

X

OH, WHAT a cunning place," cried Louise Poinsetter's rich, slow voice. "May I come in?"

"But of course." Once more Eve unfastened that gate, and as she did so she had a queer, swift sensation that, like her mother, Louise Poinsetter was in some way an unlucky harbinger.

As the elegant woman crossed the threshold she brought with her, unfathomably, a sense of danger.

Eve ushered her visitor into the sitting-room and a few minutes went by in conventional admiration, womanly interest, amiable congratulation.

That clock outside struck twelve.

With distaste Eve realized that she herself was not yet dressed, and it was midday. But this fact did not at all seem to surprise Mrs. Poinsetter.

"How lovely you are like that, child," said she. "Isn't it wonderful to look as nice in a cotton wrapper as you do in those grand frocks of yours? I hope I am not in the way, but I just had to come in."

"It is nice to see you," Eve said. "How did you find me?"

"Ah!"

Mrs. Poinsetter's "ah" was so complete and expressive that the fact that she had not replied to a question escaped notice easily. Indeed, she followed up quickly with: "I expect a lot of people manage to find you out, don't they?"

"Well, not yet. I have only just moved in."

"And I suppose you're awfully thrilled," said Mrs. Poinsetter, "simply crazy over home-making. You couldn't be prized out, could you? You're going to live here forever and ever."

"As long as I can pay my rent!"

"Aha," said Mrs. Poinsetter flexibly. "Perhaps what I am going to say won't be very popular with you, then."

"NEVER mind that," Eve answered. "It won't be the first unpopular thing I've heard this morning."

"Is that so?"

"It is," Eve said a little grimly.

"Who's been worrying you already?"

"Family."

"Oh, family," cried Mrs. Poinsetter with a little *moue.* "Families are terrible things to have, aren't they?"

She walked lightly to the windows and looked out into the tree tops and murmured, "It's nice here," as if she were thinking of something else; and then, turning, she said in a voice that sounded as if it might have a catch in it, yet hadn't:

"So—you've got a family, have you?"

"Mmm."

"Lovely curtains, my dear," said Mrs. Poinsetter, touching the golden folds beside her absently. "Parents?"

"Yes, I have parents."

"I've forgotten mine! Well, sometimes it is nice to have them, and sometimes it isn't; eh, Miss Langham?"

"I'm afraid I feel like that," Eve sighed.

"Sisters and brothers?"

"One sister—just married." And then—she did not know why—she looked straight at the other woman, revealing all her trouble, her dismay and the heaviness of her responsibility: "She married that good-looking boy who dances at the Regalia so much—Lennie Ward; if you know him by name."

"Oh, yes, yes, I know him by name, and by sight too, of course. He is the handsomest thing, isn't he?"

"Is he?"

"You don't like him?"

"Not for a brother-in-law."

SHE sighed sharply. Her obsession with the family this morning was such that it did not seem strange to her to be here with this *mondaine,* telling her without preamble homely yet drastic troubles.

The twelve strokes of that clock which had chimed outside a few minutes ago lingered in her ears.

"After twelve o'clock. I'll shake you a cocktail."

"Oh, grand!" Mrs. Poinsetter cried lightly.

And by and by, in leisurely fashion, they were in the sitting-room again with the icy, fiery liquor, and the fascinating little dishes of olives and almonds, all of it such a far cry from the Dulwich *ménage.* Especially was Mrs. Louise Poinsetter an arresting contrast to the harassed woman who so recently had sat in that easy-chair.

She symbolized the new life.

But her persistence had a curious intensity.

"And so you love your family?"

"Unfortunately one does."

"One should," Louise said rather slowly. "One should cling to one's landmarks. It does a girl no good to cut loose."

"The difficulty," said Eve succinctly, "is money. I have to provide it."

"Is that so?"

"It is pretty hard work providing it out of a salary from a city office. In fact, it is almost impossible."

"I should imagine it would be. And so you find this other job pays better?"

"It pays marvelously."

"Listen," said Mrs. Poinsetter, "and you mustn't tell your boss, that Fero, that I have mentioned it to you—but a job that pays marvelously isn't always the best and the safest. I mean a job can pay *too* marvelously. The marvelous pay is to make up for the risk."

"I don't see a risk."

Louise paused while she poured herself another cocktail.

"These clubs come and they go. You'd be better, wouldn't you, looking out for something permanent?"

"I hope this is permanent. Mr. Fero thinks he may be able to employ me on the Continent when the season ends."

"Does he now?"

It wasn't a comment; it was a cry, almost savage, from the heart. Perplexing, had one been in the mood to attend.

But she came back naturally and easily to the subject of Lennie Ward. "And so that dashing gigolo is your brother-in-law? Does he—does he—now don't think me impertinent for asking—does he make much money out of the Regalia Club?"

"None at all except what he may get from old women for dancing with them. And he gets his dinner, and he loves the gay life. It seems to him good enough."

"Well, then . . ." said Mrs. Poinsetter, and paused.

Again, though indefinably, Eve sensed that stress, that undercurrent of danger—but to whom?—under her visitor's light and easy poise.

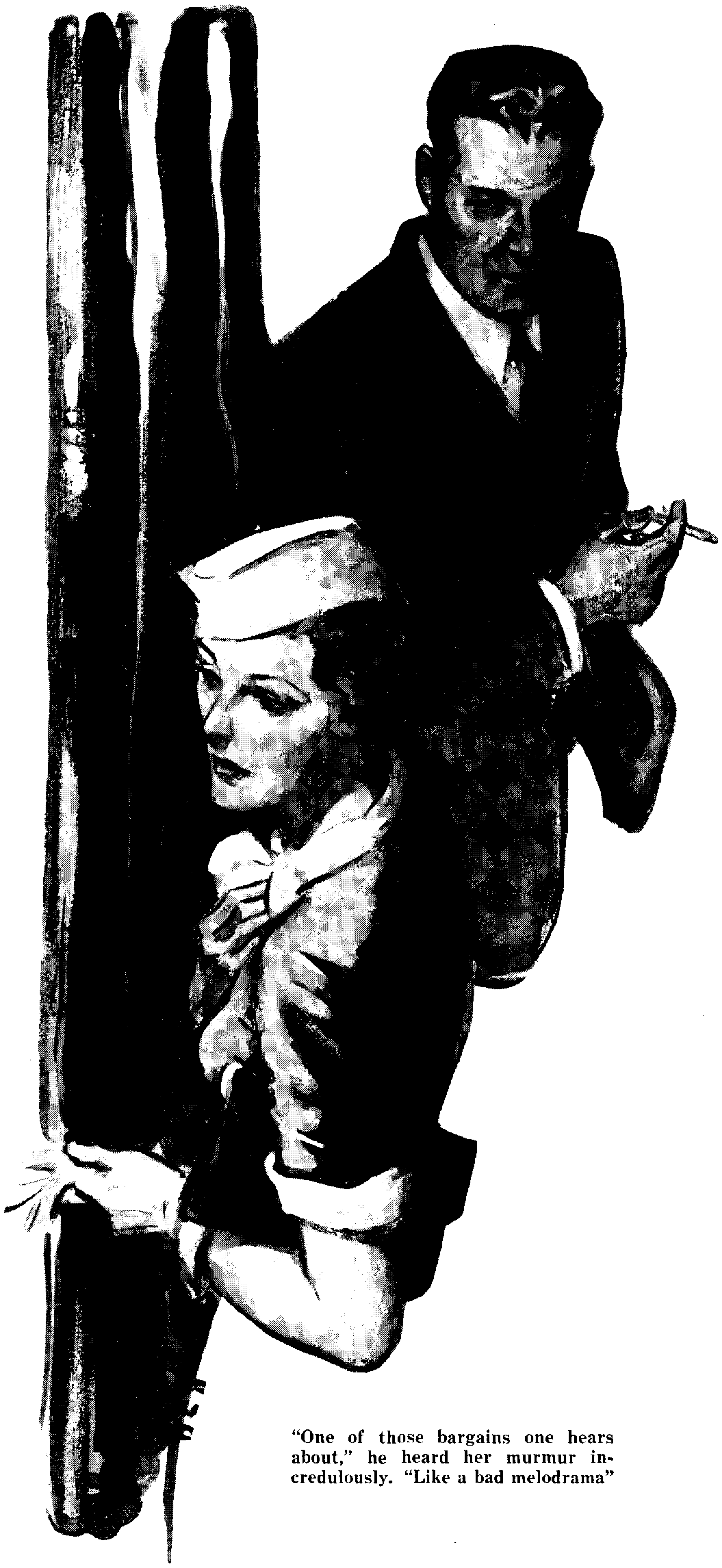
"Well, now, if he is to be a family man, I should have thought that he'd better take his talents and his looks elsewhere, where they would pay him; and if I were you, I should advise him so, my dear."

"He's not my pigeon."

"Oh, come now, my dear! If he is your brother-in-law! You seem sore about him, but remember I've had a lot of experience and I will tell you that, taking it by and large, it pays to keep close to your family, to try to help your family to run straight—"

" 'Straight'?"

"Oh, well, straight is rather an extreme word maybe," Mrs. Poinsetter corrected herself quickly. "What I mean is, it would be far better for your sister, and that would make it better for you, if Mr. Ward tried to capitalize his assets elsewhere."



"One of those bargains one hears about," he heard her murmur incredulously. "Like a bad melodrama"

"Yes. . . . But of course he is flattered by the way Tonetti and Fero treat him."

"Is he now?"

Again it wasn't a comment. The irony made those three little words bite.

She raised a hand as if in some urgency asking attention: "Listen, my dear. I took the opposite way with my family. I quit."

"You. . . . But . . ."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Poinsetter. "I know I seem—people have the impression and I take care to give it—that I come from rich aristocrats—such as we have over on the other side quite as much as you do here. But . . . I was a poor girl, like you. Rather much like you—I thought that the first time I saw you. That, and thinking about my own little daughter—oh, she's safe; a countess now in Italy, lost to me, thank God!"

" 'Thank God'!"

Louise went on easily: "Well, you make me think of my daughter, whom I haven't seen for such a very, very long time, and I don't like to see you wasting yourself over this dance club business. If you've got to have money it is just possible I—" And then she stopped and laughed, and said with irony, "Even I—I could put you on to something. I have friends." And then she stopped again, and in the softest, queerest voice, repeated: *"Even I."*

Now Eve confirmed to herself that she couldn't understand this woman.

IT WAS the most unexpected of visits, developing in the most surprising way. She said:

"You're terribly good. Of course I'm grateful, but what other job would pay me ten pounds a week?"

"Ten pounds a week?" Mrs. Poinsetter echoed. *"Ten pounds!"* The voice now was not so much surprised as angry. One had a sensation of a still, breathless anger in her. She narrowed her eyes in a way she had, and looked steadily at the girl. "Money isn't everything. There might be other things. Travel in a foreign country. I have a relative in India whom I haven't seen for many years, but occasionally we still correspond. Once we were very dear to each other. She's . . . rather highly placed. She's had the real and solid kind of good fortune; but she hasn't forgotten me. I think if I asked her she might make use of a young girl like you as secretary. Now a job like that would be partly a social thing. You'd meet the kind of men you ought to meet. I want you to have the solid kind of good fortune. You'd marry. I am sure you'd marry." She stopped, and ran on again, "Behold the maternal complex working strongly!" She tried to laugh at herself, but it was not very successful.

"India?" Eve repeated.

Yet she felt no thrill. It was not only that she could not go even if opportunity offered, because of the family loading her with their cares, but that she did not want to go.

And that was strange, for she had never had any ocean traveling, and pictures rose up in her mind at once. Intense colors . . . gayety . . . an Eastern pageantry new to her . . . a future. . . .

But she did not want to go.

She looked up again and saw Louise Poinsetter leaning toward her, watching her face intently.

"If I cabled my relative now, today, I'm sure she would cable back 'Yes.' If she didn't want you herself, she could find a friend who did. She is very rich."

"I have told you I can't. It isn't for myself. It is for my family."

Louise stopped, her exquisite, thin hands on her thin hips.

"Very well, your family is the big obstacle, and I don't want you to leave the obstacle behind; but all the same it is not only your family you're thinking of; for you're not even hankering . . . for India."

AFTER the little considering silence between them, she went on steadily: "If you're thinking of Jonathan Horne—don't." And watching, she saw a wave of color sweep up under the girl's white skin.

She cried sharply: "Give Jonathan Horne a wide berth!"

Though her voice was sharp, she had kept it low as if from habitual caution. Yet, low as she pitched it, it carried. Its quality was resonant; and so it traveled to the ears of Horne himself as he reached the top of the stairs and stood outside that amusing gate.

He did not hear all that Mrs. Poinsetter said, but he heard his own name clearly.

For a second he stood there listening for more, his face at its grimmest, and then, as if deliberately, he put the grim expression away. He presented himself in a debonair mood as he gave the gate the little rattle which was the only way a visitor could herald himself.

Inside the room they both heard that slight peremptory rattling, and Mrs. Poinsetter's voice dropped to a whisper.

"That's Horne," she said, as if some intuition warned her.

The next moment Horne and Eve faced each other, as they had done quite often during the last two weeks, through the iron grille.

He sensed that she was disturbed and wary.

Indeed, Louise Poinsetter's peculiar warning had startled her.

He noted also, in that second, that she was still in negligee—beautifully taut and fresh, but still in negligee after noon.

"Aha," he said, "caught you napping. May I really come in? Are you alone?"

Although, of course, he had heard Louise Poinsetter's unmistakable voice so clearly.

HE FOLLOWED through to the sitting-room and saw the elegant woman standing by the windows observing Bloomsbury Gardens. He saw the cocktail tray, with two glasses.

Mrs. Poinsetter spoke the first greeting charmingly and naturally:

"Oh, Captain Horne, I am sure you've called to take Miss Langham out to lunch, and here I am chatting and hindering her so that she isn't ready."

He said:

"Yes, I have called to see if Miss Langham would come out to luncheon with me." He turned to Eve: "Will you?"

She hesitated as she always did with him. There had been so much between them to make her hesitate, to be uncertain, to put him down as a brute, a bully, a friend, an enemy—she had no more idea by now in which category to place Jonathan Horne than she had at the beginning of their amazing acquaintance. But while she hesitated, Mrs. Poinsetter answered for her:

"Don't bother about me, my dear, run along and get dressed. I'll give Captain Horne a cocktail if there is one left."

There was one left.

Louise went, herself, to the kitchenette for another glass.

(Continued on page 46)

The Smoky Years

By Alan LeMay

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

The Story Thus Far:

TWO rival outfits—Ben Thorpe's and King-Gordon, owned by "Dusty" King and Lew Gordon—are struggling for dominance in the Southwestern cattle country. Thorpe and two of his aides, Walk Lasham and Cleve Tanner, making a bold bid for victory, murder King.

Bill Roper, King's adopted son, is preparing to marry Jody Gordon, Lew's daughter. Having made his plans for avenging King's death, he tells her of them. She promptly breaks the engagement. Whereupon, without the coöperation of Gordon (who is, likewise, violently opposed to his plans), he goes into action.

Tanner is Thorpe's agent in Texas, where he rules over a vast cattle domain—all stolen. In Montana, Lasham plays a similar rôle. Leaving Ogallala, Nebraska, Roper organizes a band of outlaws—"Dry Camp" Pierce, Lee Harnish, Tex Long and others—and makes a series of raids on Tanner's strongholds. After which, meeting his enemy in a pistol duel, he kills him.

In Montana, where he then goes, he pursues the same tactics against Lasham. Elated by his success, he takes a brief vacation in Miles City. There a girl—one Marquita, of whom he knows almost nothing—saves his life. Trapped by Lasham and two of his cowboys, he escapes when Lee Harnish and Tex Long come unexpectedly to his rescue. . . .

Meanwhile, Jody Gordon has not been idle. Still loving Roper, she has followed his every move. She has learned that Thorpe has put a large reward on his head—and that Thorpe is plotting to murder her father, who, he strongly suspects, is backing Roper. Believing that both of her men are doomed, unless they work together, she goes to Montana, where her father is observing operations. She can do nothing with Gordon. "Roper," he exclaims, "is an outlaw. I won't work with him. Instead, I'm going to double that reward Thorpe's offered!"

The girl then turns, in desperation, to Shoshone Wilce, one of Roper's friends. She begs him to take her to Roper's headquarters. He does so. But they do not find Roper. Jim Leathers, one of Lasham's men, and another cowboy greet them—with rifle-fire. Wilce makes his getaway. But Jody is captured. Leathers asks her a few questions. Then— "*What time*," he says, looking her straight in the eyes, "*were you expecting Roper?*"

VIII

I HAVE no reason to expect Bill Roper at all," Jody said.

The younger man's eyes were keen with a repressed excitement. "Jim—you figure she come to meet Bill Roper here?"

"She didn't come here by accident," Leathers said with conviction, "any more than you or me. And she sure didn't come here to throw in with us."

"But, God, Jim—if she's run off from her old man to throw in with Roper, then it must be that Gordon ain't backing Roper, after all! Why should she come gallivanting clear out here, if Gordon and Roper are hand in glove? We always thought—"

"That's no bother of mine," Leathers said. "Roper's the man I want." His voice turned soft and happy. "Just kind of begins to look like I'm going to get him!" He turned sharply on Jody. "You can just as leave speak your piece. We'll get the whole story, anyway, when the boys bring your side rider in. He'll talk, all right, before we're through!"

"You'll learn nothing from him," Jody said. "If he didn't get clear I have no doubt he's dead. You'll never take him alive—that I know."

Jim Leathers grinned a little. It did not improve his looks. "Suppose they bring him in only about half alive?" he suggested. His tone changed as he added, "Of course, as for me, I'm sure hoping he got away."

A swift panic struck Jody with the shock of a blow in the face. If Jim Leathers wished, he could hold her here—literally as bait with which to draw the man whom it was his mission to kill. If Shoshone Wilce had got clear, and could reach Roper, Roper would certainly attack, as soon as the best ponies of the raiders could bring him. Or, failing to locate Roper, Shoshone Wilce might even bring her father—and what orders Jim Leathers had in regard to Lew Gordon she could only surmise.

"I'm getting sick of this," Jody told Jim Leathers. "You owe me a horse; there can't possibly be any argument about that. I'll have to ask you to rope a pony and bring him to my saddle—and I'll be on my way!"

"Awful bad job, catching up these Sioux country ponies in the dark."

"For more than five years," Jody said, "neither you nor your men have camped out the night without ponies waiting under saddle. Right now you've got caught-up ponies standing outside. You owe one of them to me."

JIM LEATHERS spoke mildly, measuring his words. "You've rode a long way in the cold," he said. "The boys'll get you some coffee and grub and bring your bedroll in. I guess you better figure to stop the night." He grinned again, not reassuringly. "We're a little crowded here, and maybe not so stylish as you're used to; but that ain't going to hurt you none."

"I don't want your coffee, and you know it," Jody said.

Leathers ignored that. "Who *was* this side rider of yours?" he demanded.

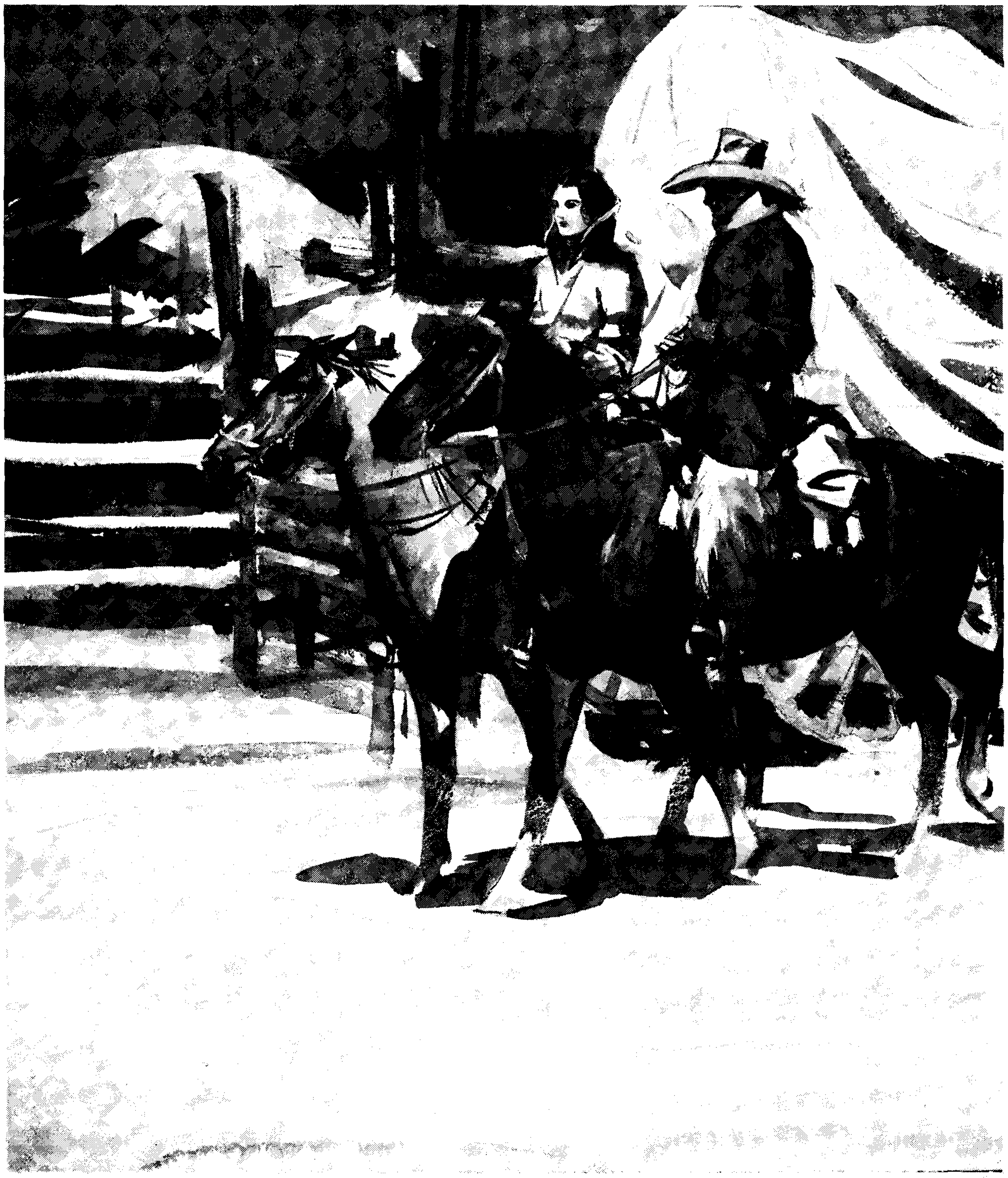
"You'll learn nothing from me—neither that nor anything else. I'll take a pony—and I'll take it now!"

Slowly Leathers shook his head.

"You won't give me a pony?"

"I'm afraid—you'll have to wait until your friends come, lady."

For Jody Gordon's white flash of anger there was no outlet whatever. She turned away to hide from them the furious tears that sprang into her eyes. She took off her sheepskin coat and flung it on the table, for the room was very hot; but because her fingers were still chilled to the bone she pulled off her gloves, tucked them in her belt, and



A teamster met her in the road as he was coming into town with his team just after dark

went to the shallow fireplace to hold out her hands to the flames.

The two men watched her with a detached admiration. Her slim figure was clad in the rough blue clothes the range riders wore; but the firelight glinted from silver belt conchos which were carved with intricate traceries, and her boots were the finest that money could cause to be made. Neither of the men had ever seen anything stranger than this girl's presence here.

"Damnedest deal of cards I ever saw in all my born days," the younger man marveled again.

"It's happened before. Some rattlehead girl is always running off after some saddle tramp. This time it's just a lucky turn for us, that's all."

Their voices were low but not so low that Jody could not easily hear what they said. They were discussing her as if she were a horse.

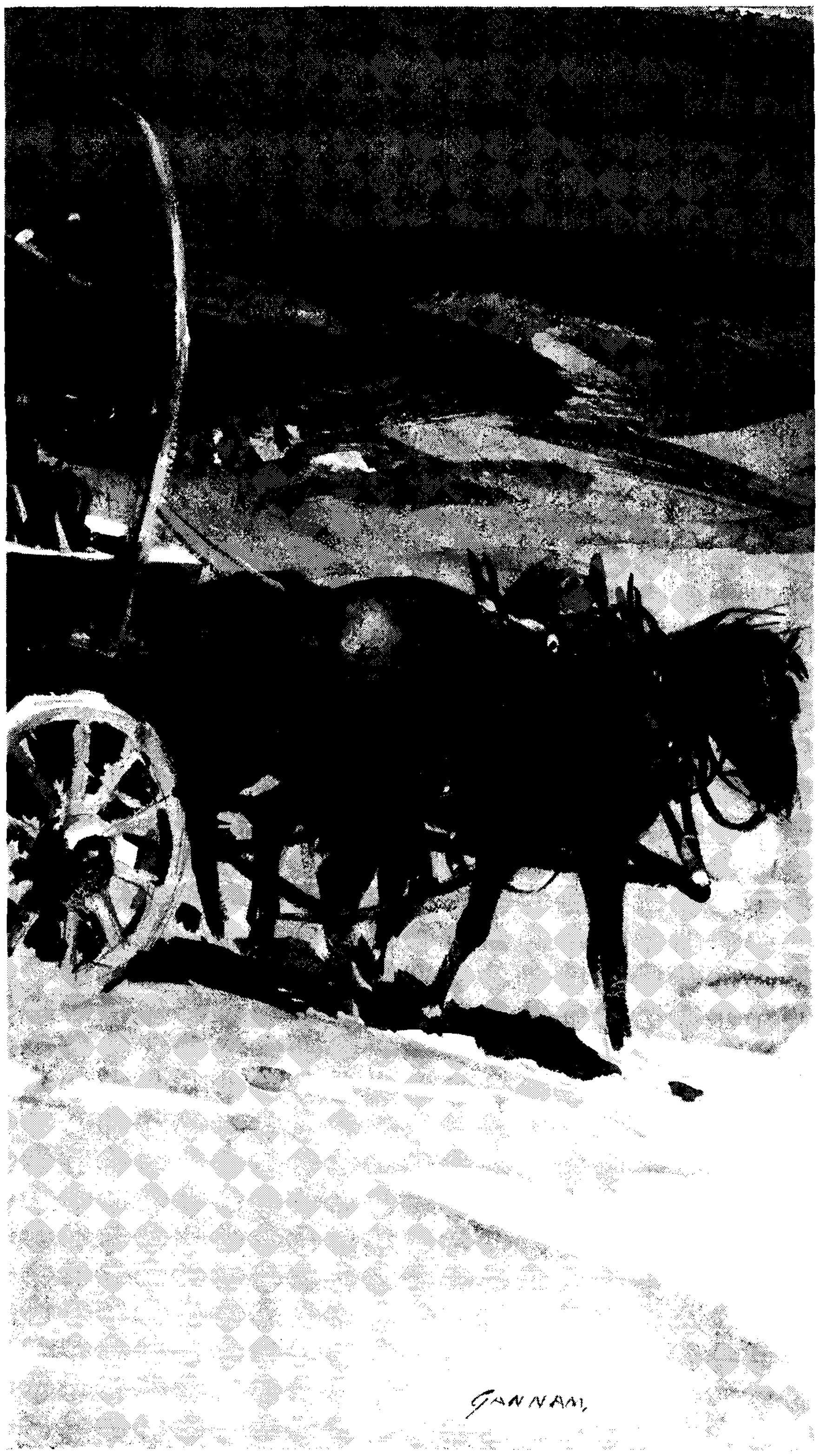
"You're wasting your time," Jody Gordon tossed over her shoulder. She knew well enough that no argument could be of any avail against Jim Leathers, that practiced killer, with his casual deceptive voice and his sharp and perceiving eyes; but she had to try. "I don't know where Bill Roper is any more than you do, and neither does my side rider; and Bill Roper doesn't know I'm here."

They did not answer her, but their silence implied disbelief, and she spoke again.

"It's true that I came here looking for Bill Roper," she said. "I had my own reasons for that, and what you think about it doesn't matter to me in the least. But evidently he isn't here; and I don't know anything more about it than that. The quicker you give me a horse, the better it's likely to be for you. Range war or no range war, there still is a general opinion among a whole lot of people as to how Lew Gordon's daughter is to be treated on the range. I don't think it will bring you any luck to go against that, any more than anybody else."

LEATHERS made no comment. Obviously he had no way of testing the truth of what she said except to wait and see if Roper appeared.

They went on talking now in the drawling, well-considered speech of the trail, long pauses marking every interchange. Whatever else they might think of her, they evidently did not consider that she implied any necessity for secrecy.



"Do you reckon," the younger man suggested, "that rider could've been Bill Roper himself?"

Jim Leathers was contemptuous. "Bill Roper would have stood his ground; he sure would never have run off and left the girl with her horse down. Might be it was some little squirt of a King-Gordon cowboy. There's always plenty of weak-minded little mutts that some girl like this can wrap around their finger—even up to taking 'em to another man. But more likely it was a Roper man; and if he's alive he'll bring Bill Roper here—if he ain't already on his way."

"If Roper is on his way," the younger rider said thoughtfully, "and this side rider of hers has got loose and meets him, so that Roper knows what he's up against—that might be kind of bad medicine, Jim. If he's got his war-riders with him—"

"I've missed hooking up with Roper twenty times when I thought I had him," Leathers said. "I'd sooner meet up with him on any terms than carry back the word that I fell down."

A shiver ran the length of Jody Gordon's body. Casually, as if they were talking about getting breakfast, these quiet-faced men were speaking of a proposed death—the death of a boy who had once been very close to her, and very dear. Suddenly she was able to glimpse the power and the depth of the animosity behind the mission of these men. No effort and no cost would seem to Ben Thorpe too great if in the end Bill Roper was struck out of existence.

BEHIND that vast malignance was reason enough. The Texas Rustlers' War, still fresh in everyone's mind, had not only placed Thorpe in definite hazard of financial collapse; it had been a crushing humiliation as well. In his war upon Tanner in Texas, Roper had accomplished what all men had called impossible. But now, inevitably, there rose against Roper all the outraged power that Thorpe controlled; a relentless and implacable hunt-down that could only end with Roper's death—or the destruction of Ben Thorpe himself. The band of killers into whose ambush Jody had ridden was undoubtedly only one of several, perhaps many, already in the field; later there would be more, and more, until the day should come when there would no longer be any place for Roper's raiders to turn. . . .

She thought, "If only I could have found him in time; if only I could have got him back into King-Gordon . . . I *could* have got him back into King-Gordon."

"Jim," the younger rider said soberly, "if Roper's got his wild bunch with him—Jim, it's such a fight as none of us have ever gone into yet! When you stop to think that any time—any minute—a bunch of 'em may land in here—"

"Charley's on lookout," Jim Leathers shrugged. "We'll know in plenty time."

A silence fell, a long silence. Heavy upon Jody Gordon was the panic of an open-space creature held helpless within close walls. Her voice was low and bitter. "You're set on holding me here?"

To answer her, Jim Leathers seemed to have to rouse himself; it was as if his thoughts had run ahead, deep into the next forty-eight hours, perhaps living in the smoke of expected guns.

"No call to put it that way," he said mildly, almost gently. But his eyes denied that mildness, so that behind him Jody sensed again the vast animosity built by the Texas Rustlers' War—the malevolent power for which this man was only a cutting edge.

"I want a flat answer," Jody said. "Are you going to give me a horse, or not?"

Once more Jim Leathers' canine teeth showed in his peculiarly unpleasant grin. "Hell, no," he said.

PERHAPS Lew Gordon should have known that if Bill Roper learned of Jody's disappearance at all, Roper would come directly to him. And, knowing this, he should have prepared himself. But Lew Gordon had not met Roper face to face in nearly two years; and nothing was farther from his mind than the possibility that Roper would walk in upon him now.

Upon this night Lew Gordon was pacing the main room of his little Miles City house; forty-eight hours had passed since his daughter's disappearance and the old cattleman, haggard from the effect of a sleepless night upon a physique no longer young, had lashed himself into a state of repressed fury comparable to that of a trap-baffled mountain lion or a goaded bear. Everything that could be done to locate his daughter was being done; the strong King-Gordon outfits in Montana had thrown aside all other work, that every available rider might be devoted to the job of tracing out every imaginable possibility. The complete failure of his organization to learn anything whatsoever chafed Gordon as a saddle galls a raw-backed bronc.

He knew that Jody's disappearance was voluntary, and he knew its purpose. The brief but highly informative note that Jody had left him told him that much. It simply said:

One of you must be made to see reason. I am going to talk to Billy Roper myself.

What this did not tell him was where Roper was, or how Jody expected to find him. Impatient of mystery and delay, he could not understand why his many far-scattered cowboys could dig up no word. He neither believed Jody competent to travel the Montana ranges alone nor trusted any rider who might have been with her. On top of that, he had made certain that all of his own men were accounted for, and could not imagine who was acting as Jody's guide—if anyone was—unless it might be a Roper man. For all he knew, his daughter was by this time lost somewhere in the frozen wastes of snow, in immediate, desperate need of help.

A constant but irregular chain of couriers kept coming in to him from his outlying outfits, a messenger system that brought him little comfort but enabled him to direct operations. Tonight, it was a little after eight o'clock as the latest of these riders came in from one of the western camps.

This was an ineffectual youngster on the pay rolls as a horse wrangler; he brought word that nothing had been accomplished, and Gordon practically skinned him alive.

"GET back to your worthless outfit," Lew Gordon finished at last. "Get a fresh horse and let me hear later that you burnt up the trail. By God, I'm sick of this infernal dawdling! Get out! Get out of my sight!"

At a quarter after nine the town marshal came in, a lank, weary-looking man, trailing a couple of his deputies at his heels. This man brought the first word of any kind that Gordon had received yet.

"We've kept right on checking up on everybody in town," the marshal reported, "and we finally found a teamster off a hide wagon that thinks he seen her ride out of town. He says he met her in the road as he was coming into town with his team, just after dark night before last."

"Alone?" Gordon demanded.

(Continued on page 41)

Paris isn't France

Any more than New York City typifies the United States. Take this trip with Mr. Ybarra through the French provinces. Listen to the provincials themselves. They will tell you that Paris is a beautiful jewel, a city of whims, but they prefer the common sense and the cosmopolitanism of their own Main Streets

By T. R. Ybarra

EWING GALLOWAY

R. I. NESMITH

EWING GALLOWAY

Views from the provinces: Above, a tenth-century chapel at Le Puy, 68 miles from Lyons. Center, the harbor at Bordeaux. Right, a street in Marseilles

AMONG the few Americans who do not share the widespread belief that if you know Paris you know France is a certain prominent resident of the District of Columbia. He lives in a handsome mansion, painted white, in Washington. His name is Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Recently, in chatting with a friend of mine, a well-known American newspaper correspondent stationed in Paris, who happened to be back in the United States on a vacation, Mr. Roosevelt remarked that Americans got too much news from foreign capitals but not nearly enough from those outlying cities and towns which must reflect most accurately the situation in a foreign land.

"What I would like to know," he added, "is what the people out in the French provinces are thinking about."

My friend was so impressed by the presidential remarks that he forthwith dashed headlong into the aforesaid French provinces and didn't return to his Paris headquarters until he had the material for a whole series of articles concerning them tucked away securely inside his brain. And so impressed was I with the wisdom of Mr. Roosevelt that, turning my back on Paris, I, too, plunged into provincial France.

I decided to find out whether people there thought the way the President did. "Do Americans hear too much about Paris and too little about the rest of France?" "Is it right that Paris should overshadow the rest of France?" I decided to fire those and similar questions point-blank at every provincial Frenchman and Frenchwoman who might cross my path.

Where Germans Have French Souls

My quest led me first to Strasbourg, metropolis of Alsace, that fair province restored by Germany to France after the World War, where people have German bodies and French souls. There one finds a singular blend of admiration for Paris and irritation against her. I heard this set forth with much vehemence by a leading Strasbourg editor. Every day he gets out a newspaper in French and German. Every minute he jumps from German to French, and French to German, with equal ease. And, though he has a bushy beard and a bulky frame which qualify him for the rôle of Wotan, the big Teutonic god in Wagner's Walküre, he is—believe it or not!—a Frenchman. Yes, honest to goodness, that's what he is—you may have to go to Strasbourg and see dozens just like him before you believe me, but I'm telling the truth just the same. Well, this Gallic German, or German Gaul, or whatever he is, threw himself back in his editorial chair and, while his fingers caressed his beard with Teutonic thoroughness and his eyes sparkled with Gallic vivacity, he told me—now in French, now in German:

"After Alsace first became a part of France, back in the reign of Louis XIV, he made its people French. Then the French Revolution came along and taught the Alsatians to think of themselves as inhabitants of a republic instead of a monarchy. It made them citizens instead of subjects.

"Then came the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71. The Germans beat the French and annexed Alsace to Germany. Once more the Alsatians became Germans instead of Frenchmen, subjects instead of citizens.

"But they refused to change. Throughout the forty-seven years that Alsace was German territory, it fought to remain, in spirit, French and free. When it returned to France, after the victory of the Allies over the Central Powers in 1918, it had preserved both its French character and its democratic individuality. But the struggle against being Germanized had made the Alsatians averse to overmuch governmental control from any direction. Just as they had resented domination from Berlin, they now balked at domination from Paris.

"We Alsatians would like to see a modernization of the French governmental system. We want no special privileges. Modernization, as we understand it, should be such as to benefit *all* the French provinces. If the ties binding us to the rest of France should be loosened too much, through special local privileges granted to Alsace, we feel that it might give Germany a chance to increase German influence in Alsace. And that we average Alsatians do *not* want—especially now that Hitlerism controls the Reich.

Buried in Red Tape

"But, having become accustomed to a certain degree of administrative efficiency while the Germans held Alsace, we become impatient now and then at the French system centered in Paris. Why should a mass of detail accumulate there which should never get beyond the provincial capitals?

"Recently, when I was on a visit to Paris, I called upon a member of the French Cabinet. The poor man was simply buried under a mountain of detail. In despair he pointed to a lot of papers, several feet high, stacked on his desk. 'All these,' he wailed, 'concern the case of a petty Alsatian official. I have to read every one of them! I have to affix my signature to dozens! And all because this official is a few cents out in his accounts! Why should all this be inflicted on me? Why shouldn't you Alsatians settle the whole mess yourselves?'

"And there is another thing we object to here in Alsace: the Parisian attitude toward our schools. When the Germans took Alsace away from France in 1871, the province, under the laws of the old France, had schools in which religious instruction was given. During the period that it was German, these laws were changed in France. Religious instruction was suppressed in French schools.

(Continued on page 50)

TO BANISH TIREDNESS QUICKLY...

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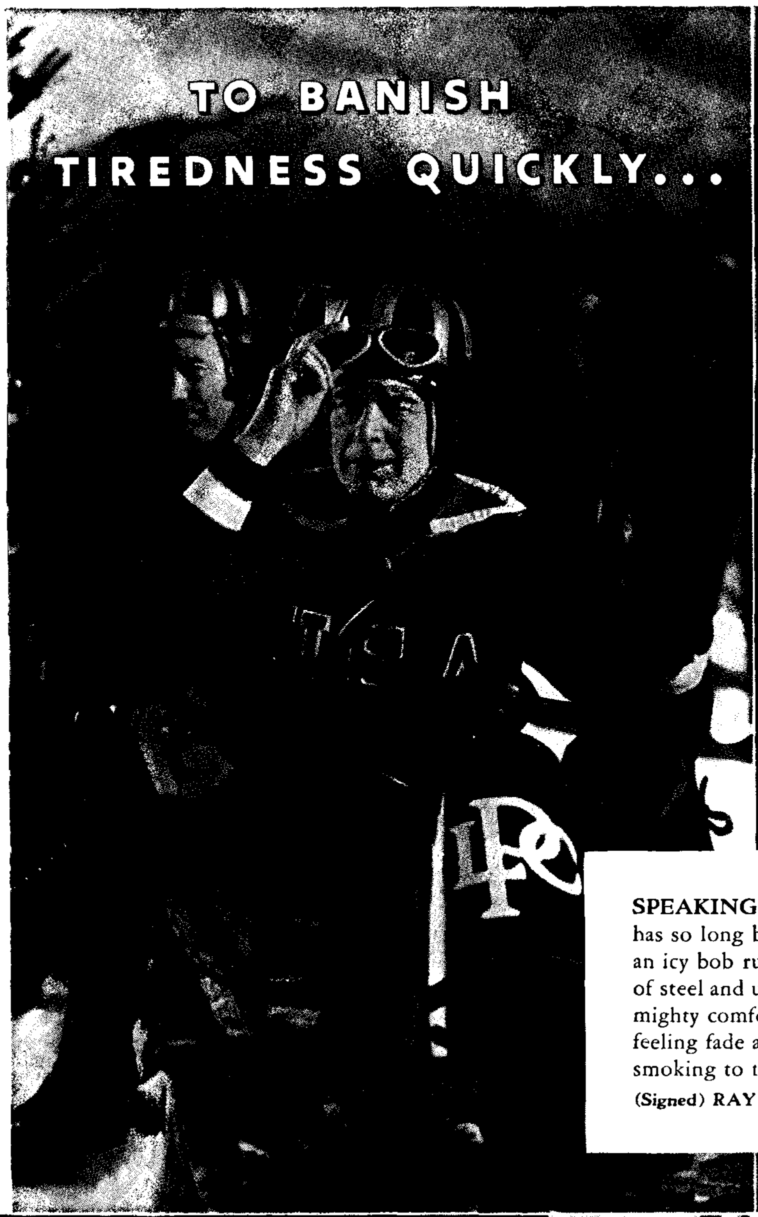
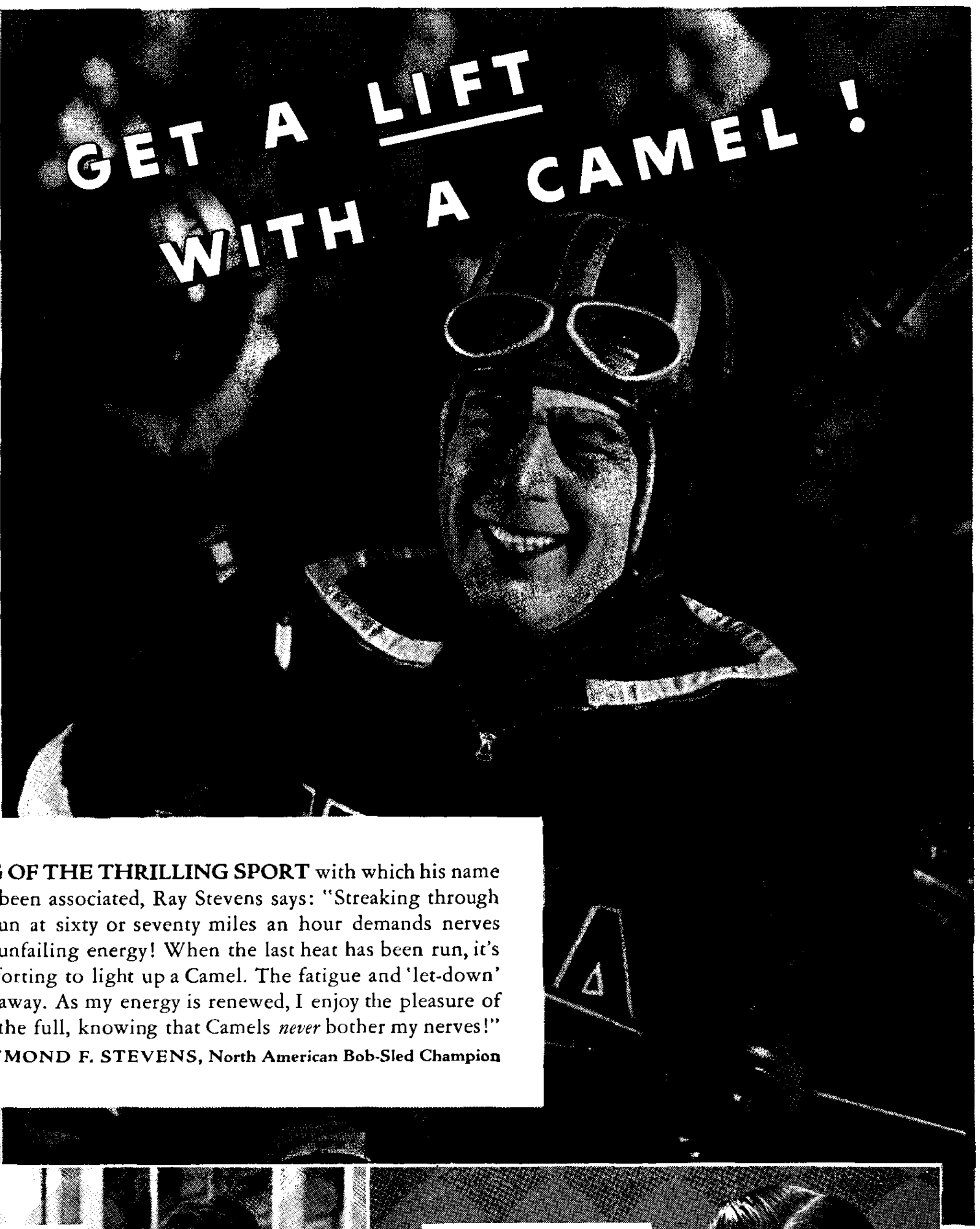
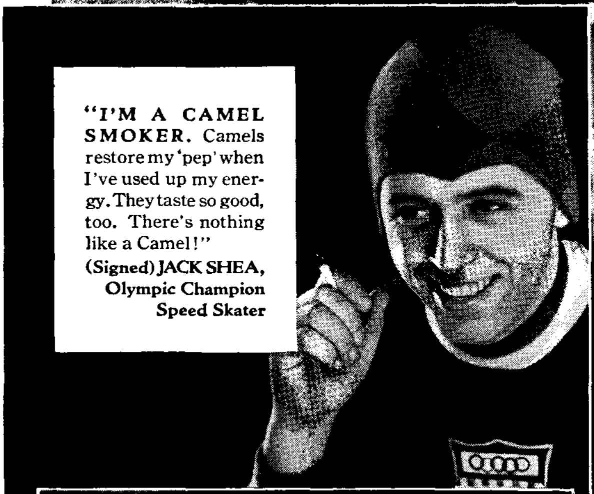
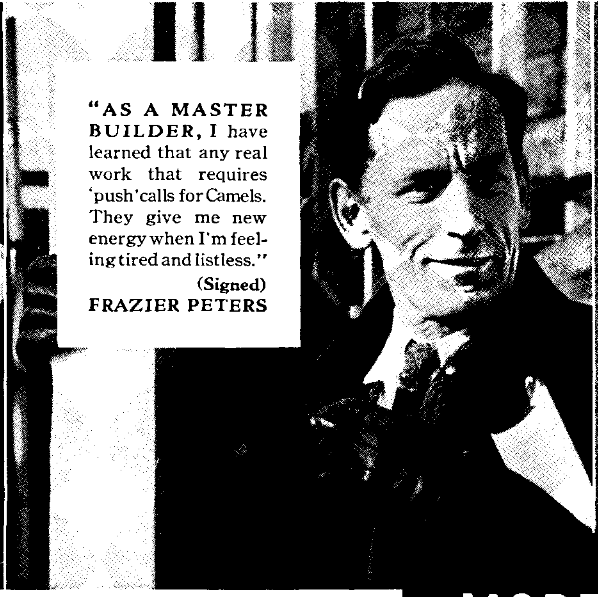




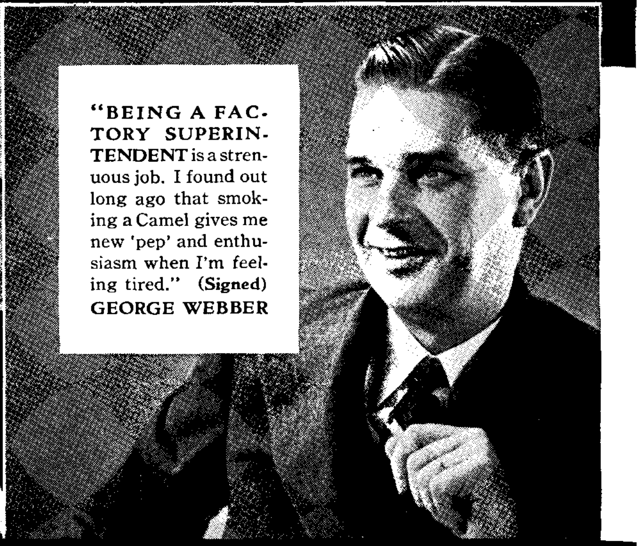
SPEAKING OF THE THRILLING SPORT with which his name has so long been associated, Ray Stevens says: "Streaking through an icy bob run at sixty or seventy miles an hour demands nerves of steel and unfailing energy! When the last heat has been run, it's mighty comforting to light up a Camel. The fatigue and 'let-down' feeling fade away. As my energy is renewed, I enjoy the pleasure of smoking to the full, knowing that Camels *never* bother my nerves!" (Signed) **RAYMOND F. STEVENS, North American Bob-Sled Champion**



"**I'M A CAMEL SMOKER.** Camels restore my 'pep' when I've used up my energy. They taste so good, too. There's nothing like a Camel!" **(Signed) JACK SHEA, Olympic Champion Speed Skater**



"**AS A MASTER BUILDER,** I have learned that any real work that requires 'push' calls for Camels. They give me new energy when I'm feeling tired and listless." (Signed) **FRAZIER PETERS**



"**BEING A FACTORY SUPERINTENDENT** is a strenuous job. I found out long ago that smoking a Camel gives me new 'pep' and enthusiasm when I'm feeling tired." (Signed) **GEORGE WEBBER**

"**WHEN I WENT TO COLLEGE,** nearly all the girls smoked Camels. I soon found out why. When you're tired, a Camel makes you feel fresher, more alert." **(Signed) MARGUERITE OSMUN**

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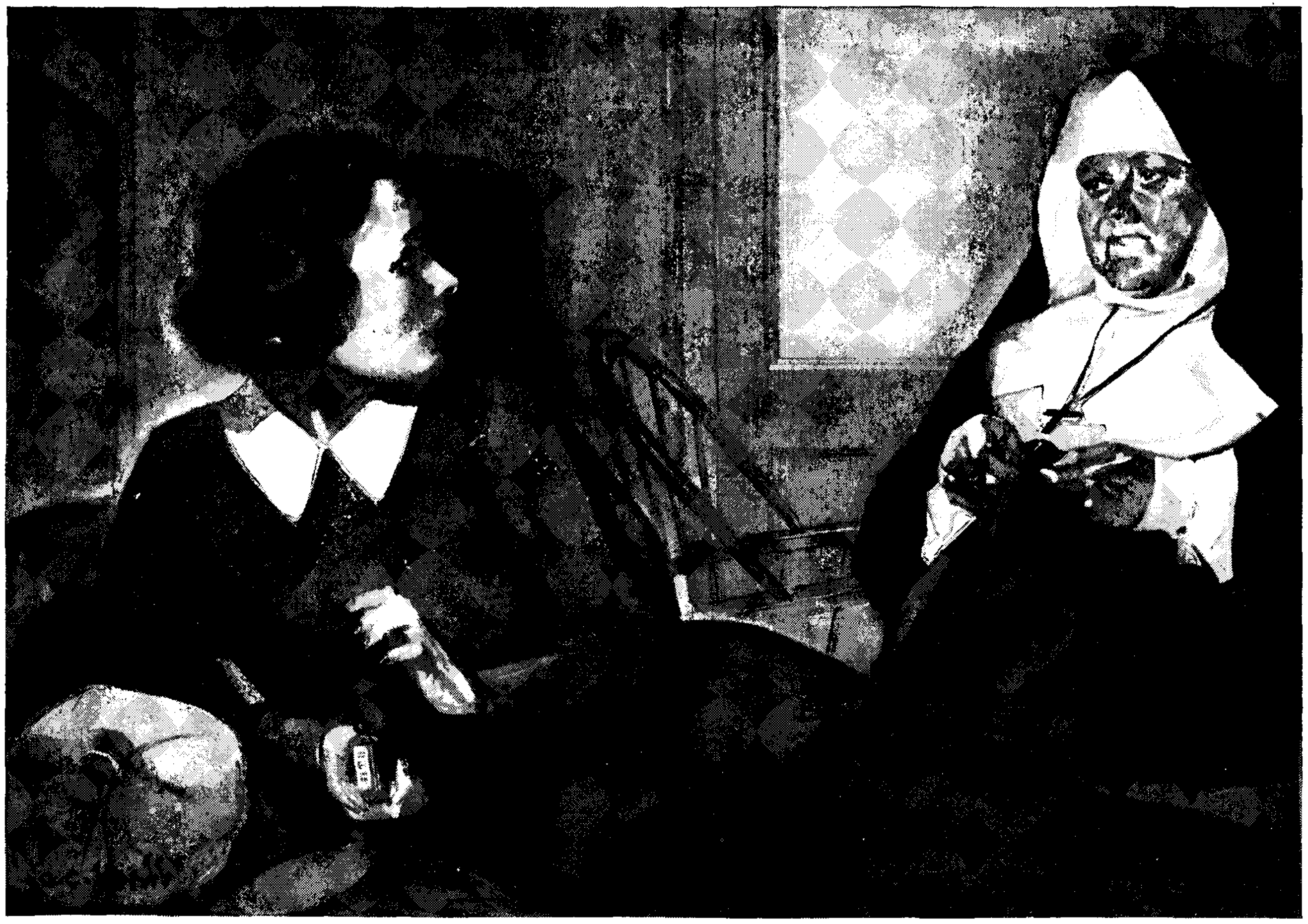
St. Louis Blues

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Richard Sherman



"I suppose you think it's fun to be nineteen in New York," she said

AT ONE-TEN, after the last covey of lunch-bound stenographers had pattered briskly down the hall toward the elevators, the ladies' rest room of Cartwright and Daggett, Attorneys-at-Law, was deserted. Two minutes later the door opened, and Miss Zoe Shapiro entered. Miss Zoe Shapiro, receptionist, was nineteen, darkly pretty, and at the moment was trembling violently; for her lunch, which she had just purchased at the drug store downstairs, lay clenched in her hot palm, and after she had partaken of it she would never be hungry again, never tremble again, never again sigh foolishly and romantically for things she couldn't have, including Mr. Milton Daggett, Jr.

Miss Zoe Shapiro's lunch consisted of a vial of iodine.

At seven that morning she had been happy. Mr. Milton Daggett, Jr., was scheduled to return from Cleveland. He was scheduled to walk in at ten o'clock and to be greeted by Miss Zoe Shapiro, in a black velvet dress that he had never seen; for once, a year ago, he had told her that she should always wear black, "because it makes you look so nice."

At ten-ten, Mr. Milton Daggett, Jr., entered arm in arm with Mr. Milton Daggett, Sr. "Hello, Zoe," he said, and she said, as she had been saying half the night, "Good morning, Mr. Daggett; did you have a nice trip?" And then his smile was even broader, and he nodded his head silently.

For a moment he hesitated, and finally turned again toward the left. As he went he said, "You look very nice this morning, Zoe. I always told you you should wear black."

He had remembered; he had remembered for an entire year. Suddenly Miss Zoe Shapiro felt almost unbearably happy. Then, glancing through the morning paper, she read two lines of type that screamed at her: "Milton Daggett, Jr., Betrothed to Cleveland Girl."

She had not cried. She had answered the phone every few minutes, had sent messenger boys on errands, had received visitors courteously. But all the time she knew that she was going to kill herself. All that morning she had planned how to die and when, and now here she was, in the ladies' rest room, with the means in her hand and with no one to stop her.

Trembling, she lay on the sofa and just as she was about to uncork the vial the door opened and someone came in.

Turning, she saw that it was a nun. Ordinarily they came in pairs, and so accustomed was Zoe to seeing them in pairs that she instinctively waited for a second nun to appear.

BUT there was no second, there was only the one—an elderly woman. With a soft sighing of her thick black habit, and with the clicking of the beads around her ample waist, she sat down and began to examine a large three-cornered tear near the hem of her robe. She was breathing heavily. "Oh, those elevator boys," she said, "they shut the doors so *fast!* A nice friendly-looking lad he was, too. But my habit—all torn. And Sister Mary Agnes still down on the fifteenth floor waiting to come up. Shut her right out, he did. She'll walk up now, I know she will—she'll be that afraid." She regarded Miss Shapiro apologetically. "Don't let me disturb you, Miss. Go right on sleeping."

"You shouldn't be in here," said Miss Shapiro coldly. "Mr. Cartwright said no one should be allowed to—"

Stooping, the nun fingered her hem. As she straightened she smiled gently. "I met Mr. Cartwright in the hall," she said. "He gave me five dollars. He was very nice. And he said there might be a needle and thread . . ." Her sentence trailed away vaguely. "Such a pleasant group you have in this building," she went on. "They're all willing to give something, whatever they can afford. Now if you could spare even—"

"I'm a Jewess," said Miss Shapiro, superfluously. "We got our own poor to take care of."

Placidly the nun nodded. "That's right," she said. "Just so everyone *is* taken care of." For a moment there was silence; then she spoke again, hesitantly. "That needle . . . ?" she said.

These nuns—always begging for something, always around with their palms out. "In the table drawer," said Miss Shapiro. "There's scissors and black thread, too." She waited a little, and added, "Though this is a ladies' rest room, not a tailoring shop."

The nun rose and went to the table. As she bent to pull out the drawer: "Mary spare us!" she murmured, piously, and then looked at Miss Shapiro. "That's the rheumatism," she explained. "Be glad you're young."

Miss Zoe Shapiro leaned on her elbow disdainfully.

"I suppose you think it's fun to be nineteen in New York," she said.

The nun began to thread the needle with expert fingers. "I should think it would be," she said. "At least it was in St. Louis." She paused to draw out the needle in a wide arc. "Though of course that was a long time ago."

Slowly Miss Zoe Shapiro threw two silken legs over the edge of the sofa and sat erect, her hands dug deeply into the cushions beneath her, the fingers of one moving nervously.

"Well, it's different now," she said. "When you're poor and you love somebody who doesn't love you and never can love you—*that* isn't fun. It isn't worth living for, do you think?"

With swift, dexterous strokes the nun continued her mending, fastening the tear at each corner. "You're not very happy, are you, Miss?"

"Maybe not." Miss Shapiro got up from the sofa and stood so that the table was between herself and the nun if the nun should try to leap up and stop her; not that she seemed about to try—she was patting the repaired hem and reaching for the scissors with which to cut the thread. "But I won't be unhappy for long. You know what iodine is, I guess. And what it does." She drew her hand upward and exposed the vial. "Well, there's iodine in this, and now it's going to be in—" she pulled the cork, lifted her arm, then stopped.

"What's the matter with you?" she said. "Look there—your hand."

THE nun gazed downward and saw that her wimple was stained with crimson and that her hand was a mass of blood. "Saints preserve us," she said. "If I haven't gone and cut myself with these shears!"

Miss Zoe Shapiro stepped around the table, swift as a cat, to the nun's side. She grasped the streaming, scarlet wrist and saw that two of the fingers were cut almost to the bone. "Awkward!" she said. "Didn't anybody ever tell you how to cut a thread?" She had blotted the fingers with her handkerchief, and was pouring iodine over them.

"Oh, dear," said the nun. "It stings like everything!"

"You might have got lockjaw," said Miss Zoe Shapiro. "You might even have—" Suddenly she ceased her ministrations and straightened. She looked at the nun fiercely, and let the wrist drop. "Oh!" she said. "Why, you—"

Then the door opened, and Miss Mabel Lewis, Mr. Daggett's secretary, entered. "For *God's* sake!" she cried. "Who shot her?"

The nun looked at her reprovingly. "You shouldn't take the name of the Lord in vain, young lady," she said. "That's one of the Commandments, you know." Then she turned to Miss Zoe Shapiro. "What were you saying, Miss?"

Miss Zoe Shapiro's gaze was bitter as she started toward the door.

"But, Zoe," said Miss Lewis. "What'll we do? Somebody's got to help her."

THE door slammed. Miss Lewis turned toward the nun. "If she isn't the one!" she said. "Now let me get you a bandage—"

The nun shook her head. "Don't you pay any attention to me," she said "You follow her."

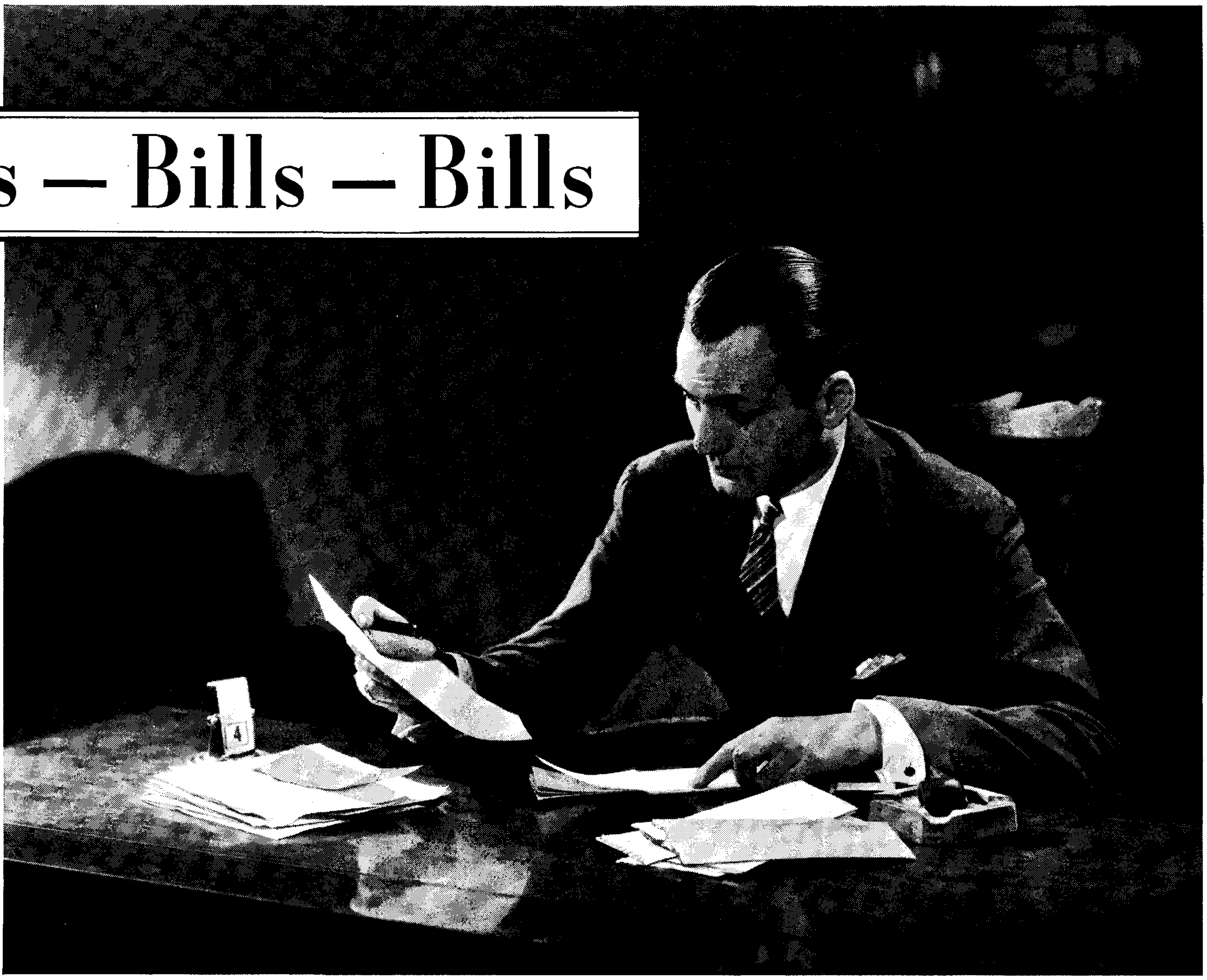
Miss Lewis stopped in amazement. "Zoe?" she said. "Why? She's not hurt—"

"Yes, she is." The nun smiled. "She's hurt worse than I am. You go after her, and don't leave her."

Hesitantly, Miss Lewis turned on her heel. "Well . . ." she said, indecisively.

"Go on now!" The voice was brisk and commanding; so commanding that, after a final look at the bloody hand, Miss Lewis left. And as she opened the door, she met another nun—worried and breathless and eager. There was an instant, just an instant, during which the room was still, while the first nun clasped her wrist. Suddenly her lips began to move. "Forgive me for lying," she whispered. "It wasn't fun in St. Louis, either."

Bills — Bills — Bills



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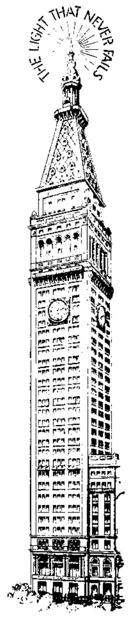
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One Man's Mind

Continued from page 19

then was listed with sugar and Adolph Luque as being one of the most important Cuban exports.

"Capablanca?" Don Celso would muse. "Let me see. Oh, yes, I remember him well. A bright lad. Yes, indeed, I used to play chess with him. I always gave him a rook." Then Don Celso would chuckle and perhaps order another *daiquiri*.

When José was twelve, no one could give him even the handicap of a rook. He was a slim, wide-eyed boy still, and not too strong. That amazing mind of his apparently drained and took unto itself some of his physical strength. At this time Juan Corzo was the chess champion of Cuba. A match was arranged between Corzo and Capablanca. Capablanca had never taken a chess lesson in his life. He was a genius, but genius untrained is apt to achieve nothing but brilliance, and brilliance seldom survives when pitted against capability. Until now Capablanca had played sheerly by what, for want of a better word, we'll have to call instinct.

Some friend of his father's gave him three books on chess to read before the Corzo match. A chess game, generally speaking, is a mathematical symphony in three movements. There are the opening, the middle and the end, and each has a technique of its own. One of the books was on endings. Capablanca read it and his mind, like a thirsty plant absorbing water, took it all in eagerly. He had no time to read the other books.

Everyone acknowledged the uncanny ability of the boy, but those Cubans had a very great respect for chess; they felt that it was a game that had to be learned, not a game that was part of one, even a gifted one such as the wide-eyed boy. So they gave the boy no chance at all against the veteran champion, who, by the way, was twenty-eight, the age, Capablanca now says, when a man should be at the height of his game.

A Move a Minute

Now Corzo was an excellent player whose chief forte was his opening play. He won the first two games from José without any trouble, but in winning them he lost the match. The man who won four matches first was to be declared the champion; drawn games were not to count.

Those two games which he lost taught young Capablanca a great deal. Until then he had known nothing of openings. He was like a tennis player who serves only to put the ball into play and who has no hope of acing his opponent. But now Corzo was showing the twelve-year-old tyro that openings were important. Capablanca absorbed the technique used by Corzo and then turned it against him. Corzo did not win another game. Five were drawn and then Capablanca won the necessary four.

"I look back now," Capablanca says, "and I'm amazed at the general soundness of my opening in the last game which I won. Were I to replay the match game I might well use the same opening."

This was in 1900, and it was the first title that he had won. Before he finished he was destined to win every single title that the chess world has to offer.

In 1904 Capablanca went to New York to learn English, and he wanted to learn English—so help me—so that he could play baseball. Did you ever?

It was like this: Columbia University had very good ball teams in those days and Capablanca wanted to play for Columbia. To play for Columbia he had to be a student. To be a student he had to know English. So he set to work learning English. Then he took his entrance examinations.

I don't know why Capablanca is the world's greatest chess player any more than he does. He certainly followed no success formula and he was never really a student of the game in the sense that he arduously studied the work of other masters. Probably his success was due to a certain cerebral quality lacking in the rest of us. That quality manifested itself when he took those difficult entrance examinations. The algebra examination, for instance, was scheduled to last three hours. At the end of an hour Capablanca handed in his paper.

"Poor kid," the instructor said, "I guess it was too tough for him. He just gave up."

But he was wrong. When he marked the paper he found that Capablanca had attained the high mark of 99 per cent, highest of any who had taken the test.

"Mathematics always came easy to me," Capablanca said thoughtfully.

"If this isn't Pike's Peak we've climbed, then he's wasted some good driving!"

FRANK OWEN

So he entered Columbia and received the greatest thrill he had ever received when he made the freshman team as shortstop. And he was a good shortstop too. At this time Capablanca was not the world's greatest chess player—but he was, and he always remained, the world's fastest player. Where others, even the masters, took long, agonizing periods to move, Capa seldom took more than a minute.

It was in 1909 that Capablanca really jumped into world fame, although his ability, of course, had long been recognized by the great players. But in 1909 he defeated the American champion, Marshall. He dealt him a crushing defeat, winning eight games, losing one and drawing fourteen.

The chief feature of his game at that period was his ability to press home a slight advantage. Then, too, he knew when to sacrifice. In all respects he was like the Detroit team of 1934: aggressive, sound, playing a heads-up game—and then a sharp, furious attack when an opponent left an opening. Chess people may shudder at comparing a chess master to a baseball team, but knowing Capablanca, I feel that he'll consider it a great compliment. His endings (finishing punches), then as always, were superb.

His most colorful feat (he laughs it off as being a stunt) occurred in Cleveland a couple of years ago when he played 103 men simultaneously. He won 102 matches and drew one. It was the greatest exhibition of its kind ever seen.

"But I was tired after that match," he said.

"I suppose you were brain-weary," I suggested.

Capablanca laughed. "No, not at all. But I had been on my feet for seven hours. I had to keep walking from table to table. I must have walked ten miles. In chess, as in baseball, the legs go first. Chess is not an old man's game."

Probably two of the most important chess tournaments played in the past twenty-five years were the San Sebastian tournament held in 1911 and the International Masters tournament held in New York in 1927. Capablanca won both.

It was very chilly in Spain during the San Sebastian event and Capablanca caught himself a bad cold. However, he went through the early rounds easily enough. Now Capablanca is not, as we have hinted, the gray-bearded recluse that the word "chess master" brings up. He is a gay, happy-go-lucky caballero and he'll take a drink or sing a song or sit up all night and talk about anything. He found kindred spirits in San Sebastian that year and, although he devoted his days to playing chess, he felt that the nights were his own. He saw, shall we say, the night life of Spain?

When the day dawned for his final match (it was with Dr. Vidmar, wizard of engineering and chess) Capa woke up with a temperature of 103. He felt like nothing on earth, but chess matches, unlike prize fights, cannot be postponed at the whim of a participant. He had to go through with it or forfeit. He led the tournament and to win all he needed was a draw with Vidmar. Vidmar on the other hand could win the tournament if he beat Capablanca. It was a tough spot. And the stuffy room where they were to play was crowded with spectators and filled with smoke and unbearably hot. The fever was killing Capablanca.

Capablanca suggested that the game be removed to a neighboring room which was larger. They moved. The room was encircled by windows which were closed. The Cuban thought he'd burn up if those windows weren't opened.

"A bit stuffy, isn't it?" he suggested and he opened one window. They began the match and the fever mounted. Between moves Capablanca arose casually and strode to another window. Eventually he had every window in the place wide open and the breeze almost murdered the sun-loving Spaniards. But it kept that fever from mounting—and Capablanca won the game which he had only hoped to draw.

The New York International Masters tournament in 1927 gave Capablanca a chance to put on his greatest show. Six of the greatest masters were entered—Alekhine, Marshall, Vidmar, Spielmann, Nimzowitsch and the Cuban.

"Come and Get It"

Capablanca fulfilled his destiny during that tournament. Perhaps no man ever played the inspired chess that he played. He did not lose a game during the tournament. No one had ever performed such an incredible feat. It made Capablanca the champion of champions. His genius had reached its apotheosis. The other masters were but acquiescent sparring partners—even the great Alekhine who, a few months later, was destined to take the crown away from Capablanca.

There is, Capablanca says, too much mystery about chess. It is not a difficult game to learn and it is an enjoyable game to play. He is publishing a book shortly, A Primer of Chess, which he hopes will bring chess out of the intellectual clouds and put it within easy reach of all of us.

But I think that Capablanca is a bit weary of playing chess. There is just one match that he wants—a return match (I almost said return bout) with Alexander Alekhine, the present champion.

When Capablanca was the champion he put his crown jauntily upon his head and cried joyously to the chess world: "Come and get it!" He'd play anyone any time for anything. He was in truth a fighting champion. He beat them all time after time.

Often he and Alekhine were in the same tournament and always Capablanca prevailed. Then one day late in 1927, in a special match, the brilliant machinery of his mind became clogged for the moment, he lapsed—and Alekhine was the champion.

Since then many attempts have been made to get the two men together, but to date they have been unsuccessful. That is the one match which Capablanca wants. Oh, very much indeed he wants that match. And when that day comes I'll give eight to five on the man from the land of rum and rumba. Why? Well, I figure that anyone who can pronounce Alekhine's name correctly can beat him and I heard Capablanca pronounce it in French, Russian and English. How can you beat a man like that?

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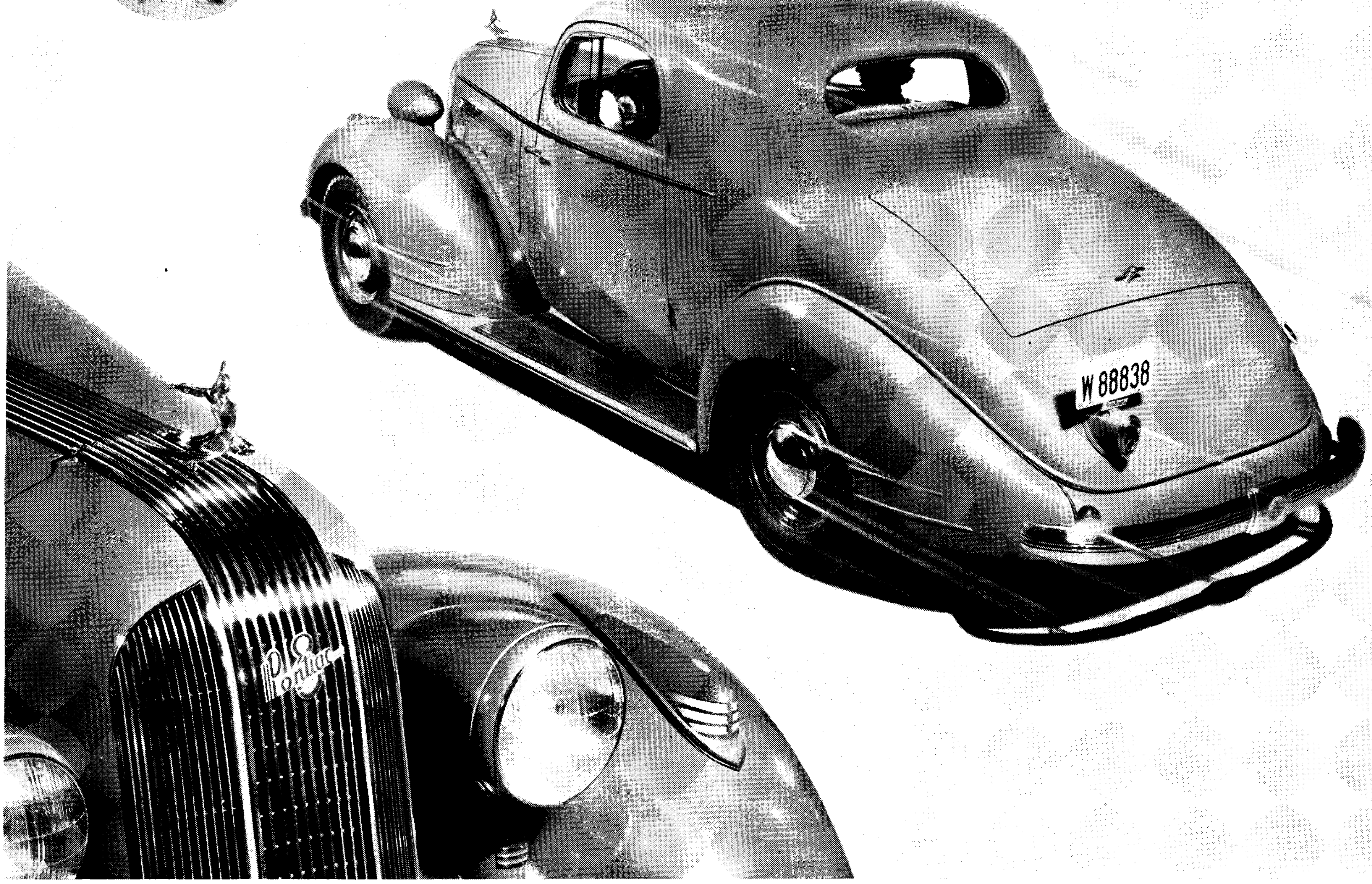
THING ON WHEELS"



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Above the Fog

Continued from page 15

But in listening to Jim my attention had wandered. I noticed suddenly that the line of trees across the field wasn't there any longer. I got up and put my face close to the pane.

"Your remark about the fog doesn't begin to cover it," I said.

Jim came and stood beside me. There was something more he wanted to say. But he didn't know how. I thought I'd help him out.

"Why don't you marry her, kid?" I said. "Then you could hold the controls."

I felt him jump, but he didn't say a word. I kept looking out the window. He picked up the radio earphones and began to turn the dials. When he spoke his voice was casual:

"I'll find out how far this muck stretches."

I didn't turn around. I was giving myself a good silent cursing. Here I had violated for the first time the most fundamental rule of friendship. Thou shalt not pry into . . . or offer advice. . . . Or something like that. I didn't know whether to apologize or to let it go. Jim's voice broke into my thinking. Broke is a mild word. Crashed is better. I came around as though someone had kicked me.

Jim was holding the microphone close to his mouth. His eyes were dilated and had a look in them I never hope to see again. In his other hand he was slowly twisting a brass paper-knife into a bowknot. But when he spoke his voice was cheerful and ordinary.

"O. K.," he said. "Where does the gas column stand? Where was it when you headed back? . . . Not bad. . . . Twenty minutes, I'd say. . . . Sure. . . . Now, listen . . ."

He motioned to me, covering the phone with his hand.

"Tell Bud. Get the Jenny out. Look her over. Full tank. Help him. Then come back here, both of you."

I DIDN'T know what to think. I ran to the hangar, yelling for Bud. I was so scared my voice kept cracking. What a cool customer that kid was. He never asked a question. We put the dolly under the tail of the cabin job and rolled her out. The other two we just muscled into the open. Bud hopped into the cockpit of the Jenny and shouted: "Can you spin that prop?"

I nodded and ripped my coat up the back getting it off. I spun her three times and she fired. The kid nursed her along and I ran back to the office. Jim was still talking softly into the phone.

"If you saw that before the fog shut in you're O. K.," he said. "Now, get this. . . . You circle. Stay above it. . . . I'm coming up. . . . Yes. Sure. . . . Ten minutes. I'll guide you down. . . . All under control? . . . Good girl. Ring-around-a-rosy till I get there."

He saw me and snapped, "Where's Bud?"

"Warming the Jenny. He'll . . . here he is."

The kid came in wiping the sweat and grease from his face. Jim managed a grin that was almost natural. He kept his hand over the phone and said:

"Bud, I'm going up. You sit here and keep in touch with Miss Harper. She's above the fog and can't get through." A spasm of anger twisted his face. "She has a gas leak. I ought to have checked the line. She hit this stuff, saw the gas running out and beat it back. The fog cut her off."

"And no 'chute," I said.

Jim laughed harshly.

"Sweet, eh?" He turned to the boy. "When I get up there, you've got to help me down. I'll come as low as I can. You check me by the sound of the motor, with the office. If I can get a line on that, maybe I can make it."

"But, lissen, boss," the kid said, "there's no radio in the Jenny."

"I won't be in the Jenny," Jim said. He got up, shoved Bud into the chair and snapped the headpieces on him. He spoke again into the phone: "See you in ten minutes. . . . So long, darling."

He handed the phone to Bud.

"Keep talking," he said. "Three minutes after I take off, tell her what I'm going to do. Tell her to fly straight and level. She can. Tell her *not* to look up. I'll swing in under the upper wing."

"From what?" I asked.

"A ladder, dim-wit."

HE OPENED a drawer and pulled out a length of rope ladder. When I saw it, I gasped. I knew every twist in that piece of hemp. It looked just as good as when I'd seen it last, under Jim's arm, the day we quit the racket. His words came pouring back into my mind: "I'll keep this. Maybe sometime I'll want to elope with a beautiful blonde."

"Suppose it does taste like water—ain't you used to it by now?"

COURTNEY DUNKEL

What an elopement this was going to be! And with a shock I realized where I stood in the matter. Jim was counting on me flying the Jenny while he went overboard. For a moment my heart kicked around like a crazy rabbit. I hadn't been in a ship for five years. I hadn't flown one in eight. Jim said over his shoulder: "Can you do it, Mort?"

I tried to match his casual manner, and lied: "Sure, kid. I've kept my hand in."

He tossed me a 'chute pack.

"Put it on and come along," he said.

When I got outside, he was fastening the ladder to the axle and hauling the slack into the front cockpit.

"When I drop off," he said, "head her west for five minutes. Cut the motor and bail out. It's open country. Good landing. No houses except an occasional farm. We've got to chance that."

"Right," I said. "When we get up let me have a minute or so to get the feel of her."

He took the Jenny off so steep that my hair stood on end. The fog hid the wing tips. It came back wet and cold on my face. I wiped my goggles clear but it was like staring into nothing, a kind of sullen nothingness that put the fear of God into you. We went up without a turn. I was thankful the old crate had a modern motor in place of the OX5. The fog seemed endless. I watched the altimeter needle pass 1,500 and move on. With one hand I touched the release ring—no longer a ring, I found, but a handle—and tried to remember how I had felt the only time I had ever jumped. I couldn't. My mind was fuzzy, as though the fog had gotten inside my head. I put my hand lightly on the stick and followed it through the motions as it moved in conjunction with the actions of Jim's stick in the front cockpit. I felt heavy and clumsy. I touched the rudder stirrups gently with my toes.

Jim must have felt the pressure. He looked over his shoulder and grinned. And suddenly the awful tension left me. All the years went spinning backward. It was Jim and I again, a couple of kids released from a mad experience, still too full of it to settle down in a humdrum world; still crazy about the rush and roar of wind and motor, the lure of height, space, silence and the fascination of living hazardously. I forgot that I was an overweight business man, seeking a market for lumber, fretting about contracts, speculating on profits.

WE CAME out of the fog into blinding sunlight. Jim was pointing. I cleared my goggles and followed his finger. A mile or two away a plane banked lazily. In the clarity of that spotless sky I distinctly saw an arm upraised.

The stick was shaking under my hand, Jim's signal to take over. My fingers closed on the worn black rubber grip, my feet slid naturally into the stirrups. I held her steady for a few hundred yards and then banked. We came around without slip or skid. Jim raised his hands and clasped them in a shake of approval. I saw Nan heading toward us. I climbed to be above her and began a wide, almost flat turn. Jim was out on the wing, holding the coiled ladder. As the two planes converged, he began waving. Nan answered and I knew she understood. Jim swung over the leading edge of the wing. The Jenny dipped slightly but I brought her back. I saw Nan's ship well below and ahead. I put the Jenny into a gentle dive.

The girl was holding her plane as steady as a barn door. I picked up on her easily but I did not want to overshoot. Jim was out of sight, swinging at the end of the rope ladder, the wind clawing and twisting him. The prop on the other ship would be a huge buzzsaw. . . . I stopped considering everything but the gradual descent. Long-forgotten reactions were returning. My head felt clear; my hands and feet responded automatically. I knew I must be close. Allowing for the curve of the rope due to wind pressure. . . . The Jenny leaped under me. It went almost out of control. I pulled off to the right, instinctively banking, looking down. . . . Jim was sliding in under the center section, his long legs entering the dark oval of the forward cockpit. He lifted his hand without looking up.

I yelled. What I said, I don't know. I had to yell or bust. When I looked again, they'd gone. The fog in the glittering sunlight stirred uneasily, empty.

THE rest was nightmare. I don't remember it clearly, or want to. I went over with my eyes shut, and the ring clenched in my hand. I started to count, became panicky and pulled the release. The 'chute, opening, jerked me back to some kind of reason. I fell in a vast gray silence. The earth came up, hard, unexpected. In a daze I stumbled and blundered across fields to a road. A farmer's truck picked me up. After an endless ride we reached the flying field.

The office was empty. I ran through the fog calling for Bud. He appeared suddenly, white-faced and crying.

"The boss came over," he sobbed. "I said, 'You're over.' He said, 'O. K., kid, I'm coming in.' That was an hour ago."

"Why didn't you phone for help?"

"I thought I ought to try and find 'em. I got turned around in the fog. I was on my way back now."

"Call the police," I said. "And a doctor."

"I'll call the Troopers," he said.

I went on by myself. It was foolish but I had to. I knew if I ever stopped I'd pass out. I felt sick and bruised and all in. Darkness was making the fog worse. I ran right into the tail of the plane before I could see it. Nan's voice, unbelievably calm, called, "This way."

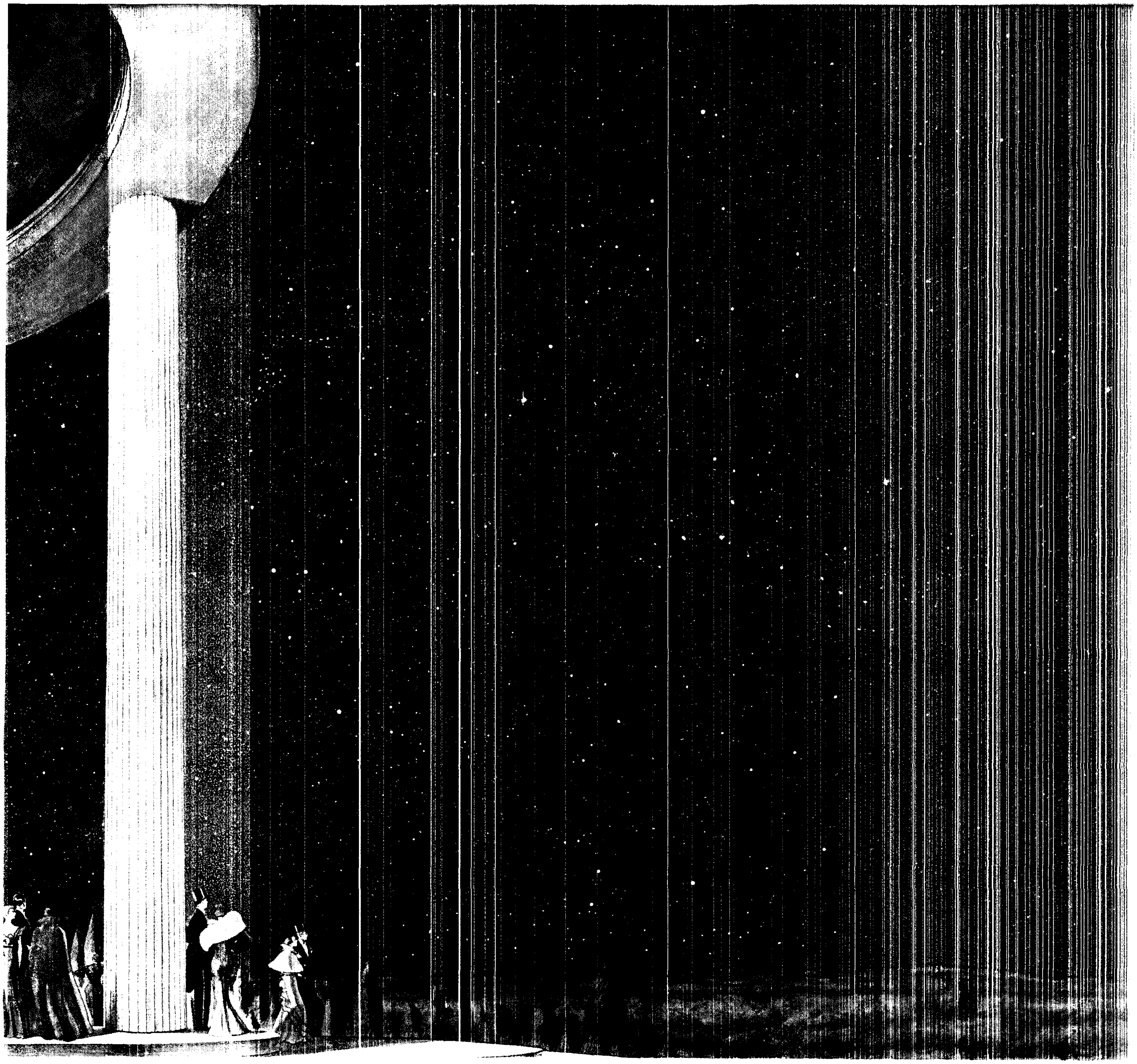
I found them amid the wreckage. She was sitting up, holding Jim's head in her lap.

"I can't move," she said. "I think my ankle's broken. He's out but he's breathing. I've been calling and calling." She recognized me with a start. "You . . ." she said.

She was wonderful. Jim had overshot the field, she said. He had been knocked unconscious and she was pretty badly shaken. But she managed to drag him free of the smashed fuselage before the pain in her ankle caused her to faint. She came to after a while and began to call for help.

While she talked I worked over Jim. There was a bad bump on his head but the skull seemed firm. In about ten minutes he opened his eyes. When he saw Nan's face bending above him, he gave a little sigh. I never realized what a sound could convey. Just then we heard shouting. I stood up to shout back.

"Wait a minute," Nan said. She leaned down and kissed Jim. "Now go ahead and yell," she said.



FOURTH MILLION

Today three million genuine Frigidaires have been built and the manufacture of the 4th million has begun. Throughout the world Frigidaire has set the standard for efficient automatic refrigeration. Into millions of homes it has brought a higher plane of living—a better standard of health.

And constantly, through the years, Frigidaire has been improved. Benefiting from the suggestions of users, and the engineering facilities of General Motors, it has offered better arrangement of food space—snow-white porcelain on steel inside and out, the Cold Control, the Hydrator, light that flashes on at the opening of the door—more ice, automatic ice tray release, automatic reset defrosting, and remarkably low operating cost. In an endless flow, General Motors has added to Frigidaire improvements and conveniences that have set this one make apart from all other refrigerators.

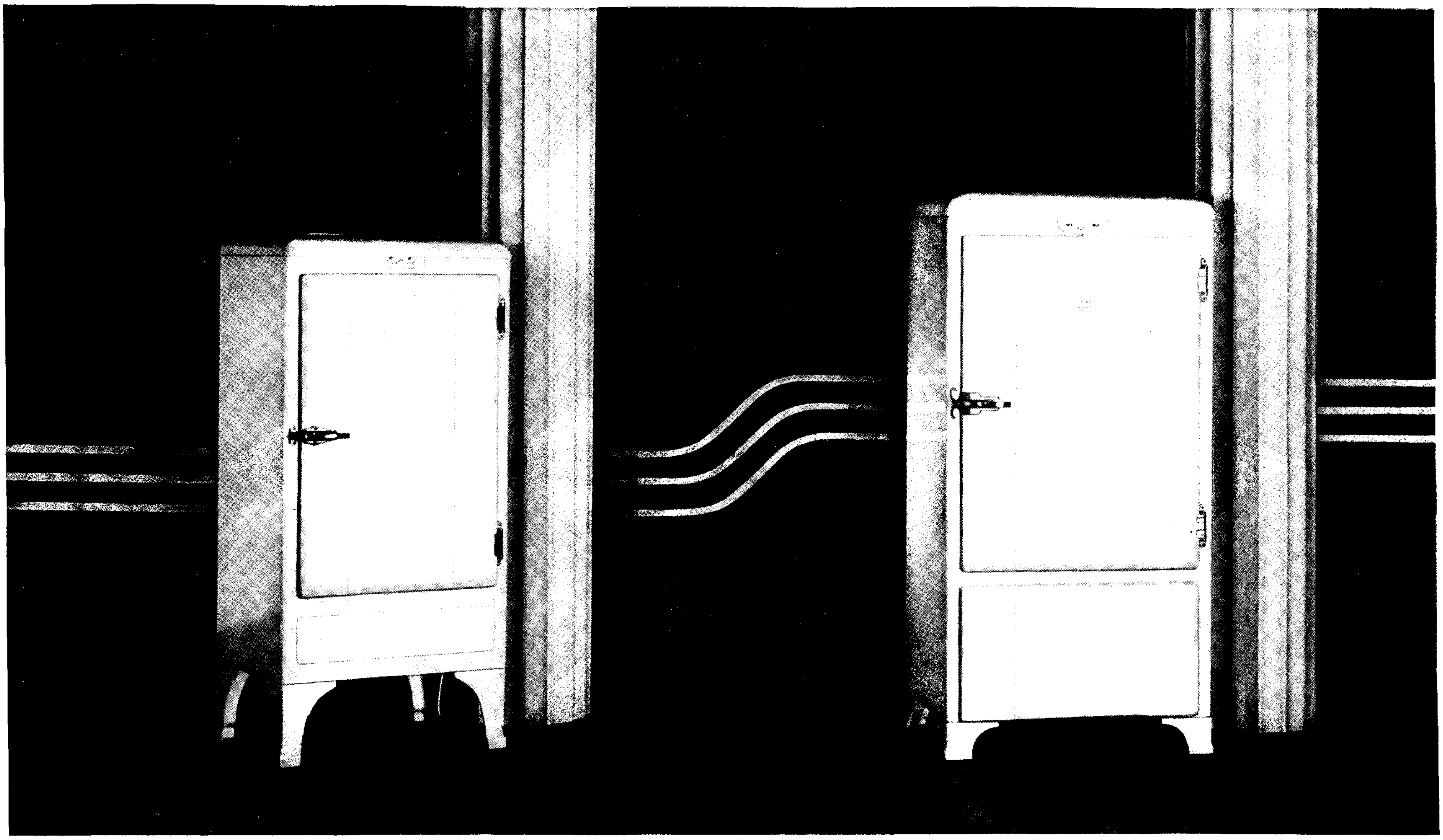
Three million Frigidaires have been built—and the greatest single influence in the choice of Frigidaire by new buyers is the enthusiastic recommendation of its users.

The manufacture of the 4th million has begun. There are sixteen beautiful models that represent further new standards of value—every one equipped with Frigidaire's newest contribution to its future users, the Super Freezer—which provides a *complete refrigeration service* in every model.

The Frigidaire '35's are here. And we are proud of the fact that we can offer them at prices that will make them available to new millions of homes.

Beginning the 4th

WE OFFER THE FRIGIDAIRE '35 • SIXTEEN & ECONOMY OF OPERATION THAT MEANS



THE STANDARD SERIES FRIGIDAIRE '35

THE MASTER SERIES FRIGIDAIRE '35

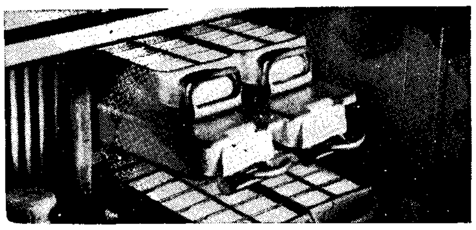
The Frigidaire '35 with the famous Super Freezer presents a new vision of convenience and usefulness in electric refrigeration—a *complete* refrigeration service in *every model.*

This complete service consists of five essential things—all made possible by the Super Freezer—all necessary if your refrigerator is to give you the complete satisfaction you have a right to expect.

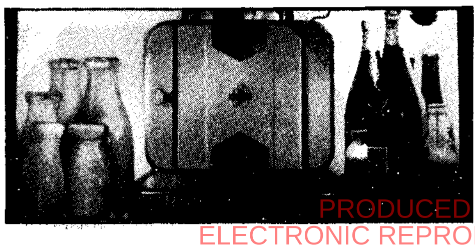
There's all the cold you need—*and the right kind of cold.* Dry, frosty cold below 50° for foods on the shelves. Special cold storage for a reserve supply of ice cubes. Moist, reviving cold to keep vegetables crisp and fresh. And there's near-zero cold for meats, ice cream and other foods that you want to keep at below freezing temperatures.

The Super Freezer also provides more ice-making power and faster freezing. Water turns into ice quickly—and there's plenty of it. You can have all the ice cubes you need—even when the mercury climbs for a record in a broiling summer sun.

There's greater economy, too. The

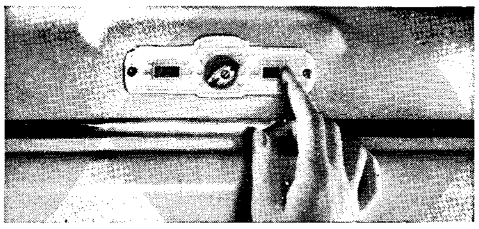


The Super Freezer provides greater cold-producing ability, greater ice capacity, faster freezing



An interior light flashes on as the door is opened—and there's space for tall bottles on each side of the Super Freezer

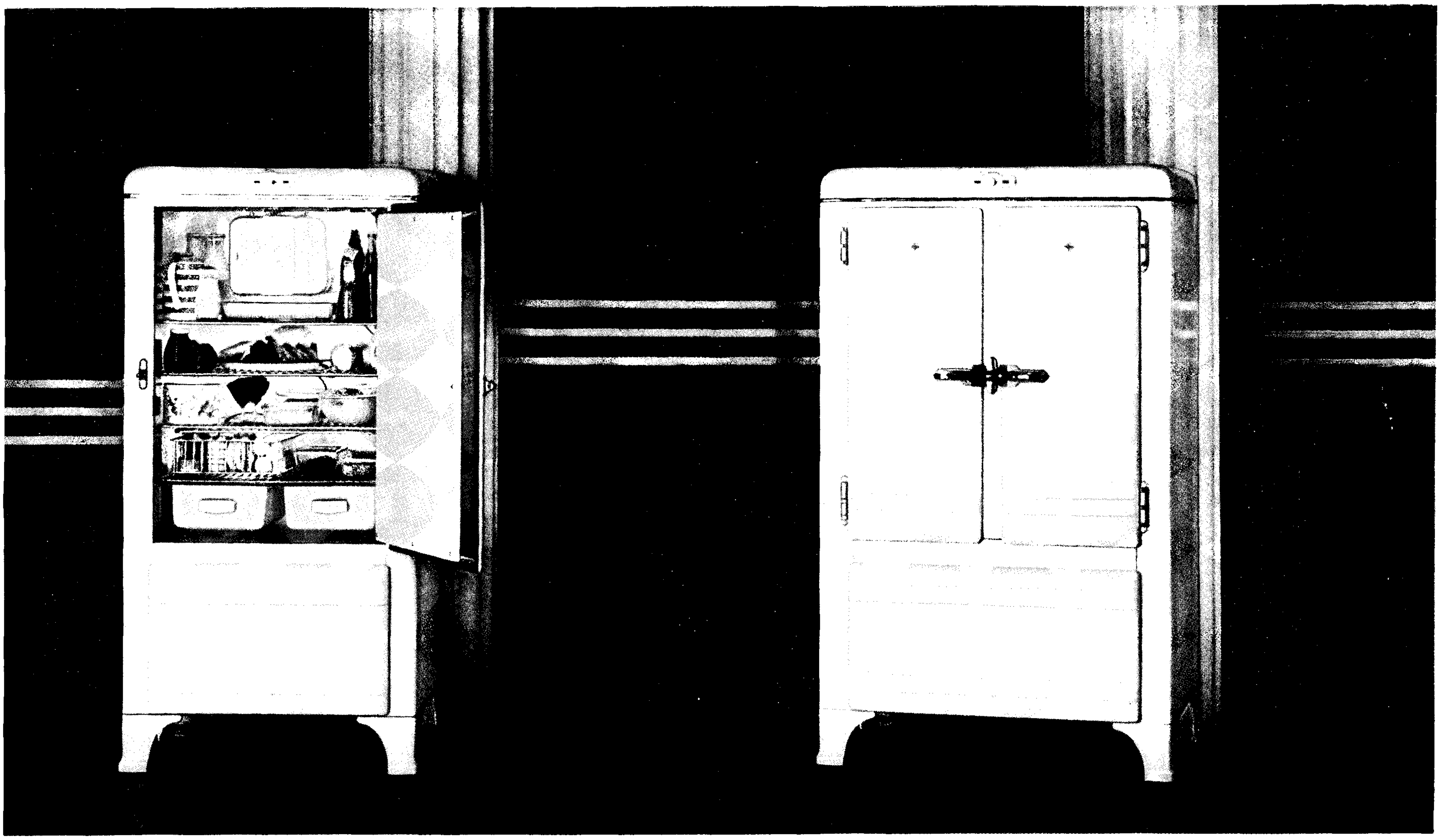
With Automatic Ice Tray Release the Frigidaire '35 gives you ice trays that come sliding out at the touch of a finger



The Frigidaire '35 has Automatic Reset Defrosting. It turns itself on automatically when defrosting is completed

Million—

BEAUTIFUL MODELS • ALL WITH THE SUPER FREEZER
REAL SAVINGS EVERY MONTH FOR FRIGIDAIRE OWNERS



THE SUPER SERIES FRIGIDAIRE '35 THE DE LUXE SERIES FRIGIDAIRE '35

Super Freezer is so efficient that the consumption of electric current is always remarkably small. You will be delighted with the low operating cost.

And in addition to a complete refrigeration service, the Frigidaire '35 brings you still other advantages. It delivers ice trays into your hands at the touch of a finger. It eliminates all worry when defrosting. It provides more room for chilling tall bottles.

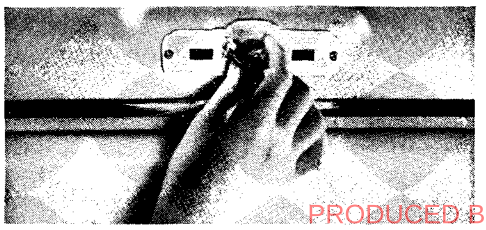
Every model of the Frigidaire '35 has the famous Super Freezer—which offers a combination of advantages not to be found in any other refrigerator.

FRIGIDAIRE '35

THE GENERAL MOTORS REFRIGERATOR

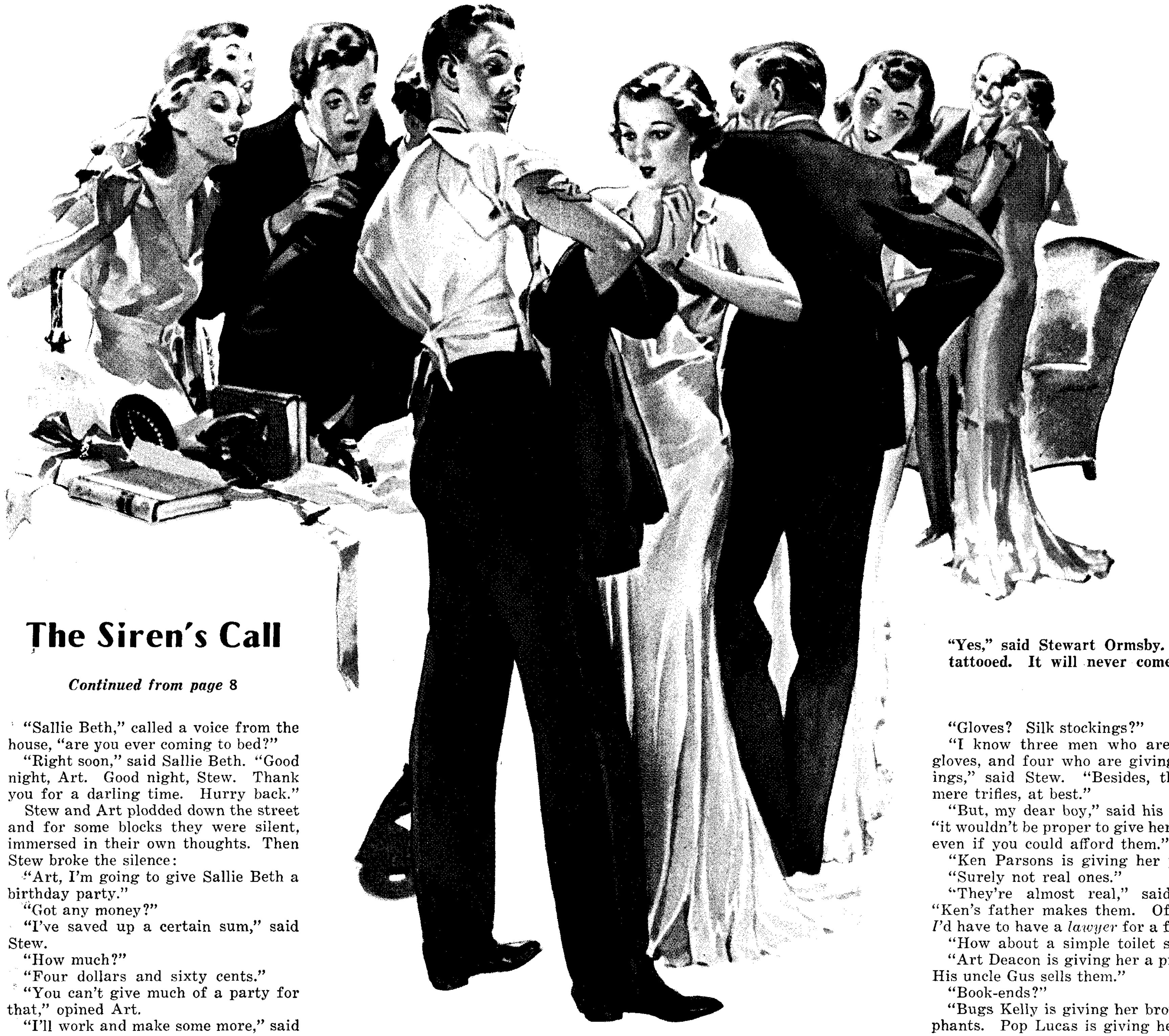
The Frigidaire '35 gives you a generous-sized Frozen Storage Space for the storage of meat, fowl, and ice cream

Turn the Cold Control to "Colder" and temperatures in the ice and dessert freezing unit plunge toward zero



The Hydrator gives you cold moist air for the crisping of vegetables. It even makes wilted vegetables fresh again

This Utility Basket is designed to hold small articles that would take up valuable shelf room



"Yes," said Stewart Ormsby. "It's tattooed. It will never come off"

The Siren's Call

Continued from page 8

"Sallie Beth," called a voice from the house, "are you ever coming to bed?"

"Right soon," said Sallie Beth. "Good night, Art. Good night, Stew. Thank you for a darling time. Hurry back."

Stew and Art plodded down the street and for some blocks they were silent, immersed in their own thoughts. Then Stew broke the silence:

"Art, I'm going to give Sallie Beth a birthday party."

"Got any money?"

"I've saved up a certain sum," said Stew.

"How much?"

"Four dollars and sixty cents."

"You can't give much of a party for that," opined Art.

"I'll work and make some more," said Stew. "And, anyhow, I think this should be a surprise party—you know, everybody bring their own food—just to show her we know how to treat strangers up North."

"Okeydoke," said Art. "Where could we have it?"

"We?" said Stew. "Me. It's my party and I think I can get my people to let me give it in our house."

"Okeydoke," said Art. "Give your old party. But you can't fool me. You think you'll impress Sallie Beth so she'll go to the Christmas Prom with you. I call that bribery."

"Fat lot I care what you call it," said Stew. "Any more insinuations and I won't invite you."

"I'll come anyhow," grinned Art. "Who else are you going to invite?"

"Well," said Stew, "I thought I'd send bids to Ruth and Effie Horton, and your sisters, and that fat Quigley girl, and Kitty and Alice and Peg, and maybe Flo Lopez."

"A dandy party that would be," said Art. "All women. And none of them care much for Sallie Beth."

"I notice they all imitate her," said Stew.

"Shows how much you know about women," returned Art. "They copy her line, but they'd like to strangle her. I've heard my sisters talk. If you don't want a flop, you'll have to ask some men."

"I guess you're right," conceded Stew. "I'll ask Pokey Baker, Harold Lopez, Fats Murray, Froggy Dubois, Pop Lucas, Jack Ward, Bugs Kelly and Tubby Tate."

"The All-America prune team," exclaimed Art. "Poisonous pills, every one of them. Sallie Beth can't stand any of them."

"Indeed?" said Stew blandly. "Well, they can entertain the other girls."

"I guess it doesn't matter much who you ask," said Art. "The regular guys like Ken Parsons and Freddy Gurney will crash the party, anyhow."

"Yes, I suppose they will," said Stew. "But I want it clearly understood that every man must bring a present."

"What are you going to give her, Stew?"

"That," Stew said, "is a matter to which I am giving thought. Now, Art, don't you go blabbing around about this party. Remember, it's to be a surprise."

PLANS for the party progressed. Whispered conferences were held in the corners of class-rooms. Mysterious notes were exchanged. The list of invited guests grew. Unexpectedly Stewart Ormsby found willing co-conspirators in his mother and father. His mother contributed valuable suggestions about the catering and the music, his father some cash.

"Mother," said Stew, ten days before the party, "I want your advice on a very serious matter."

"Yes, you can wear your father's evening clothes," she answered.

"I've already arranged that," said Stew. "I want to ask you what would be a suitable present for a gentleman to give a lady."

"Oh, any little thing not too personal or expensive," said his mother. "Sixteen white rosebuds would be a pretty sentiment."

"Oh, flowers!" said Stewart. "Of course, I won't give flowers. She'll get oodles of flowers."

"Candy?"

"Candy is so temporary," objected Stew. "I want my present to be lasting and, you know, sort of different."

"A good book, perhaps?"

"To be read and tossed aside and forgotten?" said Stew. "No. A book won't do. She said only last night that she's too busy living life to read much about it."

"Ah, indeed? Well, how about perfume?"

"Morrie Kline is sure to bring her a gallon of it. His father owns a drug store."

"Gloves? Silk stockings?"

"I know three men who are giving gloves, and four who are giving stockings," said Stew. "Besides, they are mere trifles, at best."

"But, my dear boy," said his mother, "it wouldn't be proper to give her pearls, even if you could afford them."

"Ken Parsons is giving her pearls."

"Surely not real ones."

"They're almost real," said Stew. "Ken's father makes them. Of course *I'd* have to have a *lawyer* for a father!"

"How about a simple toilet set?"

"Art Deacon is giving her a pink one. His uncle Gus sells them."

"Book-ends?"

"Bugs Kelly is giving her bronze elephants. Pop Lucas is giving her chromium fish. Froggy Dubois is giving her plaster Cupids."

"And her not fond of books!" said Mrs. Ormsby. "Well, Stew, you have a problem, haven't you?"

"I studied it most of last night," said Stew. "Mother, I've simply got to think up something that will be utterly different and what you might call significant."

"NOW, Stew, you really mustn't get upset about it. After all, a birthday present isn't so frightfully important, you know."

"Not important?" cried Stew. "Why, it may mean everything."

"Everything?"

Very gravely he said:

"Mother, it may mean the turning point in my life."

"As serious as that?" said his mother.

"Yes."

"Has it anything to do with who takes whom to the Christmas Prom?"

"Why, yes," began Stew, and then: "Say, how do you know about that?"

"For an old lady of forty my hearing is still pretty good," said his mother. "I've heard it rumored that according to school custom, the boy who escorts a girl to the Christmas Prom establishes some sort of lien on her. I've even heard it said that they are considered, in a way, engaged, if she wears his frat pin

What an *Exciting Experience* the Studebaker miracle ride is !

CONVINCING "THIRD DEGREE" ROAD TESTS ARE MOTORING'S BIGGEST THRILL

IN THESE brilliant new miracle-ride Studebakers of 1935, you see automobiles that stand up and stand out under tests too exacting for most other cars.

These Studebaker Champions—the finest cars ever produced by Studebaker—are entirely new automobiles, not just new models. They're the world's first cars with the uncanny new Independent Planar Wheel Suspension which, for the first time in motoring, makes possible a combination of restful riding, sure footedness and obedient handling that no cars you ever drove have had. Every obstacle the wheels encounter is literally swallowed in the understructure of these Studebakers. And the bodies of steel reinforced by steel have steel roof panels on top of steel pillars, too.

Go to your Studebaker dealer and get the evidence for yourself. Go out for an exciting "third degree" road test. It's the proof of the miracle ride.

THREE GREAT MODELS AND EACH A CHAMPION

Dictator $695 . . Commander $925 . . President $1245

Base prices at the factory. Special equipment extra

It traveled 60 miles an hour here

Above is pictured a new 1935 Studebaker Champion sedan riding on the ties of the longest electric railway bridge in the world near Berrien Springs, Michigan. Studebaker's exclusive new Independent Planar Wheel Suspension made the rough "roadbed" of this abandoned trestle seem smooth and comfortable as a concrete highway—even for the passengers in the capacious rear seat.

AS LOW AS
$695
AT THE FACTORY

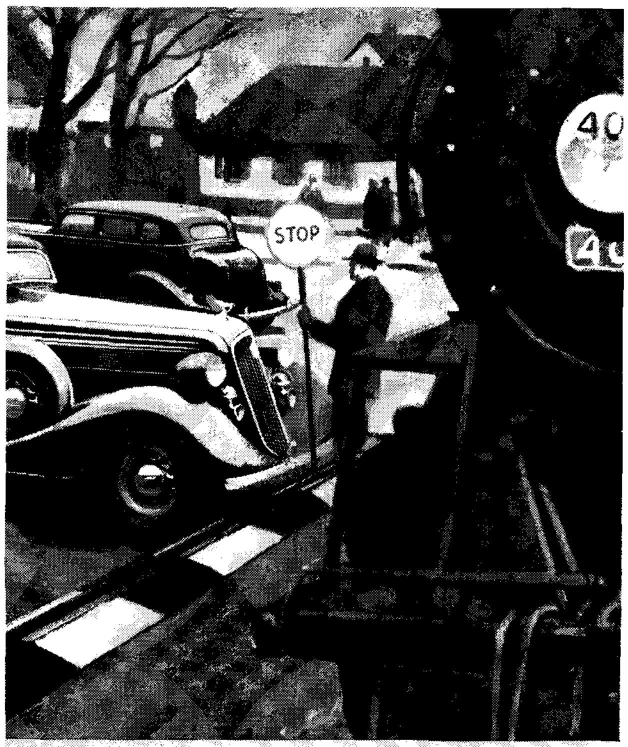
A Champion in looks and in deeds! The beautifully streamlined Studebaker bodies are bigger than ever inside—magnificently appointed and upholstered. They're built of steel reinforced by steel—with safety steel roof panels on top of steel pillars, too.

Studebaker Champions on the Air

Hear Richard Himber's Studebaker Champions orchestra twice a week every week. National Broadcasting Company Monday nights (Pacific Coast Friday nights). Columbia Broadcasting System Saturday nights.

Goes where you point it

You can lift your hands off the wheel and your new 1935 Studebaker Champion will steer straight—go where you point it. It stops straight, too, when you apply the hydraulic brakes. The wheels don't drift or weave—always stay on their course.



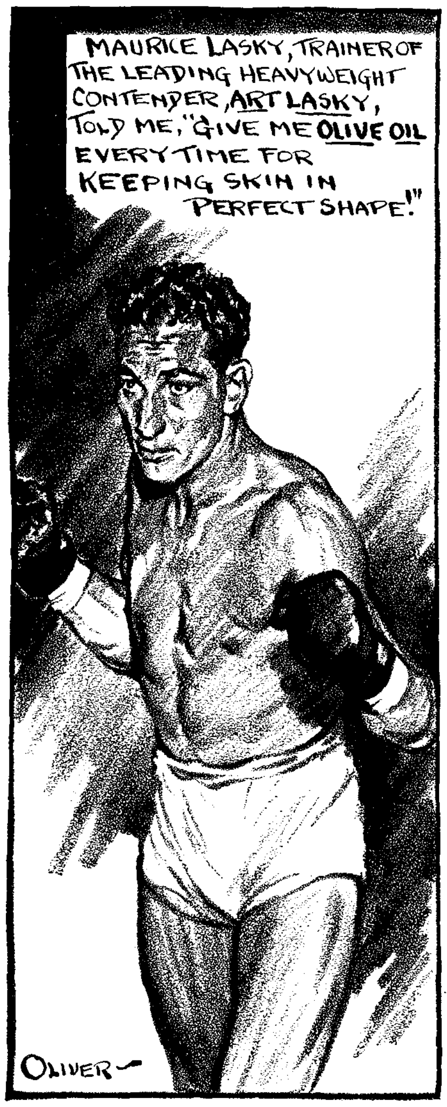
Safe with Compound Hydraulic Brakes

You stop swiftly, smoothly and in a straight line with the new compound hydraulic brakes that are factory engineered into all the new 1935 Studebaker Champions. These brakes keep the tremendous Studebaker power under reassuring control at all times.

The new 1935 Miracle Ride

STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS

THEY TOLD ME BY OLIVER


MAURICE LASKY, TRAINER OF THE LEADING HEAVYWEIGHT CONTENDER, ART LASKY, TOLD ME, "GIVE ME OLIVE OIL EVERY TIME FOR KEEPING SKIN IN PERFECT SHAPE!"
OLIVER

TO PREVENT RAZOR RAWNESS

... use the shaving cream made with Olive Oil—Palmolive!

BOXING'S a rough game . . . but the rasp of a razor across your face every day—that's mighty rough, too!

And it is for the express purpose of preventing this after-shave irritation . . . for keeping your face in the best of condition, fresh and smooth always, that Palmolive Shave Cream is made with just the right amount of olive oil! For, as thousands of athletes, trainers and skin specialists would tell you, olive oil is in a class by itself when it comes to soothing irritated skin.

It is also this same unique formula, including olive oil, that explains Palmolive's richer, heavier lather. Lather that stands up for a full ten minutes—never dries or wilts while it gives you the closest, cleanest, easiest shave you ever had. Why not get a tube of Palmolive Shave Cream today!

LARGE SIZE TUBE—100 SHAVES FOR 25¢

PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM
PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM

40¢ GIANT SIZE 200 SHAVES

The Siren's Call

Continued from page 34

to the prom. I dare say that's an exaggeration—"

"Excuse me, please," said Stew. "I've got to go down to the cellar and fix the snow shovel."

"But, Stew, there hasn't been a sign of snow yet."

"I've made a deal with Dad," he explained. "I've signed a regular contract to shovel all the snow all winter for eight dollars. Payable in advance."

He vanished cellarward.

ON THE morning of the party, the Ormsbys, mother, father and son, were at breakfast.

"Stew, where were you last night?" asked Mr. Ormsby.

"Over in Newark," replied Stew. "Getting something for the party."

"Your present?" said his mother. "What did you get?"

"I'd rather not say."

"A baby elephant for a pet?" guessed his father.

"Whatever it is," said Stew, "nobody else will give her anything like it."

"Sixteen white turtle doves?" said his father.

"Let him alone, Frank," said Mrs. Ormsby. "Whatever he got he paid for with his own money." . . .

That evening Mrs. Ormsby invited Sallie Beth and her mother to the Ormsby home, ostensibly to play bridge. By a happy chance, Sallie Beth wore a new and artful party dress of shimmery silver. They had but cut the cards when the door was thrown open and the guests rushed in, shouting "Surprise, surprise!" From the dining-room, Stewart Ormsby made his entrance. He bore a huge cake on which sixteen candles glowed. Sallie Beth gave little gurgles and cries of ecstasy and surprise.

"Ah'm so happy," she said. "Gaylord, you're a perfect lamb."

She gave his arm a squeeze. The perfect lamb emitted a sharp yelp of pain, then, regaining his composure, said:

"And now, Miss Sallie Beth, if you'll step into the dining-room, you'll see something."

Presents were piled high on the dining-room table. With exclamations of rapture, Sally Beth opened them.

"Oh, what perfectly ducky book-ends! Thank you, Bugs. You're an angel. And perfume! Ah adore it. Morrie, you're a dear. And pearls! Oh, Ken, how did you know Ah was just pining for pearls? Who gave me this darling book?"

In time the last package was unwrapped and its contents purred over.

"What did you give her, Jack?" asked Art Deacon.

Jack Ward had not troubled to don his evening clothes; all the others wore dinner jackets, and there were a few tails. He wore his everyday school clothes, not pressed, and a supercilious look.

"Yes, what did you give her, Jack?" asked Stew.

"Nothing," grunted Jack. "I never give presents. Childish custom."

"What a crumb!" said Art in Stew's ear. "He's got a bigger allowance than any of us."

"Speaking of presents," drawled Jack, "I haven't noticed any diamond tiaras from Mr. S. Ormsby."

"I was saving my present for last," said Stew. "Oh, Sallie Beth."

"What?"

"Look!" cried Stew. Dramatically he pulled off his coat, and bared his arm to the shoulder. Sallie Beth and all of them crowded around him. They saw on his upper arm a large heart of vivid cerise outlined in purple. Through the heart ran an arrow of violent green and on the heart in bold, blue letters were the words "SALLIE BETH."

"It's tattooed," gasped that young lady.

"Yes," said Stewart Ormsby, beaming. "It's tattooed. It will never come off."

She stared at it.

"Like it?" asked Stew.

"It's—it's real cute," she said. "Is that my present?"

"That's your present," said Stew.

"Ah don't know what to say, Gaylord," said Sallie Beth. "Ah never did have a present like that in all my born days."

She examined it more closely.

"Did it hurt?" she asked.

"Well, yes it did," admitted Stew. "But it was nothing."

In the living-room dance music started. Stew possessively took Sallie Beth in his arms and whirled her away in a dance related, if distantly, to the rhumba.

It was a good party, all agreed; but even good parties must end. Stew claimed the last dance with Sallie Beth—not without opposition—and he contrived to steer her to the seclusion of a small room his father used for a den.

Breathlessly he began:

"Miss Sallie Beth, I reckon you all know how I feel about you all by this time. If you had any doubts, I guess this just about proves it—"

He tapped his sleeve.

"Sallie Beth, when a man feels about a woman in such a way that he has her name tattooed on him, I think they—that is he and she—ought to do something about it, something definite, I mean."

She looked up at him archly.

"What, Gaylord?" she asked.

"Well," he said, "you know what it means if you go to the Christmas Prom with a man and wear his frat pin."

"Yes, I know."

"Well, Sallie Beth," he said, "the long and the short of it is that I want you to go to the prom with me and wear my pin—"

He stopped abruptly. His eyes had been gripped and held by a tiny Greek-letter pin on her dress. He pointed at it with a quivering finger.

"Whose pin is that, Sallie Beth?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Jack Ward's."

"Are you going to the Prom with him?"

"Yes. You see, Gaylord," she began, but before she could finish her sentence, Jack Ward appeared in the doorway.

"Come on, Toots," he said, curtly. "I'm dragging you home."

"Yes, Jack," said Sallie Beth, and went with him.

IN THE den he stayed till the last guest had gone and in the den his mother found him. He was crying. He blinked back his tears when he saw her. She came over and sat beside him and put her arm around his shoulder.

"Never mind, Stew," she said. "It was a lovely party."

"Lovely party!" he cried. "I never want to go to another party as long as I live. Mother, my mind's made up. I'm going to be a monk."

"Millions of men have said that," his mother said, "but there aren't so very many monks. Remember, Stew, you're not so very old. You have to learn about many things—girls, for example."

"I know all about girls I ever want to know," said Stew. "They're utterly untrustworthy, that's what they are. She didn't care about me at all. She was planning, all along, to go to the Prom with that sneering ape, Jack Ward. I was nice to her. I gave her a party. I got myself tattooed, even. Why should she like him? He gave her nothing and he treats her—well, like dirt."

"My dear boy," said his mother, gently, "many men, far older, wiser and more experienced than you have tried to answer that question. Why does a woman give her heart to a man? Even the woman herself isn't sure. You are going through what all boys must go through to become men. I know you are suffering now; but I know, too, that you will get over it and be wiser and stronger afterward. I'll bet you a suit of evening clothes that after that girl has gone back home next spring you'll forget her in a month or so."

"Forget her?" moaned Stew. "I wish I could; but how can I—with this?"

He waved his decorated arm despairingly.

"Ah, yes, I'd forgotten," said his mother. "Did it hurt a lot, Stew?"

"Something fierce," he said.

"Dear, dear," murmured his mother. "Stew, there's some ice cream left."

"I'm not hungry."

"I'll throw it out, then. It won't keep."

She rose and started for the kitchen.

"Wait a minute, Mother," said Stew. "I'm going to have to shovel snow all winter to pay for that ice cream. I guess I might as well get some good out of it."

SNOW fell the next morning. It was ankle-deep by noon. Mr. Ormsby, returning home from his office, discovered his son shoveling energetically.

"Atta boy," said Mr. Ormsby. "Feeling better, I see."

"I'm okeydoke," said Stew. "Say, Dad—"

"What is it?"

"You know our snow-removal contract?"

"I do. Want to break it?"

"No, indeed," said Stew. "I want to extend it. To cover next winter, too, I mean."

"On the same terms?"

"Yes, sir. Eight dollars, payable in advance."

"I gather," said Mr. Ormsby, "that you have some immediate need for the eight dollars."

"Yes, sir."

"A pressing need, perhaps?"

"Well, yes, sir."

"May I, as one of the parties to the contract, inquire what you need the eight plunks for?" said Mr. Ormsby.

Stew's face, already pink from the cold, grew two shades pinker.

"Well, sir," he said, "I saw that man over in Newark—the man who tattooed me."

"And what did that artist say?"

"He said," replied Stew, and a grin began to come to his face, "that he can't get the name out, but that for eight dollars he can change it into a couple of dragons."

"A bargain," declared Mr. Ormsby.

"He also said," continued Stew, the grin widening, "that if ever I want it done, he'll tattoo another name under the heart—and won't charge me a cent."

"Very liberal of him, I'm sure," said Mr. Ormsby. "Are you going to have it done?"

"I utterly doubt it, sir," said Stew.

Talk so far for so little

ESPECIALLY AFTER 8:30 P. M.

ABOUT 75 MILES FOR 35 CENTS*

ABOUT 150 MILES FOR 50 CENTS*

Go visiting tonight . . . by telephone

***3-minute, station-to-station rates**

TAKE *Dozens* OF Snapshots at NIGHT

. . . WITH THIS LAMP NOW 25¢ LIST

LOOK FOR THIS MARK

IT'S EASY! If you can take pictures in daylight, you can take them indoors at night . . . *thanks to supersensitive film and G-E MAZDA Photoflood lamps.*

And snapshots at night are inexpensive, too, because G-E MAZDA Photoflood lamps are good for two hours of picture-taking . . . last for dozens of pictures.

Try some. All you need is a camera with a fast F/6.3 lens* (use wide open) supersensitive film, and a few Photoflood bulbs in bridge, table or floor lamps. Then you are ready to snap pictures of the family circle, friends, and parties . . . indoors AT NIGHT!

Your druggist or camera dealer can supply you with film and lamps. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

**Box cameras and folding cameras with slow lenses can get good pictures with time exposures of one or two seconds.*

FOR BABIES . . . PETS . . . ACTION

use G-E MAZDA Photo*flash* lamps to get the picture. Operate simply, in any light socket or from flashlight batteries. Enable even box cameras to take lively night shots. Each lamp gets one picture. Retails for 15c.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA PHOTO LAMPS

Now Picture That

Continued from page 9

through which she expresses her love of flowers, trees, her glory in the sea, the wind and the rain.

When I asked her about her murals, she said, "To me, murals should be a part of the background, a part of the general wall treatment. They should not be like a railroad train constantly jumping out at you."

She feels that the impersonal theme is more restful to live with and at times this quality in her work amounts almost to an abstraction. It is more genuinely artistic, she feels. "Spaces count for so much in composition. They are as important in the whole scheme as the figure." And you have only to study one of her flower compositions to understand exactly what she means.

There is yet another mural school of thought. The modern composite type which tells a complete story from beginning to end. If you are one of those who have made the tour of Rockefeller Center within the last few months you will know what I mean, for you probably saw the murals on the walls of the Mezzanine Rotunda of the National Broadcasting Company. These cover a space of 160 feet in circumference and are ten and one half feet high. And by the way, would it ever occur to you that these gigantic decorations were made from negatives measuring exactly five by seven inches?

Composing the Mural

Over the luncheon table I talked with their creator, Margaret Bourke-White. The drama of industry is her métier. It's nothing to her to crawl on her stomach through a quarter-mile passage in a coal mine one thousand feet below the surface to get a desired picture. Three successive summers she has spent in Russia, as the guest of the Soviet government, catching the industrial spirit of that country. This past summer she was sent to photograph the tragedy of the drought upon our midwest plains. You may be sure I listened to this slender slip of a young woman with considerable interest. She described the evolution of a composite mural:

"From the story standpoint it should be a synopsis of detail leading up to a climax. The general theme must be symbolic. Take the sending mural in the Rockefeller Center group, for instance. The climactic point is the microphone placed directly in the center of the mural. On either side are subsidiary panels of the various mechanisms—generator, sending tubes, condensers, coils, which lead up to the microphone. On either side of this central motif is a narrow panel of bus-bars, long, vertical bars which carry the wires and make such an interesting design in themselves that I used them as a border pattern. At either end of the group I placed the aerials. The whole is a photographic story of the mechanics of sending sound out into the air, a modern conception suited both to the subject and the interior architecture of the room. For besides being appropriate in subject matter a mural, you know, should bear a very definite relation to the interior style of the room."

As to the practical side, the cost and what-not, measure your wall space and then figure approximately two dollars to the square foot. If you want to paper an entire room it will cost you relatively less for a greater amount. And this is about the price of good scenic wall paper. If you are as poor at figures as I am, it will save you a lot of trouble to know that a panel for over the mantel or the davenport will cost about thirty or thirty-five dollars. Cheap enough when you realize how much you would pay for a good mirror to fit the same space. Or an oil painting. Or even a fine reproduction of one.

"Can you move it?" someone asks. Yes, particularly if it is a panel. Good murals are always mounted on canvas or some type of wallboard and easily transported. Wall paper is mounted on muslin first. Remember, however, that if the mural has been closely related to one room it may not fit another. But in that case you can always get another mural.

If you are anything of a camera fiend, why not make one? If there *is* a secret ingredient it is something that no one can sell you—patience and infinite pains. But I will introduce John Moss; he will tell you just how to do it.

If you went to the Chicago Fair last summer you undoubtedly visited the Ford Exposition Building. There, among other things, you saw a huge photomural that almost completely encircled the Great Rotunda at the south end of the 1934 building. If you remember, it told the complete story of the manufacturing processes in the construction of the Ford car. It is one of the biggest photomurals yet made, consisting of 580 running feet, twenty feet high. John Moss supervised the construction and assembling of that mural under Walter Dorwin Teague, who conceived the idea.

Now John Moss is not a professional photographer at all; he is, however, one of the world's first amateurs. Furthermore, he is an artist and an engineer.

It was an enthusiastic young man who answered my question, "Can amateur photographers make their own murals?"

"Certainly," he replied quickly, "I am making a mural for my own living-room right now. The size of the camera has nothing to do with it. I work with a miniature camera that has a negative one inch by one and one half inches. But it makes a splendid picture and a fine detailed enlargement. It's the quality of the lens that really counts, you know. The better it is the better the detail. With mine I am working out a mural thirty-six inches long and ten inches high for a wall space over a window. And I am composing it of a series of enlargements.

"I work in the kitchen and the bathroom of my apartment. Many amateurs have fine dark-rooms in the basement. It would be quite simple for them to build a small projection-room in one end. I do most of my work in the evening when I get home from the office and over the week-end. Working at it in that way it will take me about a week and a half to finish the job.

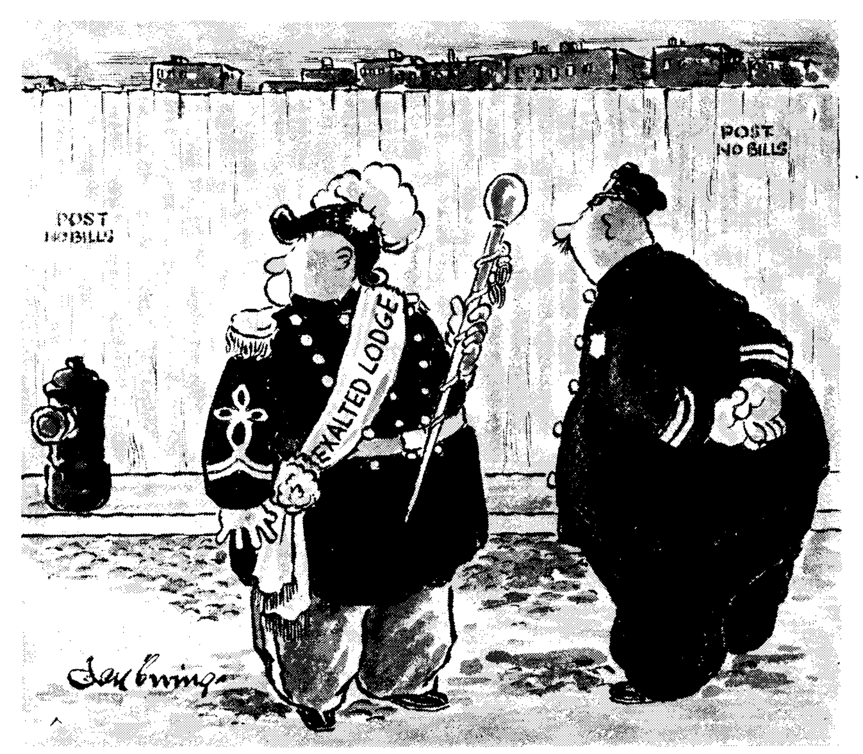
Tips for Tyros

"You know," he continued eagerly, "patience is really the big factor for a successful job. Exposures must be so carefully timed; a few seconds' difference will wreck the grays and then your prints won't match. The prints next must be carefully joined so that roof lines won't be cockeyed and horizons shooting off at tangents. Every image must be well matched. Then the mural as a whole must be considered from the standpoint of composition and the balance of light and shade.

"For mounting, compo board is easier for the amateur. The murals could be pasted on the wall but if they are mounted first they can always be moved. A good stout glue is necessary to hold the paper down and then if the edges are sandpapered to a bevel the pull on the edge is lessened and the mural won't curl. In cold weather the paper has a greater tendency to curl and harden, so to remedy that, after your prints have been washed, soak them for five or ten minutes in glycerin water mixed in the proportion of two ounces of glycerin to sixty-four of water.

"If the picture is treated as a straight panel, you can outline the edges with molding and have a very nice, a very decorative finish. Really, it's a lot of fun."

All of which is just another way of saying that whether you make it or buy it, a photographic mural is just about the most fascinating, the most unique piece of decoration that one could have in one's home.

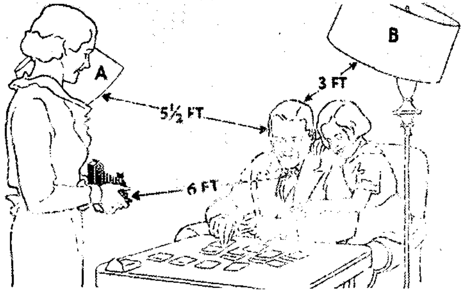


"They must've turned off somewhere. . . ." JAY IRVING

Join up with the new idea in *Picture Making*

WHY NOT MAKE THIS PICTURE TONIGHT?

Use Kodak "SS" Film. Set your camera for 1/25 second—Open the lens to f.6.3. Put 1 Mazda Photoflood bulb in lamp A—2 in lamp B. Distances as indicated. Sight the subject, click the shutter—and you've made the picture.



Snapshots indoors—AT NIGHT

so easy to make with Kodak "SS" Film

THE OPEN SEASON for snapshots has been extended. Now you can make snapshots indoors—at NIGHT. A new world of picture opportunities . . .

Just use any camera with an *f*.6.3 (or faster) lens, loaded with Kodak Super Sensitive Panchromatic Film. This high-speed "SS" Film is three times as fast as Verichrome, six times as fast as ordinary film under artificial light.

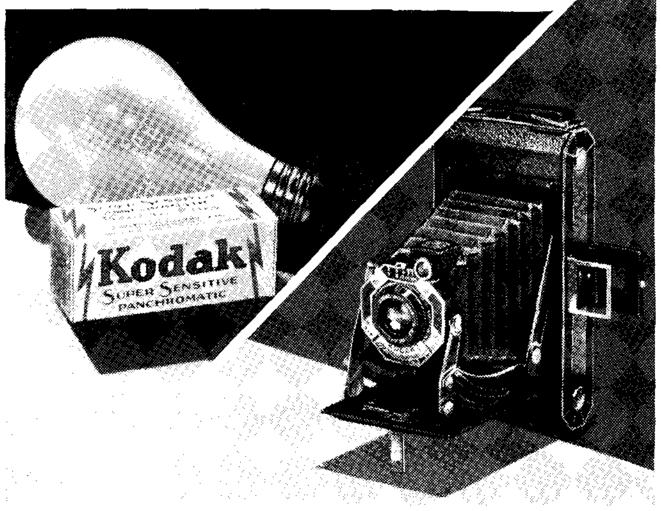
Two or three Mazda Photoflood bulbs give ample light . . . cost but 25¢ each . . . last for many pictures . . . give you hours of picture-making fun.

Hold the camera in your hands as you would outdoors, set it for 1/25 second, open the lens to *f*.6.3. Sight the subject, click the shutter. You've made a snapshot. Indoors . . . at night.

If you own a box camera . . . or an inexpensive folding one—you can still make pictures at night. Use "SS" or Verichrome Film with Photo*flash* bulb. See free folder . . . *Only Eastman makes the Kodak.*

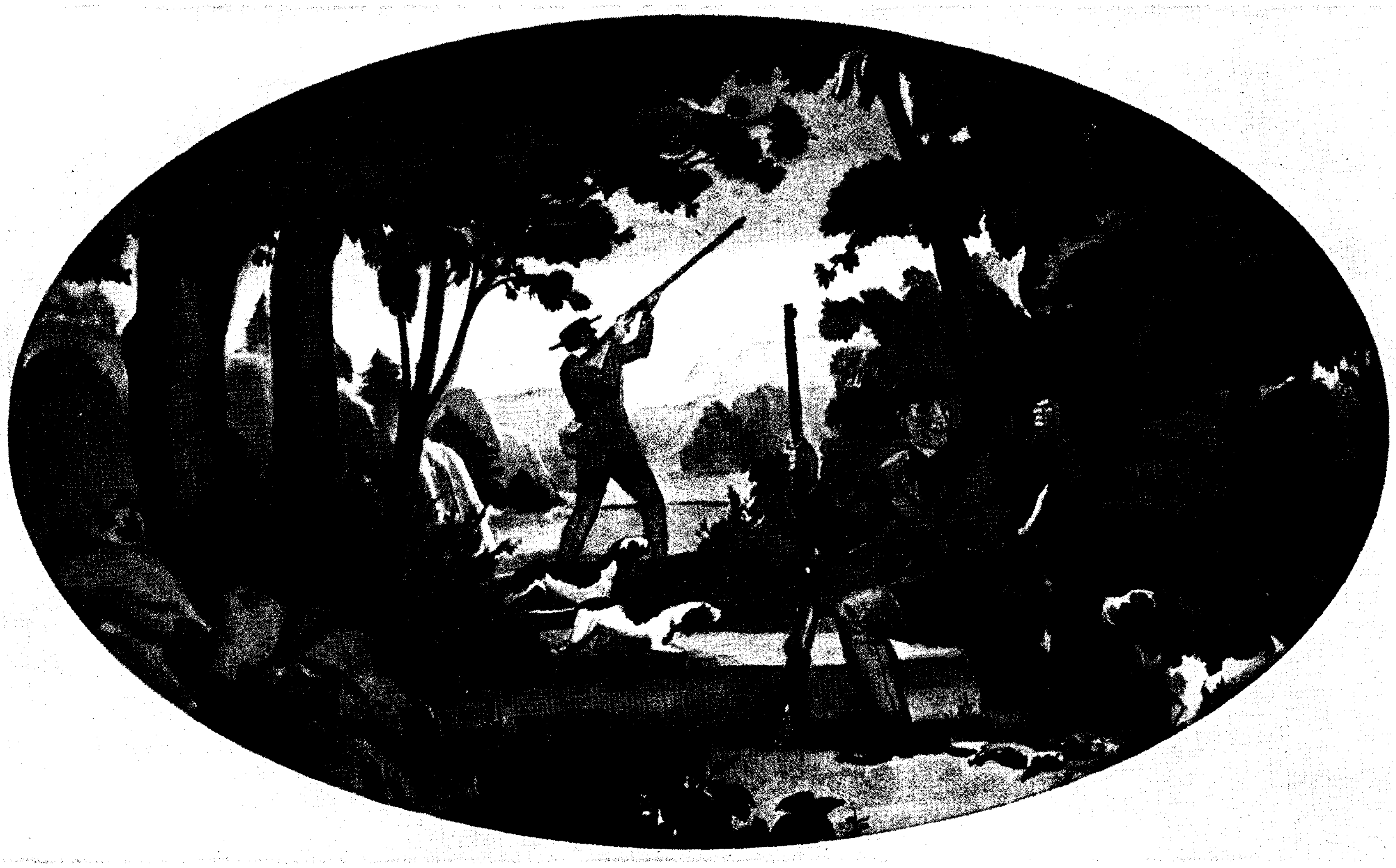
FREE FOLDER Complete instructions on indoor night photography. Photo*flood* snapshots . . . Photo*flash* pictures . . . all are covered in this free folder. At your Kodak dealer's—or write for your copy today. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y.

KODAK "SS" . . . the lightning-fast film, with the green lightning flashes on the familiar yellow box—the film that, indoors or out, in any light, improves picture quality.



KODAK SIX-20 with Kodak Anastigmat lens *f*.6.3, ideal for night snapshots. Pictures 2¼ x 3¼ inches, price $17.50. Kodak Six-16, with *f*.6.3 lens, pictures 2½ x 4¼ inches, $20.

Squirrel rifles cracked in the Kentucky forests to spread Crab Orchard's reputation for good living



OVER at the hotel in Crab Orchard, young marksmen from the surrounding country used to find a ready market for squirrels, if they were plump and tender.

For "quality folk" from Louisville, down through the Cumberland valley, and up beyond Cincinnati journeyed to that quiet little town, to "take the waters" of its famous limestone spring, and enjoy the old-fashioned southern eatables and drinkables of its picturesque hotel.

Among the gentry who gathered there were naturally some excellent judges of Bourbon. And those critical gentlemen went away not only with pleasant memories of luscious squirrel pie, or 'possum roasted with sweet potatoes, but also of a marvelously mellow local whiskey, named for the town where it was made.

Gradually the reputation of Crab Orchard Whiskey spread throughout the Blue Grass country—as tales of its goodness, or perhaps a jug for juleps, were carried home. But for almost sixty years, Crab Orchard remained a local favorite.

Then came the confused days after prohibition. People wanted something hard to find. They wanted a straight whiskey—made the good old-fashioned way—smooth and pleasing to taste—and they wanted a low price.

And because that was exactly what Crab Orchard offered, it became *America's fastest-selling straight whiskey.* Anywhere from Broadway to the Golden Gate, you'll find it the popular favorite today.

Made in old Kentucky
Straight as a string
Smooth and satisfying to taste
Sold at a popular price

NATIONAL DISTILLERS

This Emblem Protects You

Crab Orchard

AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING STRAIGHT WHISKEY

© 1935, The American Medicinal Spirits Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

The Smoky Years

Continued from page 23

"She was riding with a man."

"Who was it?"

"He doesn't know that. You see, it was dark; and all he can say is it didn't look like anybody he knew. They was heading out of town toward the west, and there was blanket rolls and saddle bags on both saddles."

"Is that all you got?"

"That's all we got yet. As soon as we found out this, we thought you'd want to hear it. We aim to try again on the horse situation, next thing. If we can only find out whose horses those were, we'll find out who the man with her was."

"It beats me," Lew Gordon exploded impatiently, "why the hell you can't find out a simple thing like what horses she took. I know hootin' well she didn't take mine, and somebody sure must know—"

"It's awful hard going, finding out that," the marshal said mildly. "What few friends this Roper has in Miles City seem real tie-fast. If they're close enough to Roper to know what he's up to, they're close enough to keep their mouths shut. Mostly they're old side kicks of Dusty King's. Dusty was a great hand to make friends that never would go back on him, and seems like they don't go back on his boy, neither."

Lew Gordon suppressed his exasperation with the greatest difficulty, but he did not speak again until he had it under control.

"All right," he said at last. "I guess you fellers are doing the best you can. Go on ahead; try to find out about the ponies they took, and who she was with—in case that was really her."

WHEN they were gone Lew Gordon sat alone for a little while. For the moment his helpless anger was burned down into a heavy weariness. His mind was full of his daughter, whom he persistently pictured as a little girl, much more of a child than she actually was any more.

Suddenly it struck him how curious it was that in this bare room in which he sat there was no sign of any kind that Jody had ever been here at all. This was partly because she had never lived here nor even been expected here; but it brought home to him sharply how much of his life had been given to cattle, how little to his daughter. It made him realize how little he knew her, and how little he had ever given her of himself.

This was Lew Gordon's state of mind as the door thrust open, letting in a brief lash of wintry wind; and he wheeled in his chair to face the last man on earth he had expected to see.

Bill Roper shook a powdering of dry snow off the roll of his coat collar, then stood looking at Lew Gordon in a cool, hard silence as he pulled off his gloves. This was the outlaw leader on whose head Gordon had put a price double that posted by Thorpe, his own bitterest enemy. Once this man had been almost a son to Lew Gordon—the adopted son, in actuality, of Lew Gordon's dead partner. But a definite enmity now replaced what a little while ago had been a friendship as deep and close as the variance in their ages could permit. All the meaning of their association, almost as long as Bill Roper's life, was gone, wiped out by those two smoky years since the death of Dusty King.

FOR a moment or two Lew Gordon stared at him in utter disbelief. Then he whipped to his feet.

"Where is she?" he demanded intensely, furiously. "What have you done with her?"

Bill Roper no longer looked like the youngster Dusty King had raised on the trail. His gray eyes looked hard and extremely competent, old beyond his age, in a face so dark and lean-carved it was hard to recognize behind it the face of Dusty King's kid. He made no attempt to answer a question which was necessarily meaningless to him. He finished pulling off his gloves, unbuttoned his coat, and hooked his thumbs in his belt before he spoke.

"I heard yesterday that Jody has turned up missing," he said. "I came to Miles hell-for-leather to see if it's so. From what I could find out down in the town, no word has come in on where she is. If that's true, I don't aim to give my time to anything else until she's found."

"By God," said Lew Gordon, "I've got reason to think you know exactly where she is right now!"

"If I knew that I wouldn't be here. What I want from you is what you know about this."

"You mean to deny you know where she is?" Gordon shouted.

Roper's voice did not change. "You talk like a fool," he said.

Lew Gordon's eyes were savagely intent upon Roper's face; he was trying to discover if this man could be believed.

"You may be lying," he said at last, "and you may not, but I'll tell you this—you sure won't leave here till I find out where my girl is. You're wanted anyway, my laddie buck; there's a legal reward on your head, right now—and part of it was put up by me."

"I heard that," Bill Roper said. "When I get ready to leave, I'll leave, all right. My advice to you is to begin using your head. I may be in a kind of funny position. But it puts me where I know things about the Montana range that neither you nor your outfits have got any clue to. If you want your daughter back you better figure to use what I know about the Deep Grass."

Lew Gordon compelled himself to temporize.

"What is it you want to know?" he asked at last, helpless, and angry in his helplessness.

"In the first place, I want to know what made you think Jody was with me?"

"You swear," Lew Gordon demanded, "you don't know the answer to that?"

"I don't swear anything," Roper said. "I asked you a question, Lew."

Lew Gordon hesitated. It was a good many years since anyone had talked to him in the tone Bill Roper took; but for once the purpose in hand outpowered the violence of his natural reaction. He turned from his litter of papers and handed Bill Roper the little scrap of Jody's handwriting which was all she had left to indicate where she had gone: "One of you must be made to see reason. I am going to talk to Billy Roper myself."

WHEN Bill Roper had read that, the eyes of the two men met in hostile question.

"This looks mighty like a false lead to me," Bill Roper said at last. "Like as if she aimed to cover up where she really went. Don't hardly seem likely she'd start out to come to me."

"My girl don't cover up anything," Lew Gordon snarled at him.

"You lost her, didn't you?"

Gordon turned away with a jerk. His boot heels sounded dull and heavy on the carpetless floor as he resumed the pacing which had lately occupied so many of his hours.

"She in love with some man?" Roper demanded bluntly.

Lew Gordon reddened darkly, but he answered, "Hell, no."

"Some boy in one of your outfits could be shining up to her without you knowing it, I guess."

"All my boys are accounted for. She didn't even know anybody else, anywhere around Miles."

"She rode out with somebody just the same."

Gordon's eyes lifted sharply. "You knew that?"

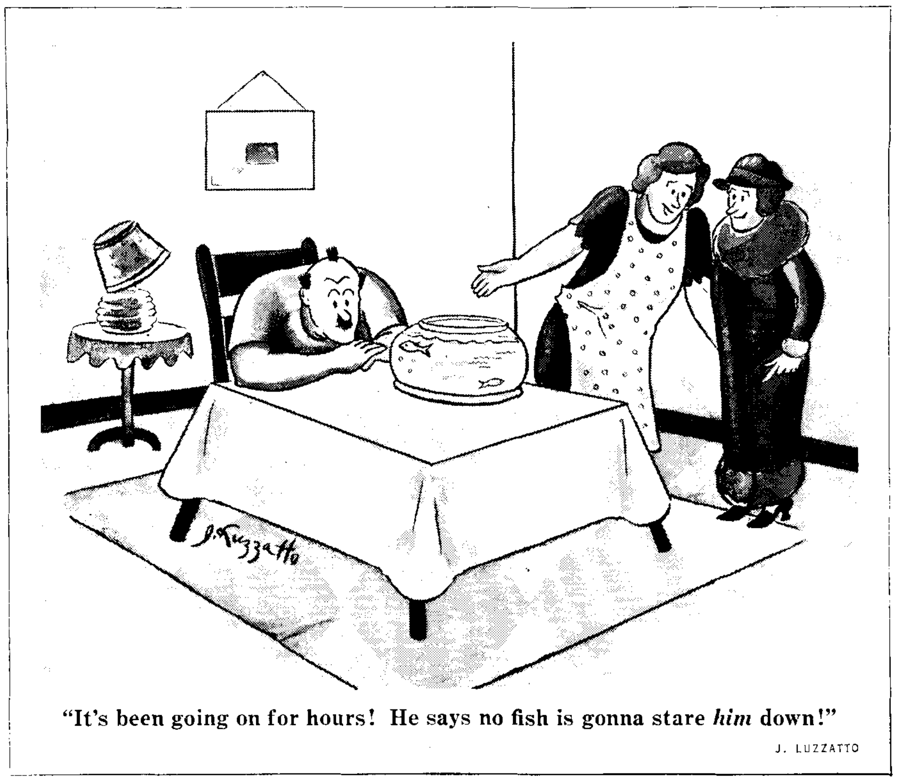
"Seem to, don't I?"

Gordon resumed his sullen pacing.

"Lew," Roper said, an edge of anger coming into his own voice, "did you have a row with that girl?"

"Stay back of your rights," Gordon warned. "There's such a thing as more slack than I'll take from anybody."

(*Continued on page 44*)



"It's been going on for hours! He says no fish is gonna stare *him* down!"

J. LUZZATTO

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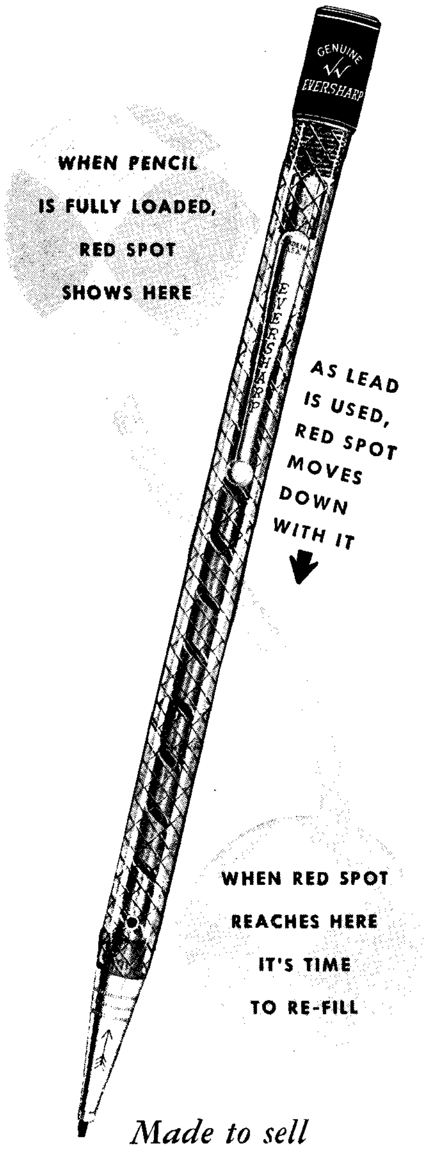
THAT TELLS YOU

WHEN TO RE-FILL!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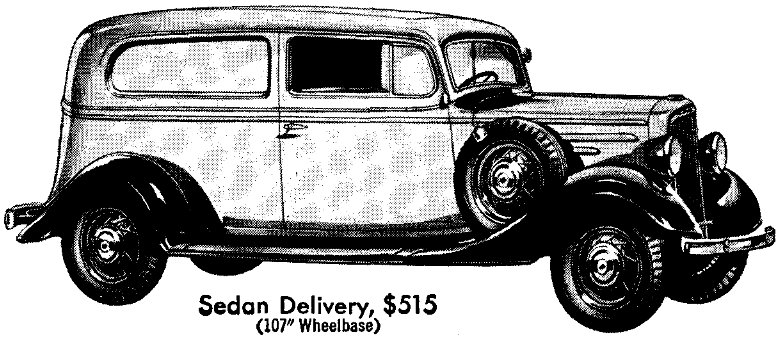
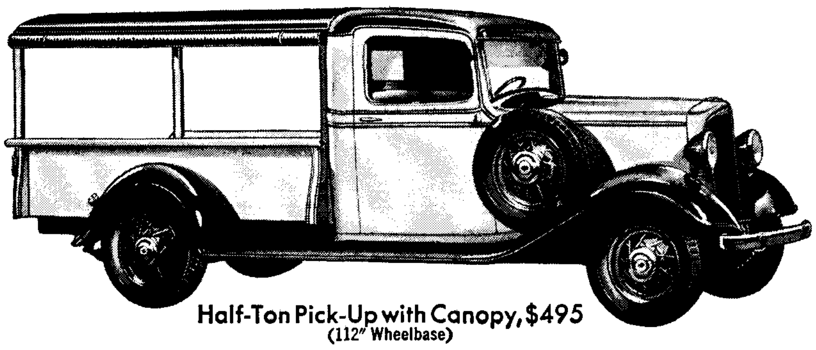
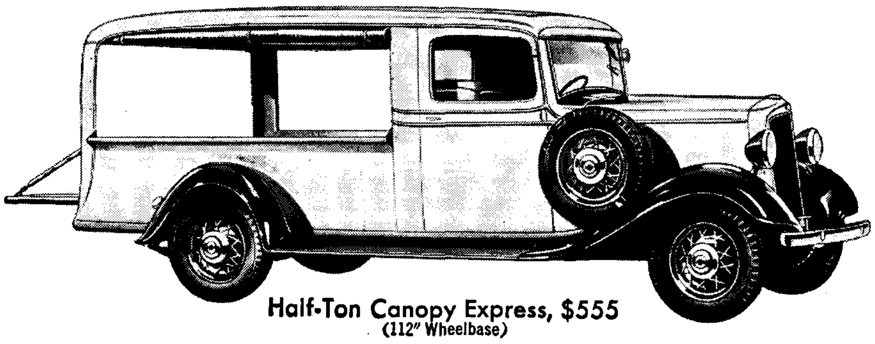


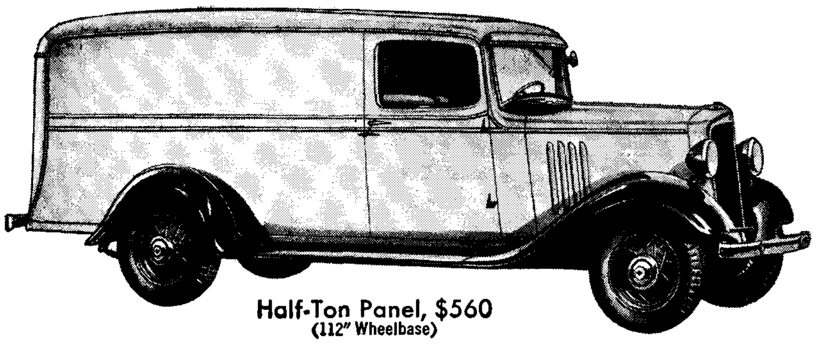
Sedan Delivery, $515
(107" Wheelbase)



Half-Ton Pick-Up with Canopy, $495
(112" Wheelbase)



Half-Ton Canopy Express, $555
(112" Wheelbase)



Half-Ton Panel, $560
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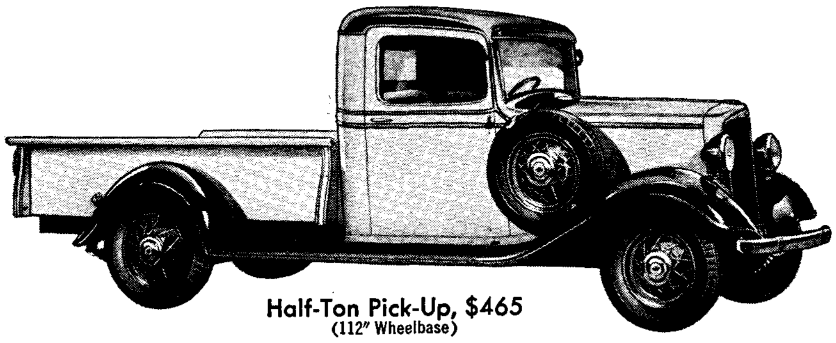
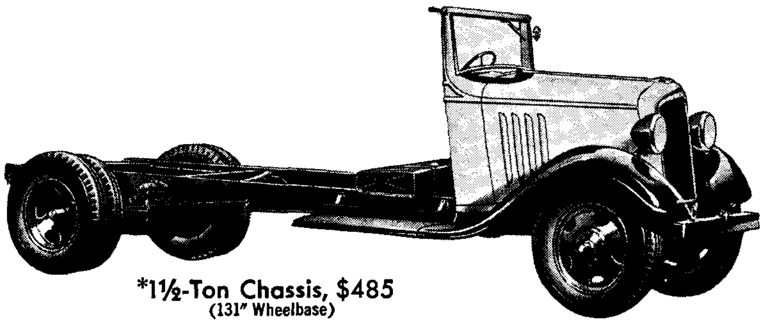


Half-Ton Pick-Up, $465
(112" Wheelbase)



***1½-Ton Chassis, $485**
(131" Wheelbase)

*Above are list prices of commercial cars f. o. b. at Flint, Michigan. Special equipment extra. *Dual wheels and tires $20 extra. Prices subject to change without notice.*

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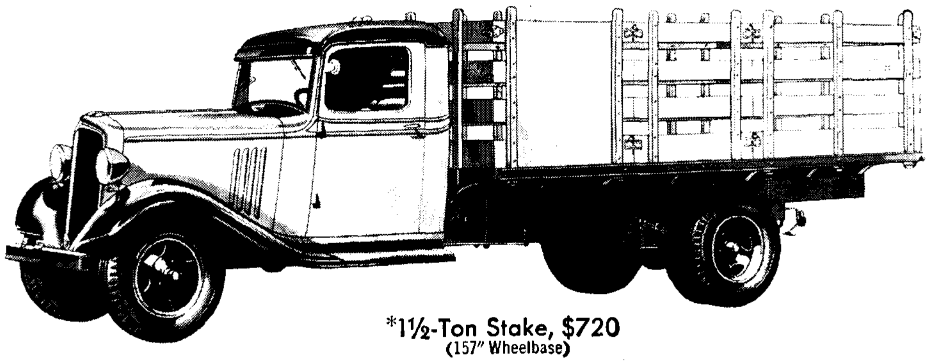
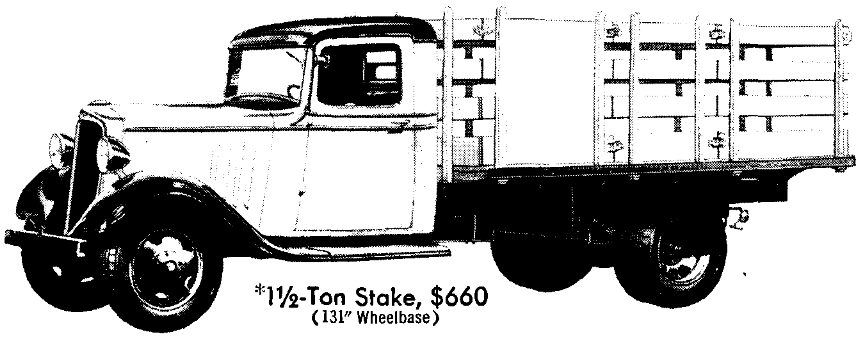
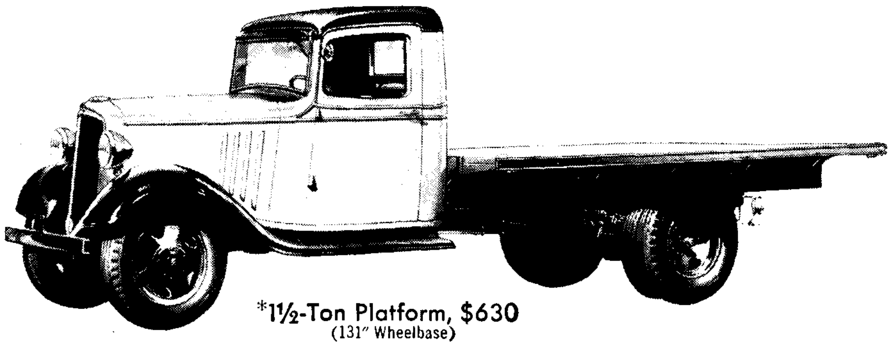


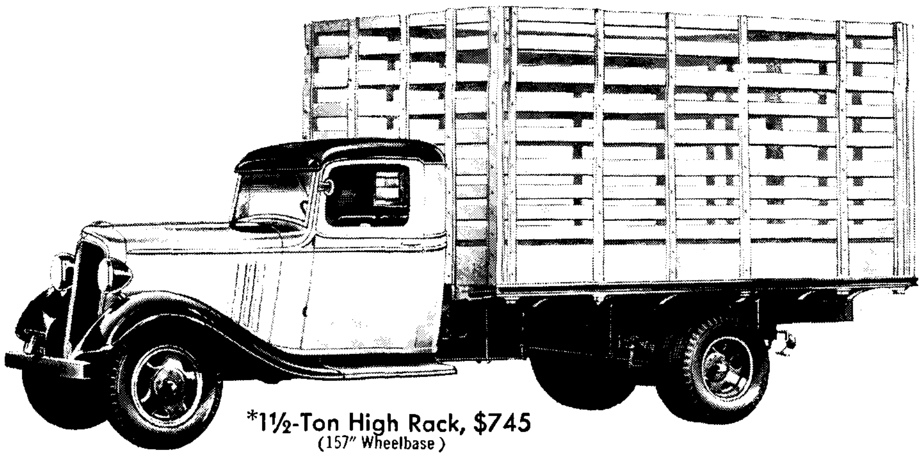
*1½-Ton Stake, $720
(157" Wheelbase)



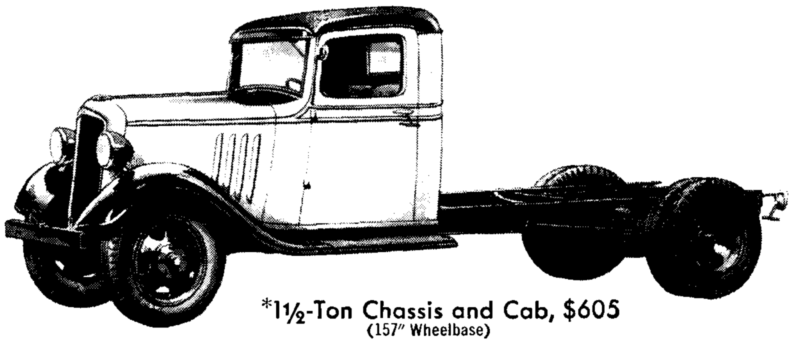
*1½-Ton Stake, $660
(131" Wheelbase)



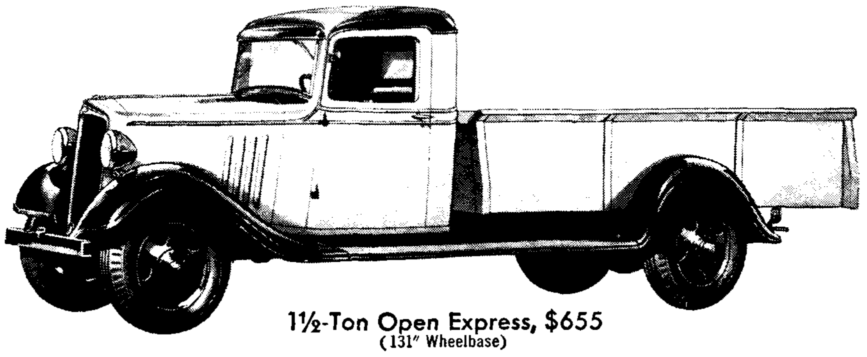
*1½-Ton Platform, $630
(131" Wheelbase)



*1½-Ton High Rack, $745
(157" Wheelbase)



*1½-Ton Chassis and Cab, $605
(157" Wheelbase)



1½-Ton Open Express, $655
(131" Wheelbase)

TRUCKS

CHEVROLET

A TRUE STORY

about JOHN ROY REID

Awarded highest score out of 600 babies competing in Oklahoma State Fair's "Health Clinic" . . . Simple health aid he uses regularly described by mother.

Any parent can easily imagine how thrilled a mother is when her child earns the highest score for health in competition with over 600 babies. In the case of John Roy Reid, the winning of a health award at 23 months of age must have been especially gratifying to his mother, Mrs. J. R. Reid, 1441 West 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Only fourteen months before entering the State Fair "Health Clinic" competition, John Roy was subject to habitual constipation, an ailment certainly not conducive to glowing health then or in the future. Mrs. Reid made a simple decision, one that proved of immediate and lasting benefit to her child.

Now very active and over two years old, John Roy still uses the simple health aid mentioned by his mother in her letter below:

"It gives me great pleasure to recommend Nujol, especially for children.

"My little boy was weaned at nine months and developed an acute aversion for liquids. Due to the small amount that he consumed, he was habitually constipated.

"Daily use of Nujol quickly cleared this up, and at 23 months of age, out of over 600 babies competing in a "Health Clinic" at the Oklahoma State Fair, John Roy made the highest score.

"Am enclosing a picture of him. He is now 26 months old and although very active, still finds Nujol to be one of his greatest aids to perfect health."

Nujol, "regular as clockwork," now comes in two forms, plain Nujol and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children. You can get it at any drug store.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco Incorporated, Dept. 2-Z, 2 Park Ave., New York City.

Copr. 1935, Stanco Inc.

The Smoky Years

Continued from page 41

"Uh huh," Roper said, "you did have a row with her. Just what was this about, Lew?"

Suddenly the older man came to the end of his endurance. "By God, if anything came up between Jody and me, you were behind it! Just as you're the cause of the cutthroat war that Thorpe has put on us in every territory in the West, and every mile of the Trail. Just as you're the cause of every costly ruckus King-Gordon has had, since the death of Dusty King. It's a wonder to me I don't blast you where you stand."

"Even if I stood here and let you," Roper commented, "you couldn't fire on me while I stood here without raising a hand. You've proved out mighty weak-handed, Lew, without Dusty King, and mighty short of memory, and general guts; but you couldn't ever bring yourself to that."

GORDON'S speech was thick-tongued with repression, but his voice was low. "I've stood for peace and law and decency; you've turned yourself over to cow-stealing and bushwhacking and gun play. You've started things no mortal man can stop; you've gone so deep that you can't ever back up. So deep that you can't ever get square with the world again, or your record forgot."

"Mostly," Bill said, "I've stood for the memory of a man. But let that go. What I want from you is why you had a row with Jody—and why she should come hunting for me, if that's what she did."

"I know she went looking for you because she said she did. My girl don't lie."

Roper shrugged. "Why should she do that?"

"It was your own man talked her into it," Gordon said with menace.

"My own man? What man?"

"A man of yours sneaked into Ogallala with some wild cock-and-bull story about Thorpe's fixing to gun me. He gets this kid girl all stirred up with the idea that the only way to save us from all getting killed is to get you and your gunmen to balance off Thorpe's gunmen. That's why Jody and me had a row—if you want to call it that; because I wouldn't take any stock in the cock-and-bull yarn, and wouldn't throw in with a bunch of criminals if I did. That's what she means in this here note, and that's why she went looking for you. And that's why God knows where she is tonight!"

"If a man of mine says Thorpe has decided to rub you out, you most likely'll get rubbed out," Roper told him. "Quite a few of my boys have a knack of finding out such things."

"If you figure you can use a flimsy game like that to get a penny's worth of backing out of King-Gordon—"

"I wouldn't use your backing to rub on a horse as a cure for mange," Roper told him. "That's what I think of that. I sent no man anywhere near you nor your girl. Who was this feller claimed to be hooked up with me?"

"A little sniveler called Shoshone Wilce. Everybody knows he was a scout coyote for you, before Texas ever run you out."

"Nobody run me out of any place," Roper said; but his mind whipped to something else. It was true that he had talked to certain men in the town before he had come here. Now suddenly he knew that he had learned what he had come to find out. He buttoned his coat, pulled on his gloves.

Gordon confronted him stubbornly. "I mean you shan't leave here without telling me what you know."

A glint of hard amusement was plain in Bill Roper's eyes. "I know what you've told me. But I'll add this onto it. I think you'll soon have back your girl. I'm walking out of here now, Lew, because it's time for me to look into a couple of things. But I'll be seeing you—if Thorpe don't get you first."

The veins stood out sharply on Lew Gordon's forehead, high-lighted by a faint dampness. "In all fairness I'll tell you this," he said. "It's true I can't lift a gun on you, or on any man who stands with empty hands. But as soon as you're out of that door, all Miles City will be on the jump to see you don't get loose. Twenty thousand hangs over your head, my boy!"

"Quite a tidy little nest egg," Roper agreed. "I'd like to have it myself."

A trick of the wind sent a great whirl of papers across the room as he went out.

He had not come here without being sure that the horse which waited under his saddle was fresh and good. He struck westward now out of Miles City, unhurrying. At the half mile he found a broad cross trail where some random band of cattle had trampled the snow into a trackless pavement. He turned north in this, followed it for a mile, then swung northwest over markless snow. Now that his horse was warmed a little he settled deep in his saddle and pushed the animal into a steady trot; at that gait, even in the snow, he could expect the tough range-bred pony to last most of the night.

A TIRED horse is not much inclined to shy, toward the end of a long day's travel; and when Bill Roper's horse snorted and jumped sidewise out of its tracks the rider looked twice, curiously, at the carcass which had spooked his pony. A dead pony on the winter range being a fairly common thing, he was about to ride on, when he noticed something about this particular dead pony which caused him to pull up and dismount for a closer examination.

After leaving Lew Gordon he had ridden deep into the night, and now, an hour and a half before sunset, he was in the low hills which hemmed the valley of the Fork. Half an hour would bring him within sight of the Fork Creek rendezvous, and he was eager to push on so that his deduction as to Jody's whereabouts might have a quick answer, one way or the other; but when he had examined the dead pony he was glad that he had checked.

This was no winter-killed pony. The bright trace of frozen blood that had first caught Roper's eye was the result of two gunshot wounds in neck and quarters. The pony had been well fed, and bore the saddle marks of recent hard riding. Evidently it had wandered some distance since its rider had pulled off the saddle and turned it loose.

A dark foreboding possessed Roper as he studied the dead pony. Roper himself was short-cutting through the hills, following no trail. The coincidence that he had stumbled upon the carcass in all those snowy wastes could be accounted for only in one way: both Roper and the pony had followed a line of least resistance through the hills—a line that had the Fork Creek rendezvous at its far end. His discovery told him that there had been fighting at Fork Creek within the last forty-eight hours. If he was right in believing that Jody had come to Fork Creek—

He remounted and swung northward, mercilessly whipping up his weary pony, but approaching the Fork Creek camp roundabout, behind masking hills and through hidden ravines. An hour passed before he threw down his reins and crept on hands and knees to the crest of a ridge commanding the valley of the Fork.

The soft snow of two days before had at first begun to melt, but was now frozen hard under the lash of a bitter wind. The steely glaze of its crust caught the sunset with strange red reflections, filling the valley with an unnatural light. Peering through an ice-hung bit of wolfberry bush, Roper made out, far up the valley, an irregularity in the snow that was the Fork Creek rendezvous.

For a little while he could not be sure whether or not smoke rose from the camp. If anyone was here he was being mighty careful what kind of fuel he burned. He decided at last that a faint haze hung over the brush where the cabin stood. His blood stirred, making a tingle in his cold hands.

He moved a half mile closer and resumed his watch; but for some time he could make out nothing more.

Then just as the sun set, three men moved out of the cabin. For a moment or two they stood in the snow close together. One went back into the cabin. The two others disappeared for a moment, to reappear mounted. They separated, and Roper watched them ride in opposite directions up the nearest slopes of the hills. These passed beyond his sight, but in another minute or two their ways were retraced by two other riders.

"Outposts," Roper decided. "Somebody's keeping a hell of a careful watch."

The light was failing now. Roper was about to leave his lookout when something else happened that held him fastened to the ground.

To his right, surprisingly close, a rifle spoke, once only. Roper could neither see the man who had fired nor guess his target. He waited five minutes, gun ready, then stood up and moved his pony down-slope into a shallow draw in which it was hidden by the brush. Moving cautiously, he proceeded north along the cut, seeking the position of the man who had fired.

THROUGH the hillside brush a figure moved, crouching so low that his dark shape resembled a bear. After a moment Bill Roper was able to make out that the approaching man carried a light carbine; and instead of cowboy boots he wore the heavy shoe pac of some of the northern Indian tribes. A beaked cap was tied down on his head by a heavy muffler; Roper could not see his face.

"Indian or half breed," Roper thought; "a scout for whoever holds the cabin. Maybe getting in a little meat hunting as he goes."

The watched man dropped into the ravine, angling toward the bend where Roper stood. Bill Roper pulled himself out of the gully. He was crouched in dense brush, gun in hand, as the scout appeared below him.

Roper stood up. "Steady," he said.

The man in the draw jumped as if he had been struck; but as he raised his hands he straightened so that Roper saw his face.

"Blast my soul!"

His captive was *Shoshone Wilce!*

(To be continued next week)

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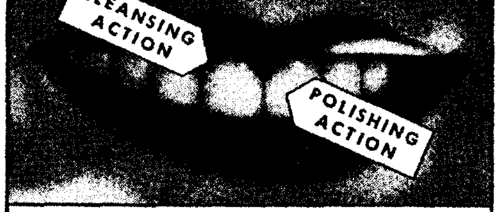

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Woman of the Family

Continued from page 21

It seemed to Horne that she was familiar with this flat, as she would be, of course, if the clues on which he was working were right. He felt grim and cruel and bitter. He wanted to finish the business and put a hemisphere between himself and both these women.

"Yes, do get ready," he said to Eve. "For this is in the nature of a farewell."

"'Farewell'?" Louise Poinsetter echoed from the open doorway.

He confirmed it: "Yes. I am going abroad tomorrow; and so I am afraid I shall miss Miss Langham's gala night."

For a moment only Mrs. Poinsetter paused, then she called through the doorway:

"A little while ago I suggested you shouldn't go abroad alone, didn't I, Captain Horne?"

HE HAD joined her at the door of the kitchenette while she mixed still more cocktails. It was wonderful how steady she kept after pouring all that icy fire down her throat! Like most women, he supposed, she did not seriously breakfast, yet any number of cocktails did not cause her to turn a hair. He considered her carefully as they lingered there waiting for Eve to emerge, and he told her in imaginative detail of his projected journey.

Amazing, crooked woman; and yet he could not wholly dislike her. In this moment he recalled the "little daughter." . . .

And then they all went down together to the street, and he and Eve were again in his car, driving toward the restaurant where he had taken her to luncheon before.

He made of this luncheon a special occasion, prolonging and elaborating it. It was an epicurean business.

And he accented its note of farewell.

"Yes, I am going abroad again. First to Le Touquet for some golf. Then I expect to spend the next two months in eastern Europe—then I don't know. I may not come back to England at all this year."

He studied her, counting and assessing every inflection of her voice; every glance, every word.

He was certain that they had set her to watch, to decoy, to sound him; to allure him.

She was their spy, to say the least of it.

When lunch was nearly over, he raised his glass for a toast:

"*Auf Wiedersehen.*"

Her glass remained on the table.

She shook her head. "I don't think so. It is the unlikeliest thing in the world that we shall meet again. Thank you for your luncheon. Thank you for—the other things. Thank you for the white jade elephant. But I don't like you, Captain Horne."

The smile in his eyes and on his mouth did not alter.

"For you to say. A woman always chooses," he said.

For two years Jonathan Horne had been helping the police of two countries in tracing jewel thieves, but always the prey had slipped away, right from under their hands. More than once the pursued had seemed to vanish into thin air. They dispersed, leaving no trace, and came together again in a manner so casual that it was consummate art. One found them again engaged in legitimate-looking activities in another city.

Now here they all were in London, the seven of them—Fero, Tonetti, the two Rich Fellows, Louise Poinsetter, and the Black Devils who were going to dance tomorrow.

The police wanted badly to know where and how the cabaret dancers hid themselves, but that was a thing that no one ever knew. There were no photographs of them, no fingerprints; they had never been seen by the police, within police knowledge, in their everyday incarnations. They appeared—grotesque gargoyles. They disappeared. Sometimes their engagements lasted nearly a week; sometimes, with the cool of extreme daring, they danced on night after night after a jewel raid that was the scandal of a city; but this time Horne thought: "It is to be one appearance only; so everything is timed for tomorrow night."

It had been a hot day.

He had been down to a famous country club to watch the polo.

And now, back in his flat, booked to fly across the Channel by special plane, he couldn't concentrate on Fero, Tonetti, Louise and the others; he couldn't even be sorry for little Captain Hopton—an honest man in the company of thieves. He could think only of Eve.

It was a temptation to make that trip a real one; to look in at Scotland Yard before embarking and say: "I shan't be there. You have all the data. I'll just tell you what happened this afternoon, and then you must take on. I am called abroad urgently." No. He was not going to do that. It wasn't in him. He would stay and see it through.

It would be a brutal process.

Difficult to think that his hard heart needed further hardening! Yet it so needed.

"We're all mortal," he said to himself grimly, as, pipe in mouth before his bookshelves, he selected a companionable book or two for his servant to pack.

"A LADY to see you, sir."

He might have thought of half a dozen ladies, but he did not. He thought only of one; and she walked in.

He looked deliberately at his clock as he moved to meet Eve, and she saw the look.

As their hands touched, she said briefly: "All right. I only want a minute. I expect you're terribly busy—"

"I am off in an hour."

"So you are. I'd almost forgotten it. Then I must say what I've come to say very quickly."

He touched the bell.

"Tea, Harris. Iced, with lemon, I think, for you, Miss Langham. And a cigarette?"

She let him light one for her, but could not smoke it.

Into his mind came the extremely credible conviction that she had been sent here by Fero.

"Do sit down," he said.

She sat down, but immediately got up again and walked about.

"Will you forgive me? I simply can't. I am so worried, and you're the only person I can come to."

"THAT'S very surprising," he said brusquely, "when we remember your parting remark to me not long ago. Do you remember? 'I don't like you, Captain Horne,' you said."

"I haven't changed my mind."

"And yet here you are."

"Because, as I say, you're the only person I can come to."

"What does that mean?"

"You're the only rich man, the only man with influence and experience and power that I know at all well."

"Wasn't there a city fellow called Sir Edgar Marter?"

"There was. But you know that there isn't now—as far as I'm concerned."

The iced tea came and was handed to her.

He saw her hand tremble as she took the tall, slim glass.

"As time is short," he said, "don't you think you'd better come to the point at once?"

Even in this harassed moment the cool, satirical inflection of his voice piqued Eve. It did more than pique her; it hurt, as he always hurt her.

She said hurriedly:

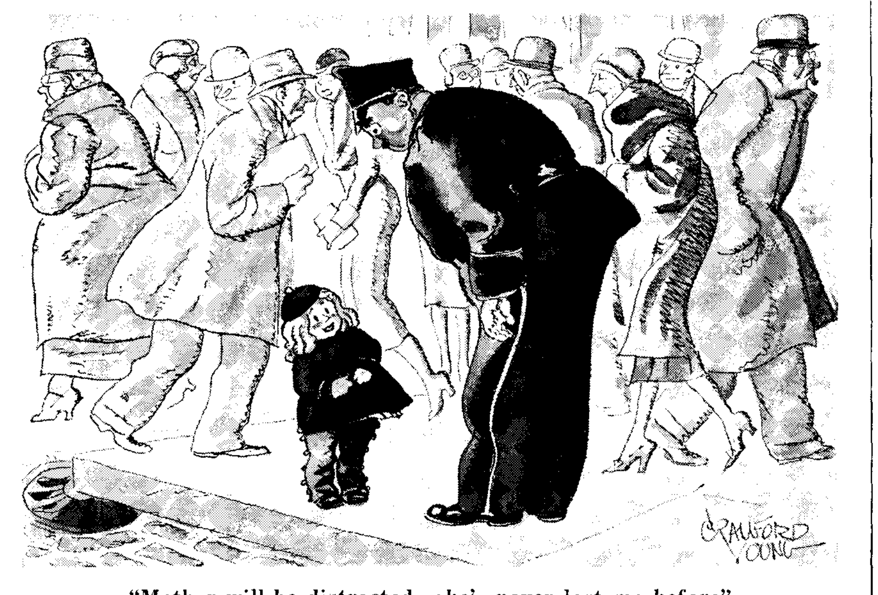
"I want you to help my brother-in-law, Lennie Ward. He married my little sister three weeks ago."

Horne smiled the smile that she detested. It was so detached. It was the smile which never reached his eyes, and she felt, just now, that it was inhuman.

"Really?" he said. "I rather take it that you don't care for the marriage?"

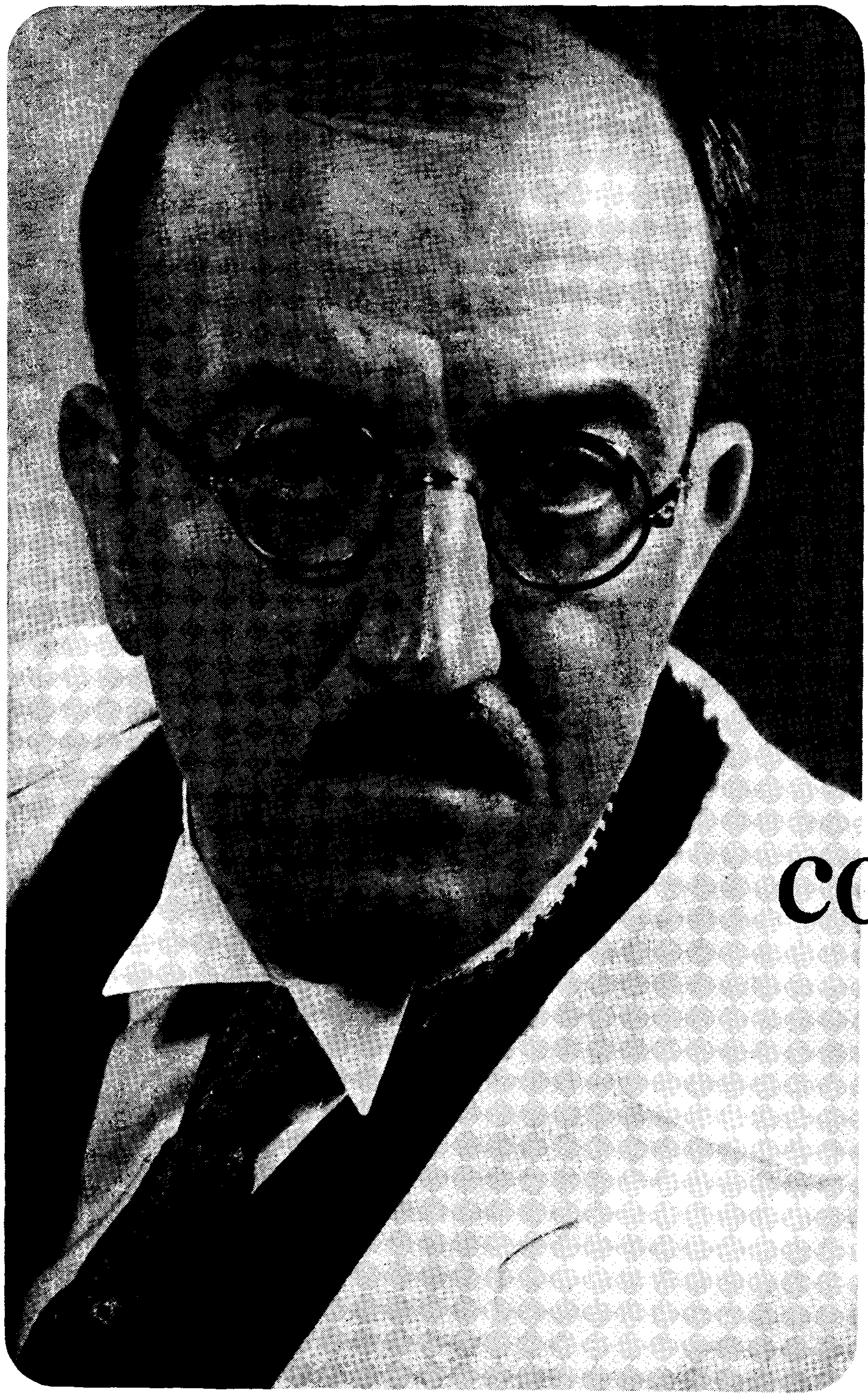
"I hate it," she burst out, "of course I hate it, but Sophia loves him, and so it's got to last. I want to see her happy. Last night, at the club, I made up my mind to come to you today. Lennie appealed to me to help him."

(Continued on page 48)



"Mother will be distracted—she's never lost me before"

CRAWFORD YOUNG



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COUGH DROPS

Woman of the Family

Continued from page 46

"Did he?" said Horne, overlaying his deep derision with a veneer of sympathy. "But has he no prospects at all of making money?"

"None at all," she answered earnestly. "I have rung up this flat several times today—"

"Sorry I missed the pleasure," he said. "I have been out a great deal."

"So your servant said. He said that this would be the only time when I could be sure of finding you."

"And now I am afraid, my dear," he slipped easily again into that "my dear." "I must be off. My plane leaves Croydon at six. So hurry up with all you have to say."

He thought: "She plays this part awfully well."

For with a moment to think it over, it seemed to him really consummate humbug—this clever insistence of hers on her domestic anxieties, when she was looking forward at least to a substantial share in tomorrow night's haul; when she could tap Fero, if necessity arose, for money anytime; as also, of course, could Lennie.

SHE was going on, in a quick, desperate voice: "*Do* take it seriously, Captain Horne. I want you to find Lennie a job. Will you?"

He temporized:

"Why should you think I can do anything of the sort?"

"I know you could."

He sauntered to the window and looked out.

"Not a breath of wind," he observed; "flying will be nice today. What an extraordinary girl you are! You hate me, and yet I am the one person in London to whom you come for help. If I help you, what are you going to do for me?"

"*Anything.*"

The idea came like a flash to Horne then.

This girl had been told to stick close to him; and she was playing her hand with the simplicity of real genius.

It was always held that a woman made a subtler crook than a man.

"Anything," she had said. She'd do *anything.*

"We'll see," he promised himself. His heart leaped at the solution.

After all, she should not be in the round-up tomorrow night.

Not that she would even glimpse the reason why. She would look upon him as the predatory and amorous male—predatory and amorous; and so to be duped; and that was how they looked upon him, too—the men who had sent her to him.

In this moment he remembered how he had thought, the first night that he had talked to her at the Regalia Club, that Fero chose his decoys remarkably well.

The storm in Eve's breast was as nothing compared to the storm in Horne's, cool and ironical as he remained to the outward eye.

"I shall take you at your word," he said. "I am off to Le Touquet. Didn't you hear your friend Mrs. Poinsetter tell me yesterday in your flat not to go alone? Come too."

She stood and looked at him for a long moment.

"One of those bargains one hears about," he heard her murmur incredulously. "Like a bad melodrama."

He seized on it.

"Yes, one of those bargains one hears about, but one doesn't only hear about them. They happen. But why melodrama? They're as natural as sin, aren't they?"

"You choose your words tactfully!"

She couldn't help that flash of scorn.

"Oh, come," he said, "what are words?"

"They might be promises. You'll help Lennie; you'll give him a chance, if I . . . come with you?"

"I'll promise to give him the best chance possible in that case, my dear."

She had been sent obviously with the idea that she should cross the Channel with him tonight? That she should inveigle him into a stay abroad of at least some days' duration?

They wanted to make sure of him.

Hadn't Louise Poinsetter herself said lightly, "Don't go alone . . . "?

They played into his hand with all this, as far as Eve was concerned, for hadn't he been trying for hours to allow himself to save her from what was going to happen?

He said softly:

"There's very little time. My car will be at the door in ten minutes now. We pass your flat on the way, I believe."

"Yes," she nodded. She felt quite breathless; she was astounded. It was very bad melodrama, all this; and yet it wasn't. Or rather it seemed that the most utter melodrama could be presented as ordinary and simple facts by such a man.

"Coming?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I'm coming. There's no time to argue, no time to hesitate, I suppose—"

"None!"

She thought: "It's simple. It's what other girls do. There's nothing remarkable about it—except that it isn't another girl. It's me."

She knew all this; and yet to her it was so dreadfully remarkable that she had to conjure up the vision of Sophia's poor little face to help her.

The next moment Horne said in the kind of voice that a woman would expect from any man engineering such a situation:

"And I hope you'll stop hating me, for a while at least."

She thought wildly: if only I could stop loving him!

"Even the touch of nerves and confusion," he said to himself—"she does it all."

"I must telephone, please."

"Be quick then," he said, peremptory now.

AS HE expected, it was the number of the Regalia Club for which she asked, and then she asked for Fero, who would at this moment be in his office behind the restaurant. Horne listened.

Quietly she said: "Mr. Fero, this is Miss Langham. I shan't be coming to the club tonight. Please forgive me. I'll explain to you when I see you."

She put a hand over the transmitter and turned to Horne for a moment.

"If I lose my job?"

He said: "You know you won't. But if in doubt, you know how to reassure yourself about that. Tell Fero you're with me. It always goes down, doesn't it?"

"How can I tell Fero I shall be with you?"

What a passionate cry! Beautifully done!

"As you like. But just try it."

"The fine little actress," he thought, as she obeyed him.

He didn't hear what Fero answered, but he could gather.

As she hung up the receiver, she said: "You must be a very, very important client, Captain Horne."

Oh, beautifully done!

In his new intimate manner he replied:

"How much longer am I going to be Captain Horne to you?"

He took her arm then. "The car's come round."

She concealed sheer panic so well that her next words rang as falsely as he would have expected them to do.

"It's awfully sudden—all this: awfully unexpected—"

"None the worse for that."

She was in the car beside him.

HE DID not speak on the way out; there was so much bitterness in his own heart. Tender thoughts he had had of her, reverential thoughts of her, scattered like chaff. They had all been so much nonsense.

Pitting herself against his silence, she talked persuasively and beguilingly; provocatively. Never had she so talked to any man as she talked now to Jonathan Horne.

And it was indeed a lovely evening for flying.

High up in that vast blueness, above snowdrifts of white cloud, through which late sunbeams shot like rainbows, she thought, "The world's beautiful, beautiful! If only it would be beautiful for me!"

Horne had given swift and explicit orders to their intelligent young pilot, but she had not heard them.

Glancing at her profile, so clear cut, so purely limned, it was difficult to think that that limpid look, those entranced eyes—because entranced she was with this first adventure in flying—masked every facet of woman's guile.

In these cases the women were always worse than men, cooler, cleverer, more deceitful. He supposed that it was some inherent female refusal of theirs to distinguish right from wrong. They were natural pirates; and so, marvelous accessories for a Fero or a Tonetti.

He knew, of course, that her gayety was for the purpose of alluring him; but all the same she was not ill-content.

She thought that she was sure of her portion of that night's spoil, while keeping clear of the danger and the racket.

She was asking about Le Touquet.

He told her of the bathing, the golf, the casino; having little doubt that she knew it all.

She flinched; but kept that flinching from him.

It grew more and more deadly to her to know in what conditions she was to enjoy all this.

Just before the plane began to descend—and it had seemed a long flight, they had left the sea behind them—she turned to him and said:

"I'm trusting you about Lennie."

Still the Lennie hoax. . . .

He played up to it: "Trust me. Tomorrow will show you."

"Tomorrow," he thought, "will show us all."

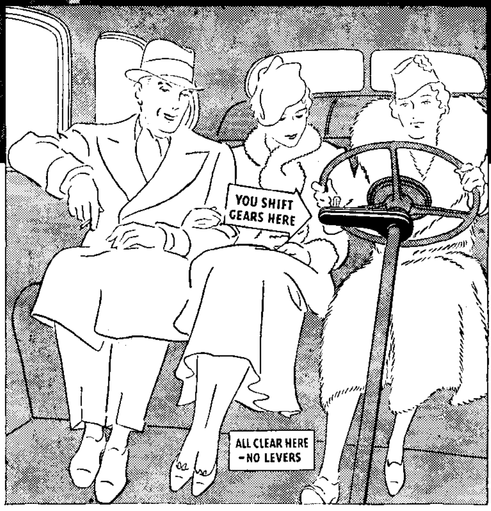
Quite suddenly it was plain to her that they must have left Le Touquet and the coast far behind. She had had little idea of the time this flight should take. Darkness was coming; she saw below them a clear, pale expanse of ground between two great belts of blackness that were trees. She looked downward for the lights of a hangar, for landing lights, and there were none.

"This isn't Le Touquet."

"Far from it, my dear. We'll go to Le Touquet tomorrow—perhaps—"

(To be concluded next week)

New—MAGICAL DRIVING WITH THE ELECTRIC HAND!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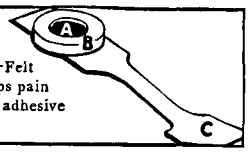

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Paris isn't France

Continued from page 24

"When Alsace became French again, a movement started in Paris to apply the new laws to Alsatian schools. The Alsatians resisted strenuously. As a result of our obstinacy we have succeeded in keeping alive the old French laws under which our school system was administered. But we are worried all the time as to what Paris will do next in the campaign to make our Alsatian schools the same as those in the rest of the country. Why can't Paris leave us alone?

"Make no mistake about one thing: we people here in Alsace are French. Our native language is a dialect of German, and we look like Germans, and, to a considerable extent, we feel sympathy for the German outlook on life, but—French we are, nevertheless!"

Local Pride

In Lyons, the City of Silk, it is not so much irritation toward Paris that most of the inhabitants feel as sheer indifference. They go their way, wrapped in their own thoughts; to them Paris is the stuff that dreams are made of, rather than the substance of everyday life. Lyons, to them, is the reality.

And they are very, very French and very, very conservative. Also, they are shrewd business men. Lyons has created an aristocracy of trade and wealth which does not feel in the least like taking a back seat in the presence of the aristocracy of blood and intellect which is one of the proudest creations of Paris.

Of course, in Lyons, as elsewhere, there are diverging schools of thought about all sorts of things—politics, economics, social matters, general outlook on life. But the above remarks apply to the general run of Lyonnais. Their attitude was explained to me as follows by a prominent local textile magnate:

"Lyons has always had a life of its own. In fact, it was the most advanced French city during the Renaissance period—to say nothing of the fact that it was a capital under the Romans. Two Roman emperors had their permanent residence in Lyons during the second century A. D. And even to this day the Archbishop of Lyons ranks first among French prelates and still bears the old title of Primate of Gaul.

"We Lyonnais are very jealous of our independence. We are people of initiative, far more interested in our own local affairs than in copying Paris. If you look over a list of prominent French writers, you will see that many of them hail from Lyons. There is Henry Béraud, for instance; and Marcel Achard and Claude Farrère.

"Paris may have a wider culture than the provincial cities of France, also more spirit, but—she has less common sense."

Between Lyons and Marseilles is a pleasant little city called Grenoble. It nestles beneath a fine girdle of mountains, on the banks of the River Isère. Its people are go-getters, but they do not let go-getting interfere with the smiles that light up their faces as naturally as the sunlight tips the mountain peaks surrounding their pleasant home town.

Their principal occupation is making gloves. The gloves of Grenoble are world-famous. Nowadays, of course, business in Grenoble is not what it used to be; the world crisis has not spared this cheerful little city. But Grenoble still smiles, and cooks trout from the Isère with a sauce that makes foreign visitors to its restaurants lick their lips. And its people still philosophize, with provincial good sense, on the situation in France. One of them, a prominent citizen, said to me:

"Take the average American traveler in Europe. He comes to France by steamer, to Cherbourg or Havre, and rushes off to Paris. Or he takes an express train from Paris to Switzerland, or Italy, or Spain, and knows big French cities like Lyons or Bordeaux only as mysterious places where the train stops in the middle of the night, and which he curses eloquently because the jarring of the brakes wakes him out of a sound sleep.

"'What do you know in France?' the Frenchman asks him. 'Paris!' It is just possible that he may know the French Riviera, or the battlefields in the north of France, or the châteaux of the Loire, or Biarritz, but he looks upon them merely as adjuncts to his trip to Paris.

"And we provincials can hardly blame him. We, too, are somewhat like that. We, too, are largely absorbed by Paris. Around that lovely city is an aureole of glory which dazzles us all. No Frenchman feels that his career is quite complete unless it receives its consecration by a journey to Paris. Paris, always Paris! She draws us all like a magnet—and her drawing power comes not alone from what is good in her but also from what is evil.

"Nevertheless, we of the provinces feel that Paris expresses the provinces of France, that there would be no Paris without the French provinces. The best of provincial France has gone into the making of Paris. How many great Frenchmen have been Parisians? Only a few! Most of them were born in the provinces and have lent luster to the name of Paris by going to live there."

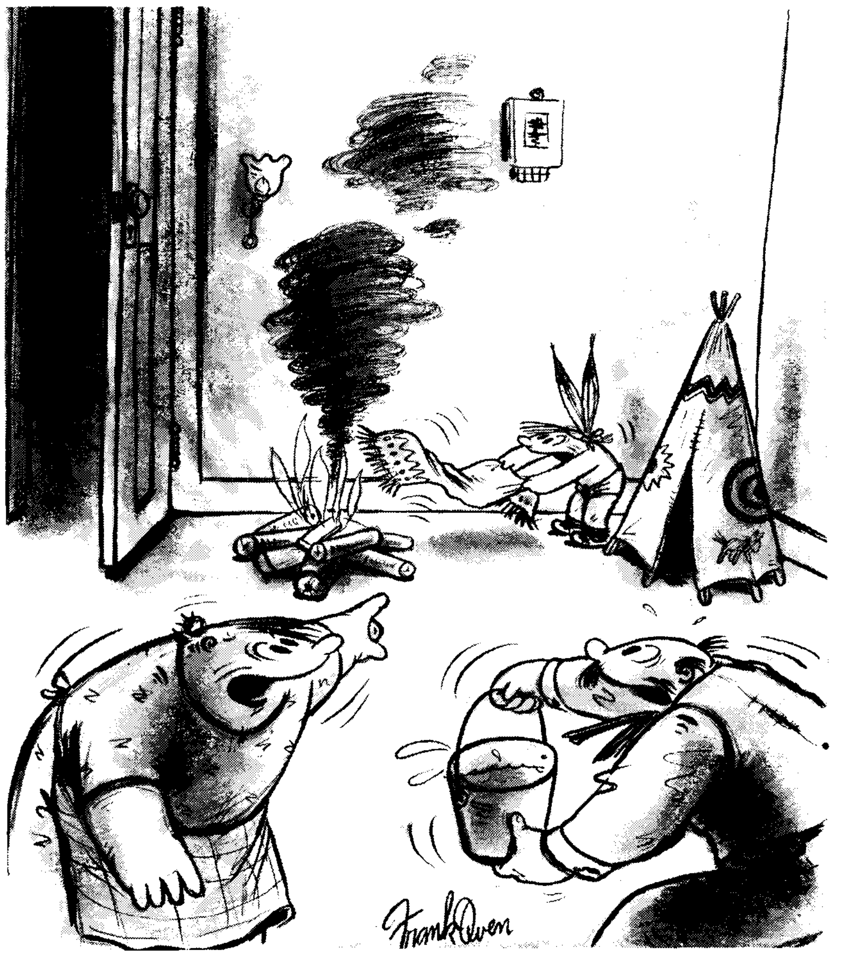
When you say Marseilles to the average person he thinks at once of two things: "la Marseillaise" and "la bouillabaisse." That pair—the most stirring of patriotic songs and the most gorgeous of fish stews—have achieved a world-wide fame which often annoys the good citizens of Marseilles. After all, they point out, "the Marseillaise" originated in Strasbourg; and bouillabaisse, marvelous as it is, should not be allowed to divert attention entirely from other points about Marseilles—its picturesque waterfront, for example, and La Cannebière, its boisterous main street, and the fact that it is, next to Paris, the biggest city in all France.

Clashing with Paris

The Marseillais are intensely proud of their home town. "If Paris had a Cannebière," they laughingly boast, "it would be a little Marseilles!" But even as they make the boast they feel the irresistible spell of the City of Light.

Marseilles is a place of political extremism, where Communists and Leftist radicals, hardly less red than the adherents of Communism, are strong, where irritation at the domination of Paris finds frequent and violent outlet. But—what's the use? Paris is there to stay. At least that is the opinion of the moderates among the Marseillais, of the average type of citizen. One of these put the situation thus:

"France is the most centralized land in the world. It is a unified republic. It was so proclaimed after the French Revolution. It is one and indivisible. As a result of this, executive legislation is all concentrated in Paris. The only important government officials in the provinces are the prefects.



"He says he's glad we caught his smoke signals, that there's a fire in the house!"

FRANK OWEN

"In other directions also you find this centralization which is typical of France. Take the railroads: Every single one of our main railroad systems, except the Midi system, which serves parts of Southern France, radiates from Paris. This is an injustice to big and growing French cities such as Marseilles and Lyons.

"Marseilles has a population of nearly one million. It has an economic life of its own. In some ways it is more of a Levantine than a French city. It has close relations with the European countries bordering the Mediterranean, notably Italy and Spain, as well as with the northern coast of Africa. These tend to give Marseilles an independent point of view, which at times clashes with the ideas of Paris."

Provincial Power

From Marseilles I went to Toulouse. Toulouse is in the heart of the Midi, that sunlit southland of France, where the spirit of joy is in the heart of man and the scent of garlic is on his breath. Here, if anywhere in France, one is far away from Paris; here, I told myself, one can find provincial Frenchmen really able to defy successfully the domineering Parisian. Nor was I deceived.

In the offices of the leading newspaper of Toulouse—La Dépêche, the most influential sheet outside the French capital—I struck a regular hornets' nest of provincial independence. One of the editors, promptly knocking off work on next morning's edition, ignoring reporters dashing up to his desk with important news items, and ink-smeared copy-boys demanding his "O. K." on grimy bits of paper, proceeded to explain to me—amid gesticulatory fireworks well worthy of the excitable Midi:

"The Parisian is the most naïve creature in the world! He knows nothing. He reads nothing. He just glances through the newspapers—idly turns the pages, without really reading anything! Paris is merely a beautiful jewel. She is a city of whims. We are proud of her, we provincials, but Paris is not France!

"Parisians merely scratch the surface of things. The provincial Frenchman has a far more reflective type of mind. And he will stand no nonsense from Paris. Had there been a coup d'état in Paris last year—had any extremists tried to put over something really serious—the provinces would have reacted instantly. After the February rioting in the Place de la Concorde and other parts of Paris, we had a monster parade down here in Toulouse—25,000 men and women and children in line—which was staged as a warning to the Parisians not to try any monkey business. And they didn't.

"There is nobody powerful or popular enough in Paris today to put over anything really revolutionary. Years ago we had Deroulède, a man of genuine popularity, but even he was not able to do it. And there was Boulanger—what did he accomplish? No, it can't be done!

"And, even if some politician in Paris has the nerve to try introducing a dictatorial form of government, we of the provinces will step on him before he gets very far.

"Down here in the Midi we have a whole lot of Socialists and they do a whole lot of talking, but when it comes to action—bah! The average provincial Frenchman wants neither a reactionary government of the Right nor an extremist government of the Left. He is for democracy first, last and all the time."

Finally, my tour of the provinces of France brought me to the great wine metropolis of Bordeaux. In some ways I felt more at home there, as a foreigner, than in Paris. The Parisians can be very friendly to the foreign visitor in their midst, but they almost always contrive, somehow, to make him feel that he is no better than a tourist.

In Bordeaux—though it is a very French city—he doesn't feel quite that way. Paris is cosmopolitan in one sense, Bordeaux in another. There is an English-French wine firm in Bordeaux which has been in the hands of the same families and done business on the same premises for over 200 years. Washington Irving was the guest of partners of the firm a century ago; their direct descendants—men bearing the same names—still do business exactly where their forefathers received that illustrious American. I mention this in an endeavor to give a sidelight on the cosmopolitanism of Bordeaux in relation to that of Paris. The cosmopolitanism of Bordeaux comes naturally from inside; that of Paris is forced upon it from outside.

The citizens of Bordeaux like to harp on this theme. One of them, prominent in the wine business, sought to give me the point of view of his native city as follows:

"Here in Bordeaux we are not much concerned with Paris. When it comes to relations with foreign countries, we feel ourselves much more international than the Parisians. Taken all in all, we are less French. We are accustomed to foreigners. This goes back to the English domination of Bordeaux and the surrounding region. Do not forget that the English were in possession here for centuries. They intermarried with our families; English blood is a basic part of our society.

"The English who settled here taught their fellow countrymen to like and drink Bordeaux wine—and, ever since, England has been one of our very best customers. The same is true, to some extent, of the Germans. German families also settled and intermarried here many years ago, and made the wines of Bordeaux known and appreciated in their native land.

"Paris, of course, knows foreigners, but not in the same way that we Bordelais do; we are more closely intertwined with them, and understand them better."

They Have a Phrase for It

From Bordeaux I returned to Paris. North and south and east and west my quest had led me. And the impression uppermost in my mind, as I resumed my place in the haunts of Americans in the French capital, was of another France, a new France, filled with people convinced that they were giving to Paris as much as they take from her; people who, though proud of Paris, felt themselves less flighty than the Parisians, more sensible.

"We, here in the provinces, are the real French."

"We care less about politics than the Parisians."

"We dislike extremes more than they do."

"We love democracy more than they do."

"*Paris is Paris, but the provinces are France.*"

Phrases like those rang in my ears—phrases heard from provincials, as they sat over their wine, on the terraces of little provincial cafés, fringing the quiet streets of old provincial towns. Oh, they are an outspoken, conservative, independent lot, these folks of provincial France. To know what they are thinking about, in these days of Fascism and Communism, rebellion and revolution, is well worth while. President Roosevelt was right.

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FREEZONE

Behind Barred Doors

Continued from page 13

"Harness is my name," he whispered. "Mr. Charles Harness—solicitor."

The two glanced expectantly at Miss Mott as they took their places. She introduced her uncle, who beamed upon them with unusual affability.

"I hear you have been kind enough to ask my niece and me to a new supper club tonight," he said. "We shall be delighted to come, of course."

"Capital!" Major Lingard exclaimed. "I hope you'll like the place."

"If you'll give me the address," Superintendent Wragge suggested, "we'll follow you directly the show is over."

"Oh, please let us take you," the girl intervened. "Father's lent us the family coach—as I call our old limousine—for the evening, and there's room for everybody."

Superintendent Wragge accepted without hesitation.

The curtain rose and he gave himself up to a whole-hearted enjoyment of the performance. Between acts, he moved a few places down the row and talked to an elderly gentleman who had also been a late arrival.

"IT REALLY is the quaintest place," Miss Carruthers declared, as they reached the restaurant.

It certainly was quaint. The approach up the narrow Mews was quaint. The blue lamp hanging over the entrance was quaint. The two front doors, both of unusual thickness, were surprising, and the descent of four or five narrow steps after the first of these was unexpected. A young man in resplendent livery relieved them of their coats and hats. A tired-looking young clerk held open a book while Major Lingard wrote down their names. Then, with a flourish, the second door was opened.

"Come this way," the latter invited, taking Miss Mott by the arm.

They stepped forward and passed into what seemed to be nothing more or less than a civilized and over-decorated cellar. The floor was of glass, illuminated from below, and a small colored orchestra at the farther end of the room was making strange sounds of musical import.

There were several waiters standing about, of a more robust type than is usual in a night restaurant, and the only other guests were a party of four, two young men of the gigolo description, with flamboyantly attired companions. Major Lingard led the way to a round table set in a corner of the room. It was profusely adorned with masses of yellow roses, and two jugs of amber-looking liquid stood in ice pails by its side.

"Would you mind sitting down and looking through the menu for a minute while we go off and speak with our friend who runs the place?" he begged. "You'll find that champagne cup excellent, or you may like to dance. We shan't be five minutes."

Superintendent Wragge checked his niece, who was on the point of sitting down in the chair which his host indicated.

"Major Lingard," he said, "I am going to ask you two favors, which I hope you will not take amiss: one is to let me be the giver of the party tonight—I am the eldest present and I think it is my privilege; the other is to allow us to have a table at the other side of the room. That is a stupid fad of mine, I know, but I will explain the origin of it later on."

There was a vague look of anxiety on the young man's face. He seemed ill at ease and his forehead was wrinkled in deprecating fashion.

"But, my dear sir," he protested, "Miss Carruthers is so anxious to entertain Miss Mott. And this table is surely the best in the room."

"I am an ill-mannered pig," the other acknowledged, "but I am an elderly man and I have my whims. There is nothing in wine or food possible here which it will not be my pleasure to offer you."

Major Lingard gave brief directions to a waiter, but he found it difficult to conceal his annoyance. The girl, however, remained unmoved. She turned towards Miss Mott.

"Would you like to come with us to meet Captain Allen, the proprietor?" she asked.

"I'll stay with my uncle, if you don't mind," Miss Mott decided, wholly unconscious of the magnitude of her resolution. "He is rather an important person in my young life."

The girl did not press her invitation but the smile lingered a little sourly upon her lips. As soon as she and her companion had left the room, which they did by a door at the farther end, they exchanged a swift glance of apprehension. Miss Betty Carruthers was no longer in the least like an ingénue and there was a very unpleasant expression on the young man's smooth face.

"What do you make of it?" she asked anxiously.

"It looks rotten," he admitted.

"And yet," the girl pointed out, "how could they guess anything? They've never seen either of us before, and they couldn't have known of this place because we never even said where we were going. There isn't a loose end anywhere. We're safe."

They passed down the little passage and entered a small room, luxuriously furnished, something between an office and a masculine sitting-room. A tall, lean man, with a thin scar on one side of his face, was lounging in an easy chair with his hands in his pockets.

"Well?" he demanded.

"They're here," Lingard announced.

"I know they're here," was the irritated reply. "Why did you leave them?"

"Dick's all fussed up," the girl declared. "Old man Wragge's calling himself Mr. Charles Harness, by the bye. Wouldn't sit at the guests' table and he won't have anything to do with the champagne cup."

"Did you make a clean get-away from the theater?"

"Absolutely."

"Then go back again to your job and don't be silly," the tall man enjoined brusquely. "The others'll be coming in directly. I don't want the show-down before one o'clock."

MEANWHILE, Miss Mott and her uncle sat down and Wragge was having his first drink when Major Lingard and his fiancée returned, with profuse apologies for their brief absence.

Lingard danced with Miss Mott and Superintendent Wragge danced with and paid many compliments to Miss Carruthers. The somewhat forbidding atmosphere of the room was forgotten. Everyone seemed to be having a good time, and the band played at their bidding. Half an hour passed—an hour. At last Miss Mott, at a glance from her uncle, who was paying the bill, rose to her feet.

"It's been so delightful," she murmured. "We've enjoyed it ever so much. Haven't we, Uncle?"

"Delightful," Wragge echoed. "I like your orchestra, too, Major. My niece and I will join with pleasure, if you care to put us up as members."

Major Lingard was watching the second of the front doors which led into the room as it slowly swung to, and they heard the little click of the spring. The change in their host and hostess which ensued seemed to Superintendent Wragge and Miss Mott amazing. The woman, who had posed in the uncertain light as a good-tempered, good-humored ingénue, suddenly revealed herself as a vicious and evil-looking woman. Major Lingard, with a twist of the mouth, the departure of his eyeglass and a relaxation of all the muscles of his face, was no longer in the least like an English officer. They threw disguise to the winds. Lingard leaned back in his chair with his hands in his pockets. Through the door near the orchestra, the tall, thin man with the scar on his cheek had issued and was making leisurely progress down the room.

"We don't as a rule welcome gentlemen of your profession as members, Superintendent Wragge," Lingard said with a sneer in his tone, "but we are going to make you a life member and keep you here for the rest of your life too. That may not be a very long time, though," he added meaningly. "It will be only a few seconds if you can't keep that right hand of yours still."

"You needn't be afraid," Superintendent Wragge assured him calmly. "I don't carry firearms when I am out for a pleasant evening."

THE tall man with the scar on his face had come to a standstill before their table. He bowed low to Miss Mott, who looked at him in horror. The illumination of the place had become faulty and his gaunt face was more saturnine than ever. He turned to Superintendent Wragge.

"I know that it is your custom to go unarmed, Superintendent," he remarked, "but I thought that perhaps the memory of a certain night in Belgrave Square might have changed your ideas on that subject. Has Miss Mott brought her popgun?"

Miss Mott was incapable of any reply. She was looking despairingly at the little circle of male guests who had left their lady companions and were closing in around the table. She had always had the most unbounded confidence in her uncle, but she reflected with sinking heart that he had come out without the slightest idea of this invitation. They were cut off from the world completely and utterly. In that windowless cellar, even the roar of the distant traffic was inaudible. Yet the smile upon Superintendent Wragge's lips seemed natural enough, and even at that moment he lit a cigarette.

"You're Meredith, aren't you?" he asked the tall man abruptly.

"That is my name," the other acknowledged.

"I thought I couldn't have forgotten you," Superintendent Wragge meditated. "Quite an honor, I'm sure, this. Are you shooting any better these days? You missed me from a dozen paces last time we met."

Meredith grinned. The detective's attitude appealed to his dramatic instincts.

"You must remember, Superintendent," he apologized, "that I was in a hurry. I have you now here all to myself, with plenty of friends around and the Club all nicely closed up for the night. I shall do better this time."

"I don't seem to remember my host of the evening," Superintendent Wragge went on. "A junior member of the gang

(Continued on page 54)

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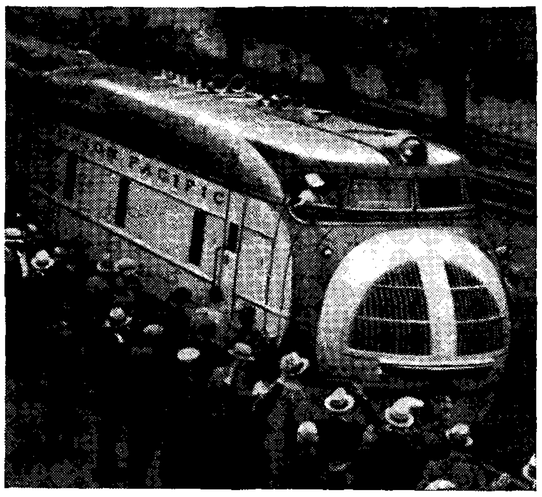

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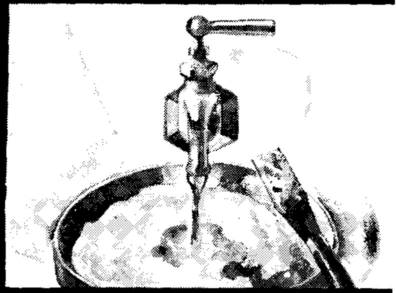

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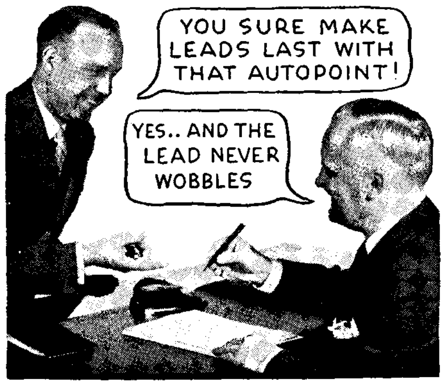
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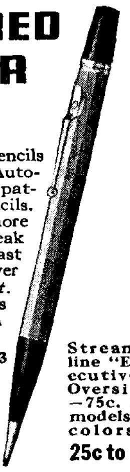

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Behind Barred Doors

Continued from page 52

promoted, I presume, owing to recent misfortune. He makes up quite well. I almost mistook him for the real thing."

"Don't, Uncle!" Miss Mott interrupted with a sudden touch of hysteria.

He patted her hand. Meredith laughed outright.

"I like to hear your uncle talk," he said. "And for once we have plenty of time. Major Lingard is one of my chief lieutenants at the present moment. He has taken the place of that impossible young man whom we have had to discard altogether. Yes," Meredith went on, scrutinizing the end of the cigarette which he had just lit. "We had to get rid of Violet Joe. It was painful, but he was too sentimental."

Miss Mott swayed in her chair. Her uncle passed his arm around her.

"Don't you worry, dear," he begged. "From the little I've seen of Violet Joe I'd back him against our friend here any day. My niece is feeling the strain, Meredith, so let's get down to business. What are you going to do with me? I'm after the remainder of your gang, you know, and I shall get you all some day."

MEREDITH stared at the speaker incredulously.

"Aren't you inclined to be something of an optimist?" he asked. "For instance, may I inquire how you expect to get out of here alive?"

"Well, I may not," Superintendent Wragge admitted, drawing the whisky bottle closer to him. "I've paid the bill but I'm going to cadge some more whisky if I may," he added, helping himself. "I may not get out of here alive, as you suggest, Meredith, but there's one thing very certain—"

"I like to hear about certainties," the latter interrupted with an ugly smile.

"One thing is very certain," Superintendent Wragge repeated impressively, "and that is, that if you kill me, before six weeks have passed you'll be taking that fifty-yard walk at a few minutes before eight in the morning, with a chaplain reading the prayers, a warder to hold you up, a bell tolling in your ears, and that bare, ugly room yawning before you. Murderers don't escape nowadays, Meredith, and there are special reasons why you won't."

There was something terrifying in his prisoner's deliberate speech and absolute composure, and Meredith shivered for a moment, half in fear, half in anger. He looked around at the others, who were waiting for his orders, and he waved his hand towards the corner table. Four of them stole round to the back of Superintendent Wragge. Meredith turned towards him.

"Wragge," he said, "you're a rotten detective, but with the help of this very intelligent young lady, your niece, you've come pretty close to us once or twice. After tonight you aren't going to trouble me any more. As for your niece, you needn't worry about her: she and I have a little bargain to carry out, and this time there isn't going to be any mistake about it!"

HE LEANED towards Miss Mott with that queer, satanic smile at the corners of his lips, and Miss Mott, although she held herself bravely, felt her eyes dilate with horror. Her uncle held his head a little on one side—listening—and as he listened, he smiled.

"The trouble with you, Meredith," he deplored, "is that you always refuse to give your enemies credit for even the rudiments of common sense. You bait your trap cleverly enough, but you expect us to walk into it a trifle too ingenuously. For instance, you imagined that a harmless paper like 'Home Talks' would escape the notice of the Scotland Yard Code Department. Not at all! 'Jenks in London' told us its message. 'Buttercups and Daisies' confirmed our suspicions."

Both Meredith and Lingard were speechless. They appeared to be stiffening in preparation for some form of action, but they still listened breathlessly.

"And another detail," Superintendent Wragge went on—"details are so important, you know, Meredith. When you send theater tickets from a popular theater for the use of a young lady, and you would like her to believe that they have come from the box office, go to the expense of having a rubber stamp made. 'Complimentary'—in purple ink across the face of the slip of white paper—would be so much more convincing. . . . That's one o'clock striking, I think. You'd better scuttle off to your hole, wherever it is. Do you hear—?"

The superintendent broke off abruptly in his speech. Everyone for a moment seemed to be holding his breath. There was a violent banging at the outside door, a confusion of voices, some raised to the pitch of shouting:

"Open the door!"

"You can't close a night club before one o'clock!"

"We're members!"

"Open the door and look sharp about it!"

"The Prince of Wales is here and Lord Beelzebub!"

Doggerel followed, everyone singing, or rather yelling, in a different key:

"We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear!"

"Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! Open the door, you fellows!"

Then silence. The sudden wave of apprehension which had drained the color from Lingard's cheeks and brought a flash of dismay into even Meredith's eyes passed. The latter even smiled.

"Drunken roisterers!" he muttered. "Sit tight, everyone. They'll be off directly."

"I wonder," Superintendent Wragge speculated.

There was a storm of blows upon the door. Then silence again. A couple of the pseudo-guests stood over Wragge, watching in case he should open his mouth. A waiter crossed the floor on tiptoes. A woman who wanted a drink held up an empty bottle. The place became a study in still life.

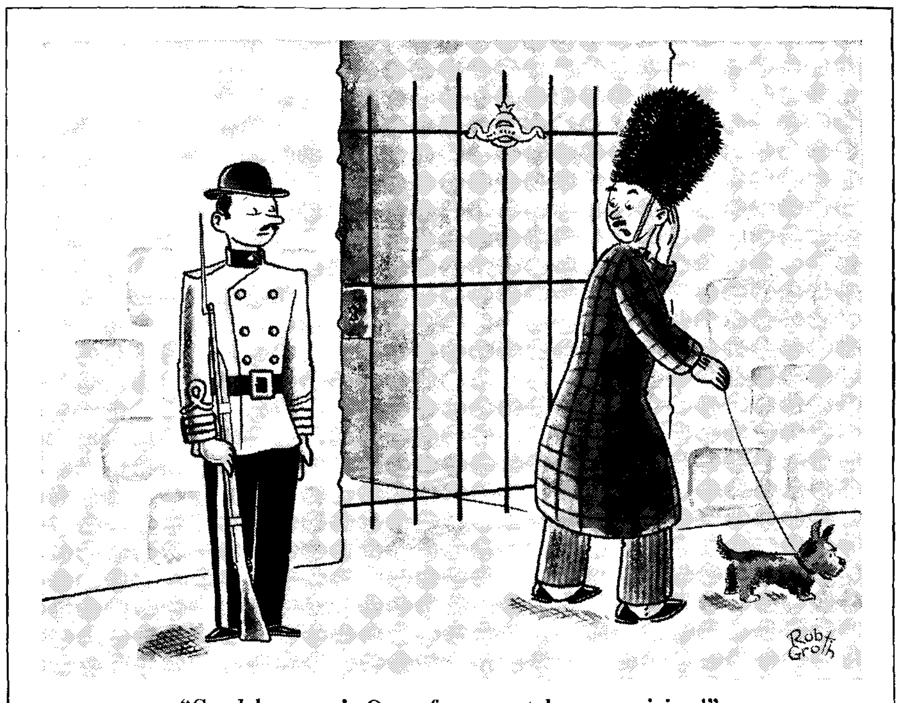
"They'll be gone directly," Meredith repeated in a whisper.

A further brief period of silence. Then, with appalling suddenness came a cataclysmic roar which set the whole place shaking, and beneath the thunder of which were lost all such trivial sounds as the shrieks of terrified women, the tumult of flying feet, the falling of crumbling masonry. The stout entrance door and part of the wall fell crashing into the room, and there followed, for a brief and indeterminate span of time, a flying panorama, utterly grotesque and unreal. A single file of black-uniformed police streamed through the room, like gnomes in some fantastic, futurist drama. They were running at the double, their strangely shaped peaked caps bent towards the ground, flashing by the amazed group of satyr-faced men and terrified women. Unearthly puppets they seemed, against the strange background of the weirdly emblazoned walls, hastening toward that farther entrance through which Lingard and Meredith had already disappeared.

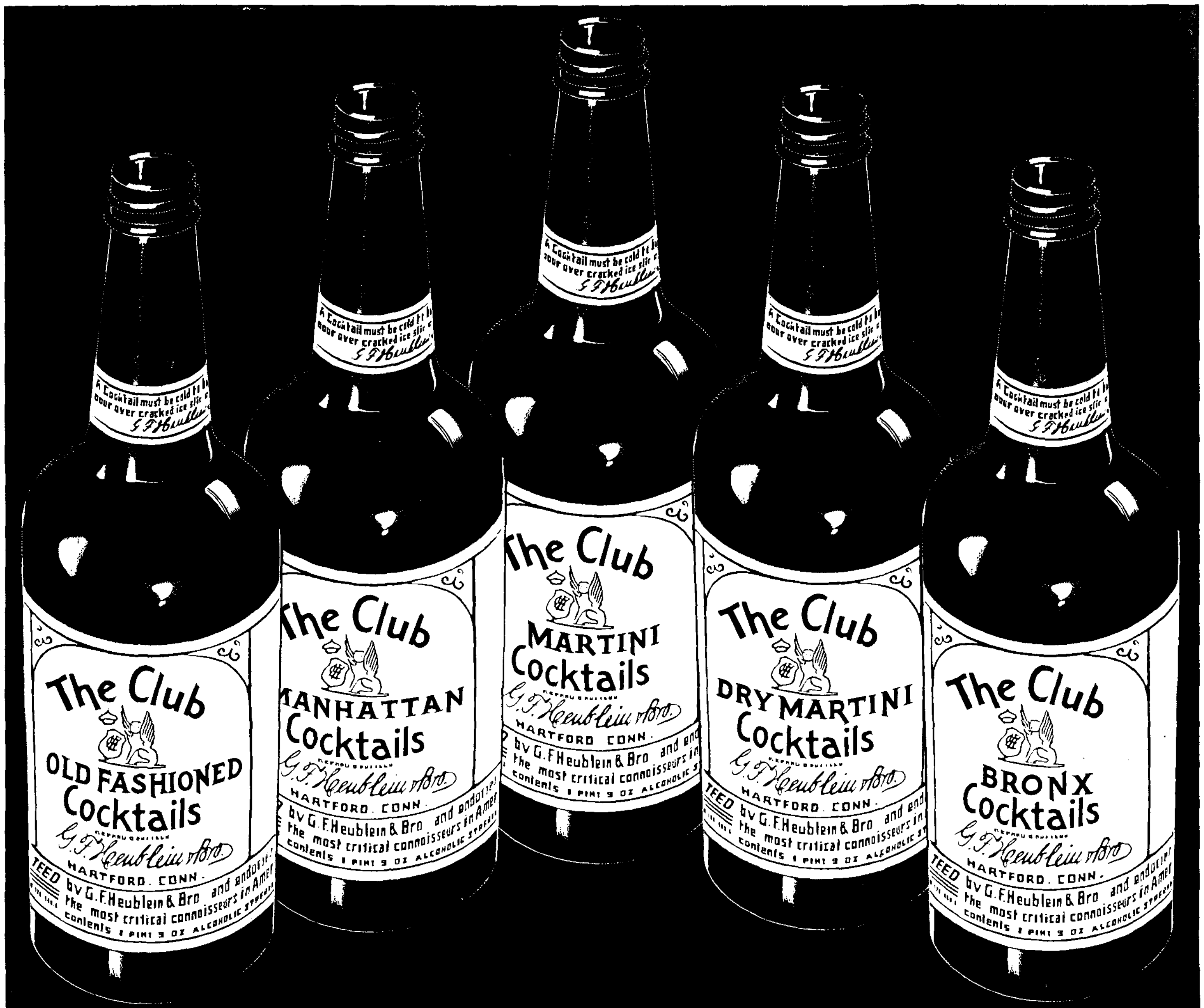
THE three members of the colored orchestra filled the air with a hideous clamor, yelling like human beasts gone crazy. There was a single shot fired by one of the pseudo-guests at a distant table, a shot which buried itself harmlessly in the wall and brought a stream of crumbling plaster onto the table before which Superintendent Wragge was seated.

The rearmost of those black, stooping forms, without faltering in his stride, threw out his arms—there was a stab of flame—and a man sank in a huddled heap upon the floor. Superintendent Wragge passed his arm round Miss Mott's waist and led her towards the open space where the door had been, and through which the night wind was now sweeping.

"They won't have me in the fighting squadron," he remarked. "We'll leave it to them. I ordered the car for one o'clock."



"Good heavens! One of us must be a magician!" ROBERT GROTH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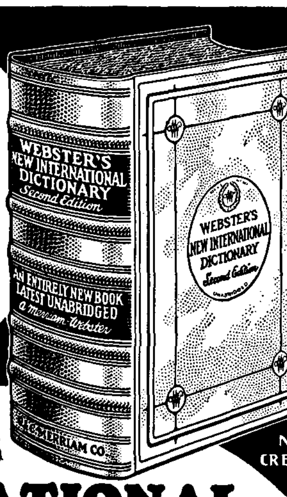
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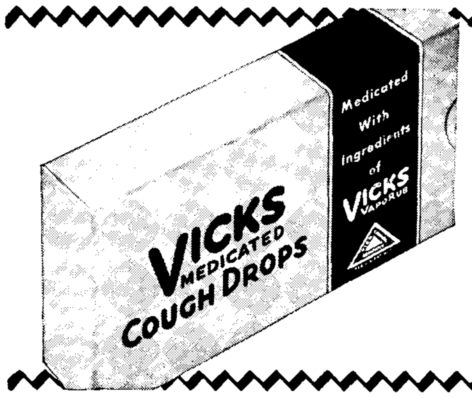
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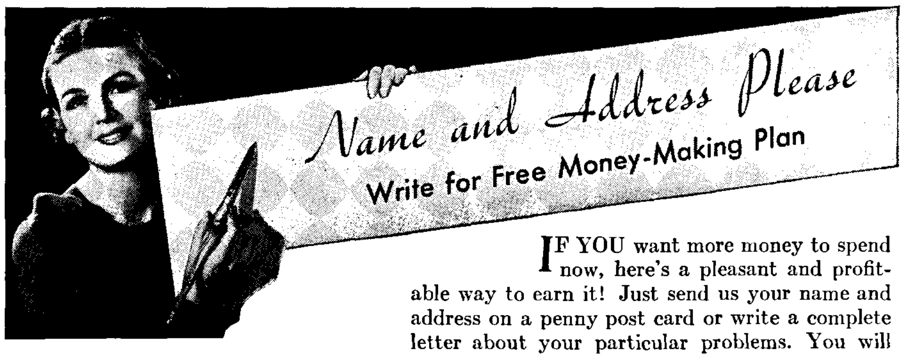
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Rhode Island Picks the Wrong Horse

Continued from page 18

as all the opponents of the racing bill—the W. .C. T. U., the Anti-Saloon League and President Barbour of Brown University—had predicted. Mr. O'Hara's staff of private detectives circulated through the crowd every day of the meet to sift out undesirables. A private jail on the grounds detained them until local police arrived to speed them out of town.

Of course, all was not tears and trouble in this kindergarten class of gamblers. The balance wheel of luck made spectacular runs on the winning side and often brought smiles and dollars where they were needed most. For example, that Providence man who had been unemployed so long he wondered whether he would know what to do with a job if he ever got one again. The weekly dole he received from the city enabled him to support his small family, but he was worried. School time was coming and the children had no suitable clothing. He must get hold of some money, somehow.

A One-Man Job

The problem finally was solved inadvertently by an acquaintance. This man, who had more money than spare time, asked Mr. Unemployed to go out to Narragansett and place a bet of fifty dollars on a sure thing in the sixth race. The messenger was given for his services a crisp five-dollar bill.

While our unemployed friend was standing in line at a betting window a hunch reached over and hit him right between the ears. Why not take a five-dollar flyer himself on this horse? Of course it might be a long while before he earned five dollars that easily, but for him these were desperate days.

He plunged the five, and the horse, a long shot, led the parade at the finish. Excitedly our hero waited for the winning odds to be flashed on the tote board. He almost swooned when he read the figures—thirty dollars. It was *too good to be true.* And when he had recovered sufficiently to get to the collecting window there was another surprise. Thirty dollars was paid for a two-dollar ticket—his was worth seventy-five.

Insurance companies, banks and other institutions whose employees handled tempting money cracked a sharp whip over any of their representatives found betting at the track or through bookies. One insurance company used a droll method to discourage its agents from going to the races. The day Narragansett Park opened, the agents were notified that their daily office conference would not be held at nine in the morning as heretofore, but would start at two in the afternoon. The first race started at two-thirty. The conference lasted for hours.

As you sit here viewing this race spectacle staged expertly and tastefully in a New England autumnal setting, it is difficult to realize the fact that all this beauty, this color, this thrilling contest of blue-blooded animals and hard-riding youths have brought so much grief and hardship to so many people. Somehow you feel that the sponsors of the park and the horse lovers who supply the entertainment foresaw no such trouble. Other race tracks have been operating throughout the country and their patrons have found that they can take it or leave it alone. Possibly Rhode Island, after this first hysteria has passed, will do likewise.

Building and operating the Narragansett track was practically a one-man job—and what a man! To Walter—his middle name should be Dynamo—O'Hara this job was just another link in the chain of feats which is his career.

Son of a small-town druggist, Walter started his local-boy-makes-good race from scratch some thirty-eight years ago in Middleboro, Massachusetts. He and his brother, Neal, now a sports columnist, later accepted diplomas from Harvard, diplomas earned by a sizeable amount of study and much pounding of typewriters for the sports editor of the Boston Post.

Since then he has bought and published a newspaper, gone into the junk business selling secondhand mill machinery, acquired a controlling interest in a number of textile plants and helped refinance the Boston Madison Square Garden, a sports arena which had been suffering from a pain in its box office. He has his finger in several juicy pies and is always looking for more. As a sideline he has become a mogul in Massachusetts politics.

His friends will tell you that O'Hara's interest in racing was born about three years ago when a Florida man who owed him some money was unable to pay the debt. "Sorry, Walter," he said. "But I simply can't make it. Tell you what I'll do—I haven't any money, but I have a string of horses. They're yours if you want them."

This was the beginning of the Araho Stable (get the reverse spelling?) quartered at the track and which he supervises from his penthouse offices atop the clubhouse.

A slim man, of ordinary height, O'Hara does not impress you as a warrior—until he starts to talk. Then—if he's aroused—button on a pair of asbestos earmuffs. His verbal blasts combine the force of a Huey Long with the picturesque phrase of a Bossy Gillis. Ask him for an inside tip. Sure, he'll give you a tip, a red-hot one. Keep your money in your pocket—the track slices off ten per cent of it every time you bet.

It's Up to the Bettors

Once O'Hara has made a decision, he stands behind it and heaven help the man who tries to sway him. Consider his reply to a report that a certain group of owners and trainers were going to boycott the Narragansett track unless he lifted the suspension of one of them accused of entering a doped horse during the August meet. "I would rather," said O'Hara, "close the track permanently than place it at the mercy of horse owners and trainers who violate all sporting ethics and the United States federal laws. The success of racing in every community depends entirely upon the sport's being kept clean and strictly above reproach. That was my fixed idea when I went into Narragansett and there has been no change."

A high-power microscope could find no flaws in that policy. And if the pulpit and private conscience can't prevent gambling when gambling can't be afforded, undoubtedly Mr. O'Hara and his associates won't be able to stop it. Possibly those Rhode Islanders who have been burned in this betting blaze will learn in time that reaching one's fingers back into the fire is a poor way to heal burned fingers. Possibly they will heed the advice of President Roosevelt, who recently said: "The average person always loses. Only a very small minority of the people of this country believe in gambling as a substitute for the old philosophy of Benjamin Franklin that the way to wealth is through work."

Weds Statesman's Daughter

Continued from page 11

She was having breakfast in bed the next morning when the telephone rang. But it wasn't Dick Williams. It was Madge Jordan, who had succeeded Carlotta as president of Gamma Gamma when Carlotta graduated from college.

"How soon can you get here?" Madge demanded. "We're in a jam with Brooksie."

Brooksie was the dean of women.

"I couldn't possibly make it today," Carlotta said. "I've got a sort of date."

"Break your sort of date then," Madge said. "We need you. You've got to see Brooksie with me at two o'clock this afternoon and you'll have to be here by one at the latest so we can talk over what we're going to tell her."

"What's the matter with Brooksie?"

"She found out that the crowd who were at your house Sunday night didn't get in till after twelve," Madge said. "She's all steamed up about—"

"Well—" Carlotta said.

"You hurry it up," Madge said.

Carlotta took her time about dressing, expecting any minute that Dick Williams would call up. But he didn't. She heard a car outside. Her heart leaped even though she knew Dick Williams had no car. It wasn't Dick Williams. It was her sister Elsie.

CARLOTTA ran downstairs to meet Elsie. She was startled at Elsie's tragic face.

"I've left Bill," Elsie said. "I'm going to get a divorce."

"You poor dear," Carlotta said, petting her tenderly. "You poor dear."

She knew Elsie. She knew Elsie through and through.

Elsie lifted her tear-stained face.

"You don't," she said. "You don't know what it is to have the man you love break down your confidence in yourself. I'm just a rag. I'm just nothing. I've lost my sex appeal. And I used to have it—didn't I, Carlotta?"

"You mean," Carlotta said, and her voice was tender if her words were not, "that you used to be the worst flirt in Minnewaska."

Elsie drew back. "I never had anything on you, Carlotta Brown," she said.

"Was that what you fought with Bill about?" Carlotta asked. "Have you been flirting again?"

Elsie raised her chin high. "I have not," she said. "We fought about Bill's flirting."

"Bill!" Carlotta said.

"He's been going out to lunch with one of my best friends," Elsie said.

"And I suppose," Carlotta said, "you never went out to lunch with any of Bill's best friends?"

"Only when I was so mad at him I had to do something," Elsie said triumphantly.

"Elsie," Carlotta said, "I've got to go to Grandison to battle with Brooksie. It's half-past twelve now and I promised to be there by one o'clock and I can't make it."

"I know," Elsie said. "I know you've got to go."

"And if anybody calls up while I'm gone, will you tell him I had to run over to Grandison but I'll be back?"

"Who?" Elsie demanded. "Who is he?"

"Anybody," Carlotta said. "Any of my friends."

"You said 'tell him.'"

Carlotta drove to Grandison in thirty-nine minutes flat. She and Madge had a bad time with Brooksie. Carlotta had to promise that there would be no more Sunday parties at her house until after the mid-year examinations. And if the parties were resumed Carlotta would have to agree to send everybody home at nine o'clock.

Carlotta tried to get away after the interview with Brooksie. But she couldn't. She had to stay to dinner afterward and make a speech at a sorority meeting about obeying the self-government association rules. She didn't get away until eleven o'clock. She knew it was no use to hurry. Dick Williams wouldn't be calling up at midnight. But she did hurry. She opened the car up wide. She made Northfield in thirty-eight minutes.

But as she slowed down to make the sharp turn into the drive she saw that the lower floor of the house was dark. Everybody had gone to bed. Carlotta let the car drift to a stop. She sat there and smoked a cigarette. She was really in love this time. She was so much in love that she was lost to common sense. She tried to be common-sensible. She tried to find some flaw in Dick Williams, and she couldn't. He was perfect.

Carlotta smiled to herself and went quietly into the house. She didn't want to wake Elsie up. But from the front hall she saw a faint light in the living-room, the light of a dying wood fire. And against the light, in silhouette she saw two heads, unnecessarily close together.

"Hello," Carlotta said.

They both jumped up.

"We've been waiting hours for you," Dick Williams said.

Carlotta walked into the living-room and sat down in an armchair and lit a cigarette with a hand that did not tremble. She saw that Elsie was a different person. Elsie was no longer in a funk. Elsie was on the top of the wave.

"Dick has been so good to me," Elsie said. "He's held my hand all evening and let me cry on his shoulder and now I'm myself again."

"That's just fine," Carlotta said.

DICK WILLIAMS got up to go. He made it clear that he wanted Carlotta to follow him out to the front door. Carlotta did not get up. But Elsie helped him out. While he still lingered Elsie said good night and went upstairs.

"Listen," Dick Williams said.

"I'm so tired," Carlotta said. "I've been on the go all day."

"I won't keep you now then," he said. "But when do I see you alone?"

Carlotta shook her head wearily. "I don't know," she said. "Call me up sometime."

"I've got things to say to you," he said.

"I'm sure you have," Carlotta said. "But they can wait—can't they?"

Dick Williams took a step toward her. "Carlotta," he said, "are you angry about something?"

"Heavens, no," Carlotta said.

"Well—" he said.

"Good night," she said cheerily.

Dick Williams left.

Carlotta went to bed. Elsie came in and sat on her bed and talked. Elsie told Carlotta what a grand person Dick Williams was.

"And," Elsie said, "he's absolutely mad about you."

Carlotta shrugged her shoulders.

"I'm going to the country club dance tomorrow night," Elsie said. "With—with Jack Edgerton."

Carlotta sat up. "Don't be a fool," she said. "Bill Castle will hear about it

(Continued on page 60)

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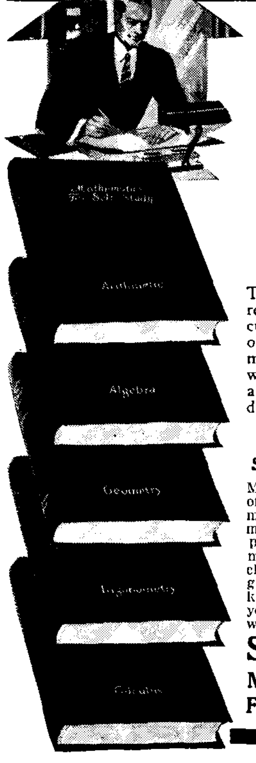

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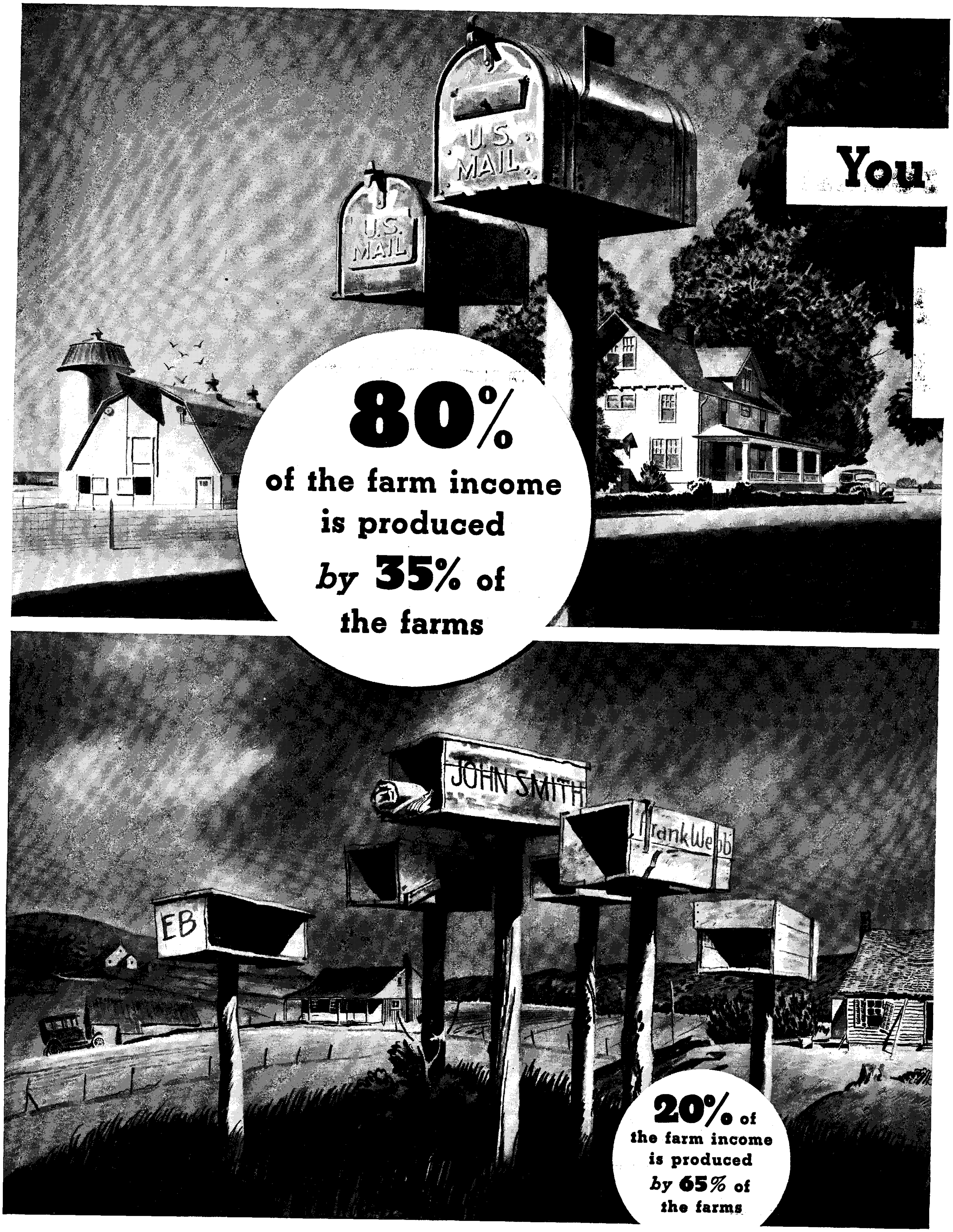
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80% of the farm income is produced by 35% of the farms
JOHN SMITH
Frank Webb
EB
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reach fewer mail boxes

but MORE CUSTOMERS IN FARM MARKET A

WHY is it that advertisers try to do a selling job in the rural field by calling on every "Tom", "Dick" and "Harry"? They are thoroughly conscious of slums in the city market and don't spend money to reach families "on the wrong side of the tracks".

Yet every mail-box along country roads is supposed to represent a prospect, and the more prospects they call on, the more sales. At least that is the assumption under the widespread old idea of "coverage".

Advertisers are beginning to realize, however, that there are "slums" and backward districts in the country, too, and that the old way of buying coverage is wasteful. For 35% of American farms produce 80% of the farm income. But where are the mail boxes located that represent this rich rural market? Are they concentrated in any favored section? They are not. You will find them scattered in counties from coast to coast. And in them, you find the key to 80% of the farm incomes, to the most brand-conscious rural market. *Farm Market A!*

The owners of mail boxes in Farm Market A are not many miles from their city cousins in action and thought. They are business men whose "offices" and "factories" are in the country. There's nothing yokel about them—or their families. Backwoodsy ideas or publications find no place in their minds or homes. They are the leaders in their communities.

Farm Market A is not a new market, recently discovered, either. For more than fifty years, The Country Home has been calling on and cultivating this market. For more than fifty years, it has contributed to the thinking and the entertainment of these reasoning, doing, buying, consuming farm families. It is a dirt farmer magazine, edited by a farmer, yet printed with all the niceties of a big city magazine. And its hand-picked circulation of more than 1,500,000 is composed mostly of the 35% top-income farmers from coast to coast. Advertising dollars put to work in this firmly entrenched medium reach the rich Farm Market A—without waste, *and with results!*

A quick picture of
FARM MARKET A

Short crops and higher prices put more money in most every farmer's pocket in 1934. But the lion's share of this billion dollar increase went to Farm Market A. The market that is made up of 35 percent of the nation's farms—the market that gets 80 percent of the national farm income. Which tells you that four-fifths of all buying power is concentrated in this rich market—and shows you why advertising dollars planted in Farm Market A always bring in a richer harvest.

FARM MARKET A IS A NATIONAL MARKET
THAT CAN ONLY BE SOLD BY A NATIONAL MAGAZINE

THE ountry Home

MORE THAN 1,500,000 CIRCULATION
in America's Rich FARM MARKET A

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THE COUNTRY HOME

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Weds Statesman's Daughter

Continued from page 57

and he'll be good and sore and I shan't blame him. You almost married Jack Edgerton. And it isn't fair to rake up—"

"Just the same," Elsie said, "I'm going with him. And I hope Bill does hear about it. Then perhaps he'll know that I meant what I said when I told him I was going to get a divorce."

Carlotta saw that it was no use to argue with Elsie. She quit trying.

Dick Williams called up the next morning and asked if she'd go to the dance at the country club with him. Carlotta said if he didn't mind she'd rather not.

"You're sore about something," Dick Williams said.

"No, I'm not," Carlotta said. "I'm not the least bit. But don't you think we've seen an awful lot of each other lately?"

"I haven't seen as much of you as I wanted to," Dick Williams said.

"Thank you," Carlotta said, as she hung up. "I think that's very flattering."

Jack Edgerton called for Elsie sometime in the afternoon. They drove off in Elsie's car and didn't come back.

Carlotta told herself she never wanted to see Dick Williams again and listened for the telephone. She was still telling herself she was through with Dick Williams and listening for the telephone at midnight. She heard a car stop. She ran to the window. It wasn't Dick Williams. It was Bill Castle.

"Where's my wife?" Bill Castle asked. He was pretty grim.

Carlotta shook her head. "I don't know," she said. "I haven't seen her since this afternoon."

Bill Castle sat down on the living-room sofa and took out a cigarette and crumpled it in his fingers and threw it in the fireplace.

"I can't find her," he said. "But I know who she's with. So do you."

CARLOTTA did her best to soothe Bill Castle down and to make him see that Elsie was merely trying to heal a hurt. She was doing it in a childish way. But surely he knew what she was doing.

Bill was beginning to see reason when they heard the sound of running feet on the steps outside. Elsie came in panting for breath. She'd been running until she had no breath left.

"Jack's killed," she said. She gasped for breath. "H-h-he was tight and he a-a-always did drive t-t-too fast and the car jumped the road and hit something and we were both thrown out. I wasn't hurt a bit. I landed in a snowdrift. But Jack is dead."

"Where?" Carlotta cried. "Where was this?"

She hated herself for thinking of it at such a time. But her first thought was what the newspapers would say.

Elsie made a gesture. "Just—just a little way," she said. "At the bottom of Old Hill."

"The first thing," Carlotta thought, "is to call a doctor."

She called up Dr. Wilkie and asked him to drive to the bottom of Old Hill. Then she rang the Y. M. C. A.

"Listen, Dick," she said, when she heard his voice. "Something's happened. I'm afraid we need your help. Will you be ready if I stop for you in five minutes?"

Carlotta turned to Bill and Elsie.

"I'm going to get a man I know," she said.

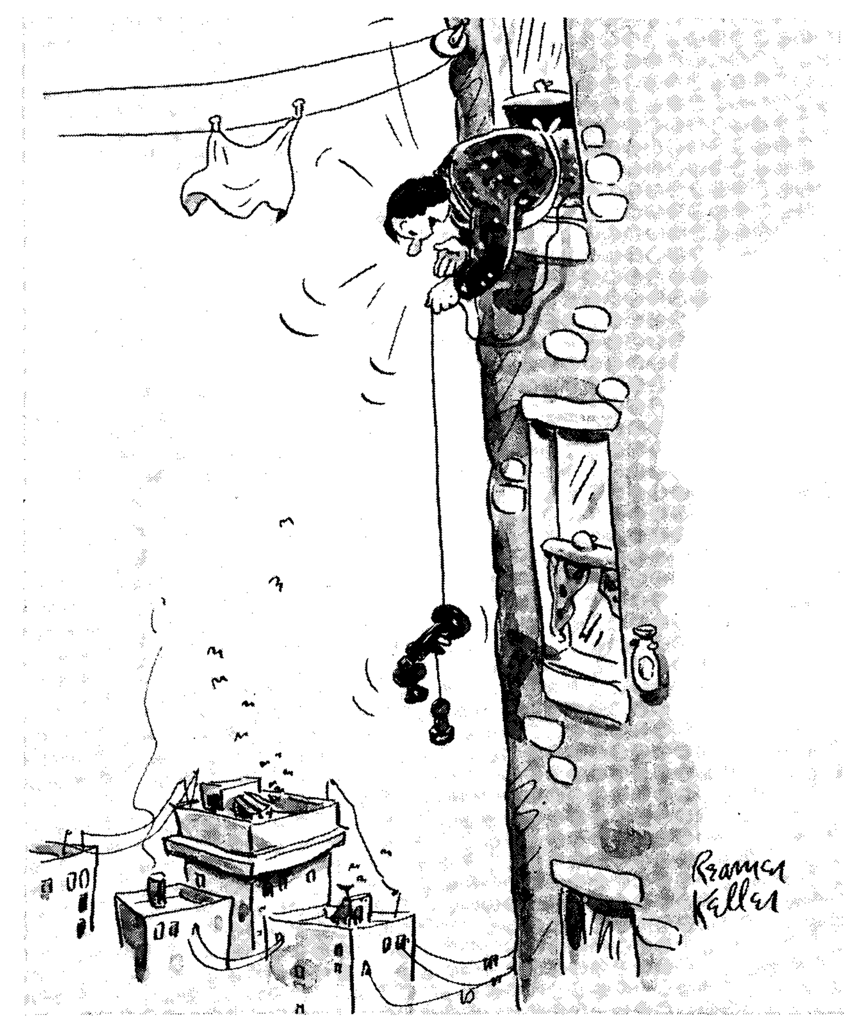
"We'll drive to Old Hill," Bill Castle said.

Carlotta dashed for the Y. M. C. A. She kept telling herself that Elsie might be mistaken. Jack Edgerton might merely be unconscious. But Carlotta knew it was just a wish. In a few hours the newspapers would be printing the story of how Elsie Castle had crashed in a car with Jack Edgerton on a lonely woods road. And Jack Edgerton was dead. That would be sufficient excuse for bringing up the story of how Elsie had broken her engagement to Jack Edgerton the night before the wedding, and married Bill Castle two weeks later. It was the kind of story the tabloids love. And how could she prevent them from getting it?

Dick Williams was standing in front of the Y. M. C. A. He jumped on the running-board without waiting for the car to come to a full stop. Carlotta told him what had happened while she drove toward Old Hill.

"And there isn't any way to stop the newspapers—is there, Dick?"

"How will they know that your sister was with Edgerton?"



"Yoohoo, Mrs. Murphy—telephone" REAMER KELLER

"They were in her car. They started out in her car early in the afternoon and they've been going places ever since."

"I see," he said.

THEY met Dr. Wilkie's car going toward the hospital. Bill Castle and Elsie were following it. Dick Williams stopped Bill Castle.

"You'd better keep out of this," he said. "Let me go to the hospital while you wait at the Browns'. I'm the man who found the wrecked car and notified the doctor. I'll report the accident to the police and all the rest of it."

Dick made them go back to the Browns' while he went to the hospital. Carlotta and Elsie and Bill Castle sat in the living-room and waited. They didn't have to wait long.

"He isn't going to die," Dick Williams said when he came back from the hospital. "Dr. Wilkie is quite sore at getting called out in the middle of the night to treat what he says is nothing more than a classic case of drunkenness complicated by a slight bump on the head."

Carlotta felt the tears coming. The relief was too great. Dick Williams put his arm around her. Carlotta put her head on his shoulder and cried.

"THE paper will get the story just the same," Bill Castle said. "The police will find Elsie's car smashed up and everybody will know Elsie was with Edgerton. The story will be just as bad as if Edgerton had been killed. Can't you see it will?"

"No," Dick Williams said, "I can't. But if it means so much to you why don't you drag Elsie's car into the garage and take Edgerton's car up to the top of Old Hill and let it roll down and smash at the bottom?"

"I'm going to," Bill Castle said. "I'm going to do just that."

Elsie followed him out, clinging to his hand.

Dick Williams took Carlotta's face in both his hands and turned it up so he could look into her eyes.

"I love you," he said. "Will you marry me?"

"Y-y-yes," Carlotta said. "But you shouldn't have kissed Elsie. That was just weak."

"I didn't kiss Elsie," Dick Williams said. "I did just what she said I did. I held her hand and let her cry on my shoulder."

He looked down into her eyes.

"So that was it," he said gently.

She nodded.

"You were jealous?"

She had thought there was a fundamental distinction between feeling jealous and feeling that he had proved himself a sap. But if the distinction existed it no longer mattered.

"Yes, Dick," she said.

Then he kissed her and she yielded as completely to his kiss as she had dreamed of doing.

"Darling," he said, "darling—will you start out with me now and find somebody who can marry us quietly? Then we can drive on to Washington and tell your father and mother."

"Why," Carlotta said, "why—I do like going places with you in a car."

"Grab a bag," Dick Williams said. "Let's get going before Elsie and Bill Castle get back. *If they know about it* they'll want to go along."

Carlotta jammed things in a suitcase. They stopped at the Y. M. C. A. to get Dick's things and then at Durkin's garage. Durkin's had long since closed but Dick had a key.

Carlotta called up home and got Elsie. Bill Castle had rolled Edgerton's car down Old Hill and it had made a grand smash at the bottom. Bill had forgiven Elsie. And never, as long as she lived, would she be mean to him again.

"That's just fine," Carlotta said. "Dick will call up the police and tell them the car is there."

"Where are you and when will you be back?" Elsie asked.

"Not for hours," Carlotta said. "Dick and I—"

"But who is this man?"

"He works in Durkin's garage—you know, putting gas and oil in cars."

"But, really," Elsie said, "do you think—"

Carlotta hung up.

IT WAS five o'clock in the morning when Carlotta and Dick Williams went roaring down the road in search of a state where you could get married promptly.

"It's nice that our names are such common ones," Carlotta said. "There are thousands of Browns and there must be hundreds of Williamses. No newspaperman will see a story in a Brown and a Williams getting married."

"A Richard Williams who gives his occupation as employee in a gas station and his residence as the Y. M. C. A. won't interest a reporter," Dick said. "But Carlotta Brown isn't so common a name. We'll see."

They saw. By noon the next day they were barricaded in their room in a hotel in Indianapolis and the corridor was full of reporters.

Carlotta called her father up in Washington.

"I'm so sorry about the newspapers," Carlotta said. "I had no idea—"

"Is it true that this man you have married works in a gas station?"

"Yes, Father, but—"

"Is it true you've known him only a few days?"

"I have known him a whole week," Carlotta said. "And he isn't just an ordinary man in a gas station."

Her father made some violent but unintelligible exclamation.

"You aren't angry about it's getting in the papers, are you, Father? I really worked awfully hard keeping the family out of the papers after you left."

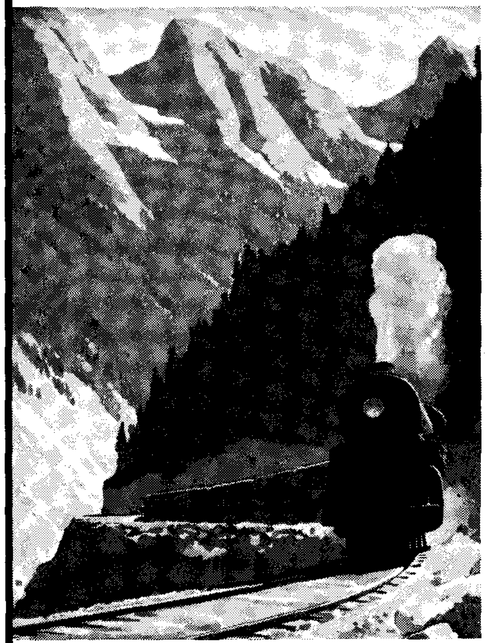
"I don't give a darn about the newspapers," her father roared. "I don't give a darn about anything except your happiness."

"But, Father," Carlotta cried, "I'm absolutely happy."

Carlotta and Dick got as far as Columbus, Ohio, before the newspapers learned that Dick Williams was the son of Renwick Williams. That was good for more columns. So was the meeting of the Brown and the Williams families in Washington. But after that the publicity subsided.

Go on one—

FIVE Southern Pacific trains to CALIFORNIA *COMPLETELY* AIR-CONDITIONED *this summer!*



return on another—

THIS summer, for the first time in history, completely air-conditioned trains will cross the continent on daily schedule. The finest trains on Southern Pacific's Four Scenic Routes between the East and California will be air-conditioned from stem to stern — Pullmans, coaches, tourist sleeping cars, diners, lounge cars, club cars, observation cars—*everything!*

Whether you speed along the Mexican border on our **Sunset Limited** or **Golden State Limited,** *straight across the continent on our* **Overland Limited** or **Pacific Limited,** or down through the Pacific Northwest on our **Cascade,** the air you breathe will be cool, and clean and fresh, free of dust and dirt. Certain cars on many of our local trains in the West will also be air-conditioned.

There is no extra fare on any of these trains.

HOW TO SEE TWICE AS MUCH

At present fares, and at the lower summer roundtrip fares starting May 15, you can come to California on one Southern Pacific route and return on a different Southern Pacific route for not one *cent extra rail fare* (from most points). This way you see twice as much of the West, adding variety and contrast to your vacation. You make a roundtrip that is truly round.

ALL THIS ON ONE TICKET

A Southern Pacific "go one way, return another" roundtrip ticket reads like a roll call of the West. Just as an example, suppose you came out on the Sunset Limited and returned on the Cascade (or the reverse). Your ticket might include:

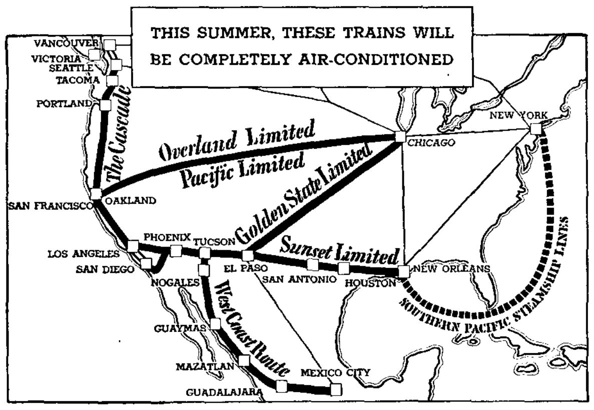
. . . the train trip from your city to romantic **New Orleans.** Or from New York, the delightful voyage on a Southern Pacific steamer to New Orleans. **Houston. San Antonio,** where the Alamo is. **El Paso,** a ten-minute street car ride from **Juarez** in Mexico. (And if you do nothing else, stop a day in El Paso for the trip to mighty **Carlsbad Caverns,** to see the soundless symphony of light, played on stalagmites and stalactites that took sixty million years to grow.) **Southern Arizona,** and **Los Angeles,** with its **Hollywood** and famous beaches.

From Los Angeles, you could take our Coast Line via **Santa Barbara** to **San Francisco,** following the Pacific's shore for over a hundred miles, and you could visit **Del Monte's** enchanted playground on the **Monterey Peninsula.** Or you could choose the San Joaquin Valley Line and include **Yosemite** and the **Big Trees.**

From San Francisco, our Cascade would whisk you north to the Pacific Northwest, past snow-capped **Mt. Shasta** and close to **Crater Lake,** a short sidetrip. Then you would return across the continent on a northern United States or Canadian line. Stopover anywhere you like.

STRAIGHT TO SAN DIEGO

In a lovely setting of brilliant tropical flowers and luxuriant foliage, San Diego will open the California Pacific International Exposition on May 29. We will be glad to send you a free booklet describing it. Southern Pacific will have direct, air-conditioned through Pullman service to San Diego on the Sunset Limited and Golden State Limited, via **Carriso Gorge,** gay **Agua Caliente** and **Tia Juana.** This is the only line to San Diego that dips into Old Mexico.



A $50 SIDETRIP TO MEXICO CITY

On your ticket to or from California, you can include a sidetrip to Mexico City and back for *only $50 extra rail fare*—one way on the National Railways of Mexico and one way on our West Coast Route via **Mazatlan** and **Guadalajara.**

Observation, Pullman and dining cars will be air-conditioned this summer on El Costeño, principal West Coast Route train between Tucson and Mexico City.

LOOK HOW FARES HAVE DROPPED!

Two years ago the first-class summer roundtrip fare from Chicago to California, including a lower berth both ways, was $137.56. This summer it will be only $117.50. Two years ago the one way coach fare from Chicago to California was $40. Now it's only $34.50. Similar reductions from all eastern and mid-western cities on all classes of fares.

WRITE MR. BARTLETT

Since we serve more of the West than any other railroad, our representatives are particularly well equipped to answer questions about it. If you are considering a trip to **California** or **Mexico** this summer, write O. P. Bartlett, Dept. H-3, 310 South Michigan Blvd., Chicago. Please tell him when you plan to leave, how long you wish to stay, number in your party, type of accommodations desired, etc. Ask about the new low cost of checking your automobile to California.

Southern Pacific

Collier's

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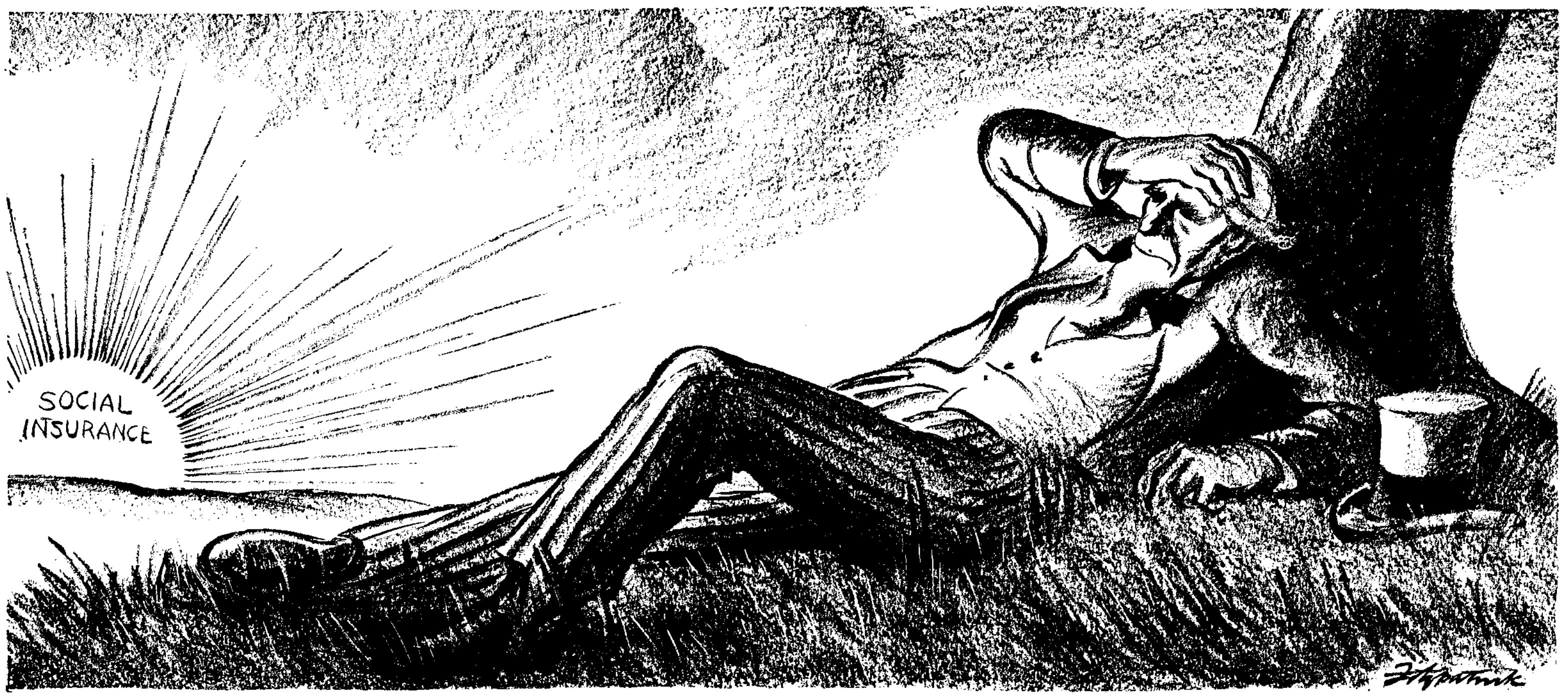

Better Late than Half-Baked

WHAT we do we do quickly in the United States. We require a long time to make up our minds, but once we have decided we want fast action.

We might well have established old-age and unemployment insurance twenty-five or fifty years ago. Other nations with no greater need laid the foundations of their social insurance systems as long as a half a century ago. We did not. Up until 1930 only a relatively few social reformers and liberals favored such action. Even organized labor opposed it. Now the opposition is negligible.

Again and again we have behaved in this manner. Prohibition seemed for long to be inextricably imbedded in the Constitution. Repeal was widely believed to be utterly impracticable. Suddenly public sentiment changed and within an incredibly brief space the Eighteenth Amendment was mere history.

This, too, was the history of compensation to those injured by work accidents. Until 1911 workmen's compensation insurance was fought as an unneeded alien device, despite the mounting toll of work accidents. Then almost overnight our minds changed. Like wildfire, compensation insurance ranged through the states.

One great disadvantage is inherent in our national habit of long inaction followed by a swift awakening and hurried attempts to make up for the neglect of past years. We allow ourselves little time to build up careful and effective agencies of administration. Constantly we have to improvise because we were not prepared.

The last five years have sufficed to persuade nearly everybody of the desirability of insurance against the hazards of unemployment and old age. Nearly two thirds of the states have established old-age pensions in the absence of insurance, and numerous other states are considering the matter this winter. Unemployment insurance is also on the calendars of many legislatures for immediate consideration.

The billions of dollars expended by the federal, state and local governments for relief convinced public opinion of the need for some better system of caring for the helpless. Until the states and the federal government began to borrow and give away hundreds of millions of dollars, we feared "the dole."

Great Britain doled out taxes to the needy and we were told that the dole was a sinister system. After spending in a brief space many times as much public money as Great Britain spent during long years, we got rid of that bogey. We learned that the hungry must be fed and the homeless sheltered and we refused to quarrel about words. We saw that our relief and the British dole were one and the same thing.

We have never undertaken a public project which calls for wider and more skillful administration than the national social security measures. Quick action was imperative because of the support obtained by the schemes of the lunatic fringe.

Still the success of the vast venture depends upon its administration.

We must create almost overnight nationwide insurance systems. Half of the working population will be affected. All organized industry and trade will be involved. The mere establishment of the technical agency is a stupendous undertaking in itself. The decisions concerning the policies to be established will have vitally important consequences to every American.

Obviously the system, though governmental, must not be political in administration. The least suspicion of political favoritism in making awards or in handling the funds to be accumulated would be poisonous. The independence and integrity of the administration of the social insurance measures must be above suspicion from the very first.

More than that, men and women of experience must be persuaded to accept this responsibility. Huge funds will be accumulated. Vast sums must be invested profitably and safely conserved. The relationship between the insurance administrators and business will be intimate and far-reaching. The opportunities for employment, the very degree of prosperity enjoyed by the nation, will be affected in important ways by the security fund. Of course the potential beneficiaries of those funds are vitally concerned in the creation of an efficient and decent organization. Needless delays, the suspicion of discrimination, even a lack of human courtesy, can engender trouble.

The best talents we possess should be used. The private insurance companies have in their employ technicians who might well be lent to the government while the social security insurance plans are being established. This is an opportunity for public service which will appeal strongly to generous men irrespective of their political beliefs. It will be a high privilege to share in the building of this vital enterprise.

For, make no mistake, the establishment of old-age and unemployment insurance in the United States is a great historical event.

It is not a radical act. On the contrary, it is as conservative as common sense. But it does mark the new trend of national growth.

We are developing along new lines. We are adjusting ourselves to the necessities of a new era. The old ideals of freedom and equality of opportunity endure, but by new methods we seek to work out our destiny. Together we are endeavoring to accomplish that security which alone and separately too few of us are able to achieve.

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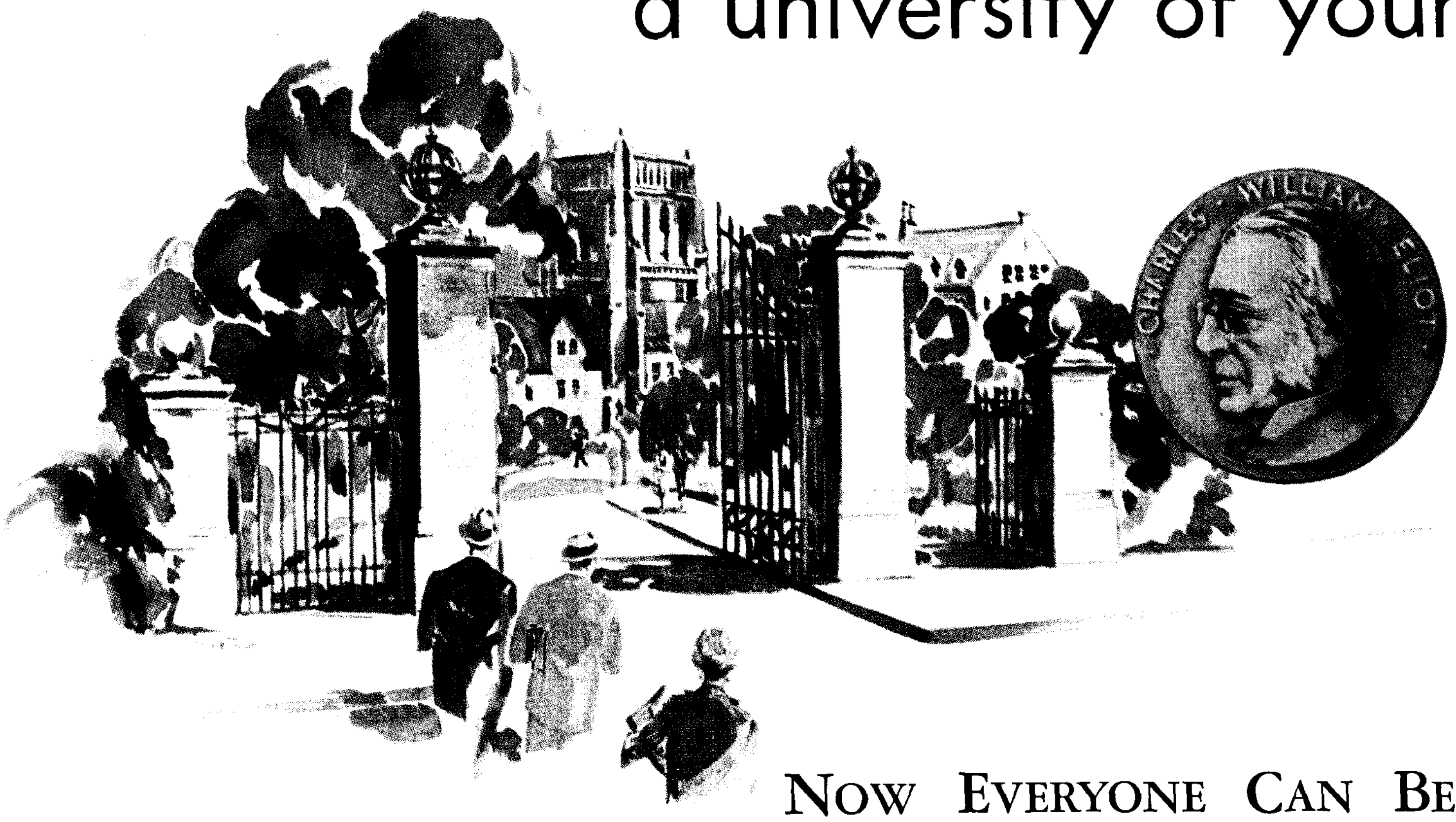

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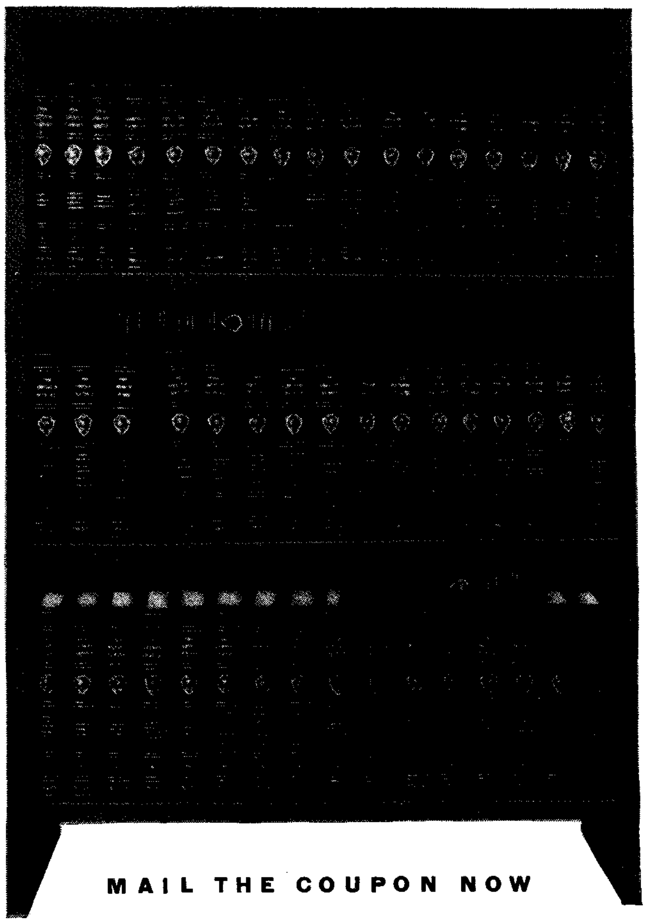

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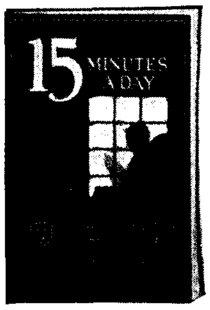

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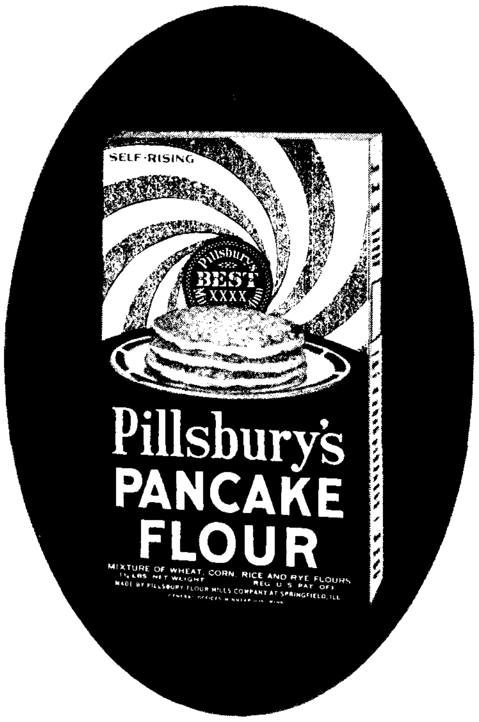
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